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Volume 23 NOVEMBER, 1916 Number 1

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS —— MENTION THE SAGAMORE

The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXIII NOVEMBER, 1916 NUMBER 1

Our Policy

IN reading present day magazines we notice that each maintains a policy. This fact, however, does not hold true of high school papers. As a rule very few high school magazines have individual policies; they seem to have drifted into the current of precedent and commonplace. This year The Sagamore proposes to break away from the stereotyped high school magazine form and offer something original.

The basis of all magazines is to "do good." The Sagamore will faithfully abide with its precursors in this respect. Its editorials will endeavor to form the best ideals; its stories, to give an appreciation of literature; its humor, to occasion a moment's relaxation.

But while concurring with all other magazines in this respect, The Sagamore has definite goals toward which it is aiming.

First: to stimulate a loyalty to school, a loyalty in deeds and actions as well as spirit. With all of our past successes and future prospects this should be an easy task.

Second: to nurture patriotism in place of jingoism; sound reasoning in place of terrified calculation. This is a more national subject.

Third: to give place in these columns to any discussion on which it seems that the student body should be enlightened. We

also feel that broader subjects than heretofore should be dealt with both editorially and otherwise.

Fourth: to print only the best efforts of the student body with any other outside material of advantage to the school.

This, in brief, is The Sagamore's policy ; not intensely radical nor too conservative. As time goes on we may add to or detract therefrom; but, at all events, we shall use our most faithful efforts to turn out a paper worthy of B. H. S. and in so trying we ask the indulgence of all who may chance to find fault with our production.

Principally for Freshmen

Advice is a dangerous implement and it must not be thought that The Sagamore takes any delight in its use. But one class, more than any other, the Freshmen, should receive a helping impulse at the beginning of the high school course.

The first thing is to be systematic. A half hour a day devoted to a subject, although not enough, will pull you through the school course smoothly. Do not rely to much upon your ability. To pass requires work.

Know what you are aiming at when you begin. Do not let your resources wander. Concentrate.

If you have an eye on any school activity, do not wait until you are an upper classman, but set out for it as a Freshman. Incidentally, you may discover that being a Freshman is not the worst thing in existence.

Realize that you form the largest class in the school and be loyal. Set aside fifteen cents a week for some athletic contest and treat with respect all student organizations.

Above all, look down upon the fellow who wants to borrow your Sagamore and watch his face as he reads this paragraph. His kind is that which embodies disloyalty, for The Sagamore is as great a school activity as any other.

So, 1920, here's to you, from now on a loyal part of B. H. S.

The Fruit of Conflict

Investigating the Encyclopedia we find that from time immemorial man has cultivated the grape. Greece knew the plant and Rome, too, as we may see by her history and literature.

The Romans introduced the vine into England but it invaded America via the Azores and the Canary Isles.

Having arrived here it was almost entirely controlled by the Greeks and Italians. And now we approach the heart of the matter. Have the Greeks become wily as of yore? Do they intend to incite us to war?

"What is all this?" you ask. Is it not the Greeks who furnish two widely warring factions of this school with the means of combat? Has there not been a war zone decreed and is any girl safe on the campus at recess?

It all might easily be stopped. With the cold weather the supplies will fail the factions, but such eternal, infernal, daily conflict should stop now.

In the Napoleonic era, it is true, "Grape" proved very effective. Are the students of Brookline High School trying to renew its effectiveness? We hope not.

School Board, Attention!

Recently, on the attempt to seat the entire school, Shailer Hall presented the appearance of a box of anchovies. This may suggest to the school board that an enlargement will eventually be necessitated. As yet no such effects are discernable. But one thing such a sight most certainly impresses; namely, our unsafe position in the event of fire, and especially while in Shailer Hall. Brookline cannot afford to take chances; but Brookline can afford new fire apparatus, more means of egress, and *drills given when the student body is collected in the hall.* Tests should frequently be made of the hose and valves in the corridors. The school board should recall the word safety and provide for its insurance to safeguard the pupils of the High School.

Experimenting with Laughter

I HAD always had strong analytical faculties. In my school days Latin, the sciences, and debating had occupied my time. Eventually, I became interested in detective work as a hobby, and finally made Psychology my life work.

I was living in Heidelberg one summer preparing the material for my book, "Will and the Senses." Above all, I was impressed with the idea that laughter was merely the result of temporary loss of mind and muscular control. This principle was to form the chief portion of my work.

Jack Hamlin and Hans Wienholdt were my closest friends at that time. They gave me courage for my huge task in every conceivable way. Jack had graduated from Harvard and was studying student life in Germany. "Doc." as we called Hans, was a local dentist.

One July evening we three were enjoying a smoke upon the veranda of my lodgings, watching the flittering lights of the boats upon the Neckar, when Jack casually offered a suggestion of the utmost importance to me and to humanity. "Bob," he said to me, "you have always contended that laughter is only the result of temporary loss of mental and muscular control."

"Certainly," I corroborated.

"Well," he continued, "why don't you test your theory? Why not let 'Doc.' and me study your condition and write a sort of diary-story of your progress?"

"Jack," said I, "what I believe is this: that laughter is caused by failing to reason. It is something out of the ordinary that makes one laugh. Take, for instance, the theater or the magazine. It is not the clever joke that causes laughter; it is the ridiculous one. In the Kino (I had adopted many German terms) the same thing is true. Analyze the antics of the funniest comedians and what will you find to make you laugh? Nothing. I firmly believe that laughter is an emotion which can be overcome by analysis, and I know I need not laugh provided I think first and exercise my will."

"I believe you are right, Bob," said Jack, "but will you test your ideas and let us be your witnesses as to the truth? Think of the immense possibilities of a successful experiment like that in your book."

"Ja, he hass die korrect idea got," added "Doc."

"Perhaps so," I thought, "perhaps such an experiment will be my making." And I agreed to Jack's plan.

* * * * *

The first month was not a great success. At first I would will myself not to laugh, but the sight of a laughing countenance always broke my resolve and I finally burst out into a loud guffaw. That first month, however, I did accomplish one thing. I obtained control over laughter as pertained to the ears or to reading any jokes, witticisms, or other species of humor.

The second month I felt that I had made a substantial step toward the proof of my theory. Each night I fell asleep with the resolve in my mind—"I shall not laugh." And always upon awakening I willed—"I shall not laugh."

The third month of the experiment concluded the proof of my contention. Despite all efforts of my friends I was not once made to laugh.

Now comes the strange part of my experiment. Towards the middle of the third month I noticed that I craved something, but I could not understand what. Then the cravings, instead of appearing intermittently, began constantly to fill my mind. At this time I had developed an enormous power of will over myself, and by constant willing drove such thoughts away.

The end of the third month brought with it a new symptom. This was in the form of a stiffening of the muscles which I first noticed upon arising from my Morris chair. Instead of standing erect I was stooped over in the posture in which I had been sitting, and it was a decided struggle to regain my normal position. The next day the same thing happened. I had a slight knowledge of medicine and the fears crept into my mind—Tetanus—Lockjaw—death by torture and starvation—no remedy.

Jack and "Doc" called and found me in my chair. I was unable to rise. I recollect they talked with me for a long time, but I do not remember the exact conversation.

However, it did not take me long to discover that I had contracted a new disease. Since the hardening of the chest muscles I had lost use of the power to bend in any way above the waist, and I could only open my jaws part way. But most terrible of all the symptoms I found that now the cravings, which I had formerly dispelled, returned and I was powerless to will them away.

Jack and "Doc." visited me every day now, and I could tell they thought the situation serious. While they wrote at the desk I sat motionless—knowing that I was dying—dying as a result of my own theories. Jack and "Doc." came each day, and each day found me worse, until at last the time arrived when I lost consciousness.

* * * * *

When I opened my eyes again, I was blinded by a sudden, dazzling glare. The place appeared to be a single blaze. Gradually, I became more and more accustomed to the light, and finally recognized the room in which I was quartered as the private ward of the Heidelberg Hospital. There was no one in the room. The only shade was drawn, but light streamed in through a transom over the door.

I had not lain thus very long before I saw the door open and three men walked into the room. Jack, "Doc." and a dignified individual robed in white were my visitors.

"Jack, 'Doc,' for God's sake, what's happened?" I croaked.

Without answering me directly, "Doc." went to the window and lifted the shade. The doctor with him gave me something bitter and propped me up in bed. Jack drew up a chair, seated himself, and then, after drawing a document from his inside pocket, began to read slowly and distinctly:

"On the ninety-sixth day of the test he suddenly became unconscious and, quite inexplicably regaining the ability to speak, incessantly raved about America, ambitions, letting me die like a

dog, tell Mary, and frequently shouted, 'I told you so.' We quickly placed him in the ambulance and soon arrived at the hospital. The chief doctor greeted us, and we took the patient into the operating room. Everything was ready up to the smallest detail. We laid him upon the table in his pitiful condition and applied the rubber mouthpiece. In a few seconds he quivered as though an electric shock had run him through. Soon he sat bolt upright and still unconscious began to croon to himself and to sway back and forth. Then suddenly, without warning, he laughed. I have heard the laugh of a madman; it was nothing compared to this. I pray that never will I undergo such an experience again. But he is recovering, the muscles have relaxed, breath comes naturally, and he shows signs of consciousness. Yes, thank God, 'Doc's' dentistry served him in good stead. It saved Bob's life—that laughing gas."

L. S. S., '17.

Sometimes in Class

The teacher's droning voice croons sleepily
  While fair,
  The vivid hillside there
  Beneath the drowsy air
Outstretches dreaming, luring me.
Ah, how I'd like to dream beneath that tree!

Once more to lie upon a lawn and dream
  And gaze
  Up through the maze
  Of leaves. As each branch sways,
Again to catch a sky-blue gleam
And let its calming vastness through me stream.

A bell has rung. The voice stops suddenly.
  I take
  My books and wake
  From sad desire and make
My lips smile—But no dreams for me
But oh! if it could only, only be!

J. Julian Ryan.

In Again, Out Again, McGaffigan

J. MORTIMER McGAFFIGAN was twenty-three. He was also a policeman. His father meddled with politics. He had a pull with somebody, who had a pull with somebody else, who had a pull with the Chief of Police. By means of this and a copy of the examination papers answered beforehand, J. Mortimer got into the New York police service without any difficulty. There was no hitch on the physical side of the examination, J. Mortimer being a husky young giant of six feet three.

At first he had only a commonplace beat. But after capturing the perpetrators of a robbery in which he played an important part (it must be admitted he captured a little of the jewelry, too), he was established as a traffic cop on one of the busiest streets in one of the busiest sections of the metropolis. He took up his new duties after much practicing in full uniform before a mirror, of the various gesticulations officially regarded as indispensable to successful traffic regulation.

The first three days passed without accident or excitement, but the fourth day spelt Waterloo for J. Mortimer.

About twenty minutes after he came on duty he saw a small, dark blue limousine draw up to the curb in front of the entrance to a large department store. A man stepped out and appeared to be looking for someone in the crowd. At length he seemed to have found the object of his search, for he walked up to a prosperous-looking man, presented a revolver at his breast and ordered him to get into the automobile. Thereupon the man began to expostulate, but the fellow with the gun cut him short by sticking it under his nose and shoving him into the car.

J. Mortimer, astounded, started across to interfere, but he was interrupted by a violent protest from a man whom he had not seen before. He was standing in the middle of the sidewalk vigorously turning the crank of a moving picture camera.

"Hey there! Doan't goa no further, ye'll shpile the fillum!"

"Oh! All right, I getcha. I thought it was the rale thing." And J. Mortimer went back to the middle of the street to resume

his duties as a human semaphore. The camera man disappeared.

The next day, after J. Mortimer had been relieved a man stopped in front of him and looked at him for about a minute. Then

"Is your name McGaffigan?" he asked.

"It is that same," replied J. Mortimer.

"Do you remember that movie man on the sidewalk yesterday?"

"Yis sorr," said J. Mortimer, who had reported the incident at the station as "a guy wid a crank-camera taking pitchers of wan man houldin' up another wid a gun, thin carting him off in an ahtahmahbile."

"And do you remember the holdup scene?"

"Yis sorr."

"Well, that man they took away in the auto wasn't any movie actor at all. His name was Jarvis and he was one of the richest bankers in the city. This morning his body was found floating in the river. They tried to blackmail him and he knew too much if they let him go. You let them get away with this nice little trick right under your nose. I'm the Police Commissioner, and as you've shown by this fiasco that you don't know your own head from a brick, you might as well try to understand that you're fired, right now. But that isn't all. You'll be held anyway on a charge of gross negligence. You might have saved a man's life and also put off your own discharge (which was sure to come sometime) if you'd done one little thing. Why didn't you ask that fake movie man for his license?"

"Why-er-er-um-ah-I-I- n-never thought o' that!" said J. Mortimer McGaffigan.

Carrol W. McPherson '19.

A Tragedy of the Sea

Phil Jones, he was a sailor's son,
  A sailor's son was he,
A sale urged on this sailor's son
  And so he went to see.

He skipped as skipper of a boat
  At midnight, in the dark;
His dog, who saved his life, he loved,
  But he preferred his bark.

He voyaged to the northward
  And met with snow and sleet,
And he was called a coward for
  He often had cold feet.

And then he had a sickness,
  His eyes got out of joint,
When asked if he could see Cape Horn
  He didn't see the point.

Once, when the choppy sea was calm
  He paced across the deck,
Then, seeing an old comrade,
  He fell upon his neck.

His mate, who was a doctor,
  Was almost driven silly,
But dropped him in a torrid land
  Which Phil found out was Chili.

Altho his neck was stiffened,
  He still could eat his meals,
And often he ate rubber
  When he noticed rubber heels.

At last he started to grow old,
  My, how he wept and sighed,
Then, since his hair was turning gray,
  He went to work and dyed.

His funeral was gorgeous,
  The grave-diggers were there,
And each and everyone rejoiced:
  It was a grave affair.

B. & M.

An Experience with Fear

WHO that has been in this world longer than one day has not been held close in the embrace of Fear and tippled from her bitter cup? The night that I fell out of my crib when I tried to scale the sides, monkey fashion, and raised a Washington monument bump on my foreheard, I had my introduction to Fear. After that we were continually rubbing elbows ; and now, after seventeen years of constant meetings, I have dedicated a permanent place for her in my feelings. Since she is as changeable as a day in March, she grazes me according to her mood. Recently she endeavored to bore her way clear through my heart, and it was only due to the fact that I'm a Baptist of Puritanical descent that I'm here to relate it.

It was a rainy, dismal night, the kind that is suggestively full of moldy smells, and noisy with sounds that resemble clanking chains and knocking bones.

I felt as if something were going to happen when the front door closed on the heels of my mother and father; so I rushed up to my room and sat in a safe place, far back in a corner.

My Toby, my chum, is the cutest butterball of a puppy that ever waddled his bow-legs across a floor or waggled his kinky tail in the physiognomy of the world. Being inclined to cute actions, he sometimes went a point too far and was troublesome. That night he flitted around the room, trying all his coy little tricks. He made a short rush at my feet, discovered that they weren't exciting, gamboled into the closet, and, after rummaging noisily, came tearing out with one of my best shoes. Loathe to move, for fear of attracting some stray ghost to the scene, I fired a book at him and somehow pinned his tail to the floor. With a surprised howl he dropped the boot and uttered a series of yells, stopping ever and anon to gaze wofully at his injured member.

Impatiently, I yanked him up and began to soothe his anguish. While I was talking all manner of hog Latin and pigeon

English to him, without a moment's warning, without so much as saying, "I'm going," the lights went out!

I gazed, petrified, into the darkness, where silence was thundering. Mayhap I was blind—O heaven forbid—blind! With a soul sick with apprehension, I strained forward until I came to the window, looked at where I felt Toby to be, and saw—nothing. With a moan I pushed the curtain aside and looked up to the watery heavens and beheld a tree—then I knew I wasn't blind. Relief surged back once more into my heart, but hot on its heels came Fear. The electricity had never done this before—surely some unearthly being had a hand in this! At the thought I opened my mouth and let forth an ear-splitting, hair-raising scream that flooded into the farthest corner and returned ten-fold to my ears. Toby, just for sympathy, gave one also. The cry seemed to clear my brain—I began to think. What I should do? There was nothing but to try the switch. Cautiously, I extended a shaking hand and turned it. Result—utter darkness. Then I realized that there was no hope, but to sit there until someone came. Just then there was borne to my ears a curious sound like two stones being ground together. Frozen to my seat, I listened. It came no louder, just a gentle, insistent pr-r-gr-r. Toby heard it too, and scrambled for closer protection in my arms. Somewhere, once, I read that when a ghost is near, a dog or cat can see it when human eyes cannot. Now, knowing that I was lost, I began to bethink me of the welfare of my soul. I tried to sing "Old Hundred," but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I choked and spluttered inarticulately, gave it up, and, shutting my eyes, began to pray.

Ages passed, accentuated only by the sighing of the wind and the lashing of the trees. Once when a clock somewhere struck eleven, I felt a mad desire to laugh, just to relieve my heart. Fear, however, clapped a wire-like hand over my mouth, so the vigil went on uninterrupted.

Since all things must and do somehow end somewhere, this watch came to its long-wished for termination. With much laughter and chattering, I heard father and mother come up on the

piazza. A key fitted into the lock brought me to my feet; and with a sob I dashed downstairs stumbling over Toby as I ran.

After my tearful recital of the evening's happenings, it developed that something had happened to the town's dynamo and everyone like myself had been in utter darkness. The grinding rocks, however, were still unexplained. A candle later flickeringly revealed the fact that someone had left the graphophone going, and the needle was scratching the felt off the plate. As I framed my lips to laugh at my stupid fright, I caught sight of my face in the mirror. The smile froze before it appeared and I gaped amazed at my reflection; on the front of my head, glistening and gleaming in the light, shone a silvery patch of gray hair.

MARIETTA O. BONNER '17.

The Twa Hobbies

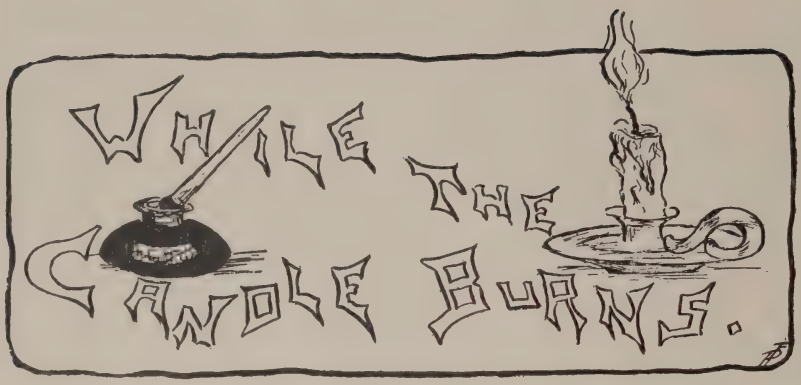
As I was sitting all alane,
I heard twa hobbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
How shall we bring it about today?

In behint yon auld book there,
I hae been lain wi' mae stamps so rare;
And nobody kens that I here lie,
The hobby he once held so high.

T'other said 'tis worse with me,
He once did like me merrily;
High here I hang for many a week,
And nothing but an old antique.

Ye'll sit ye on his conscience white,
And call it back wi' a' your might;
And ask me, if it holds it just,
To let us old Twa Hobbies rust.

ALFRED SHAPIRO, '18



Was It?

A SMART, red runabout shot up to the busy curb of Druggists' Corner, stopping with a jerk as the driver threw on the brakes. Then, leaping to the sidewalk, he rushed up to one of the several newsboys, who were shouting "Extry" in their shrill voices, which pierced the noise and tumult of the crowded thoroughfare.

"Paper, sir?" queried this ragged, little Italian. "Paper?"

"Traveler," was the curt reply.

The owner of the car grasped the paper and, quickly turning to the "Lost and Found" columns, hurriedly scanned the items.

"There, I knew it," he exclaimed after a moment's pause. " 'Return to Sarah E. Duryea, 35 Chestnut Street.' Well, I'm up against it, and the sooner it's over with, the better. Oh! I was sure of it, Sarah— —humph! A *perfect* old maid, I knew it!"

Then, fumbling in his overcoat pocket, he drew forth a small, plain, gold thimble, inside of which were engraved the initials, S. E. D. He heaved one more long sigh and, returning the thimble to his pocket, climbed slowly back into the auto.

Five minutes later the same machine stopped in front of 35 Chestnut Street. Its occupant shut off the power, and made his way up the broad path which led to the house. He rang the

bell and was admitted by a spry, little French maid, who took his name, swiftly shutting the door after him.

It was fully half an hour before Philip Hamilton came out of the house. When he *did*, he slammed the door after him and walked rapidly down the path. Then, chuckling to himself, he jumped once more into his car, and, as he drove off, spoke his thoughts aloud:

"An *old* maid! Oh! ye gods and little fishes, an *OLD maid.*

KATHARINE HOUGHTON '18.

In Autumn Woods

To shady nooks deep in the woods,
All yellow, red, and brown,
I love to go in quiet moods
When the little leaves dance down.

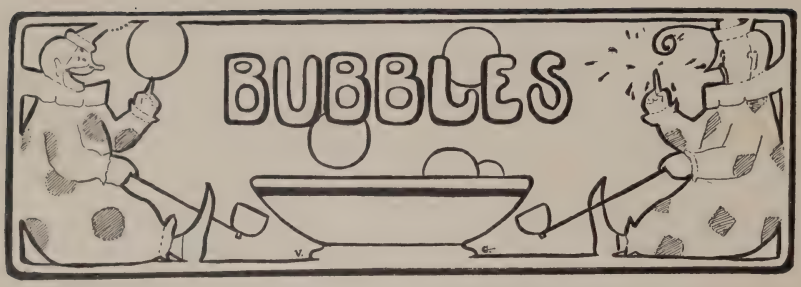
Gold, and green, and red, and brown,
The whole world seems to me,
As the little leaves come flut'ring down,
So bright and gay and free.

The wind is whistling thro' the trees,
The downy seeds sail everywhere;
The clouds are chased on by the breeze,
A chill is in the air.

I love to linger and watch it all—
The color and light and shade,
Till the rays of the sun thro' the treetops tall
Cast long shadows down the glade.

Then homeward o'er fields I go my way,
While the sun sinks low in the west,
And, I think of all the places to stray,
Thro' the woods in Autumn is best!

J. E. A. '17



"What good is the sun," you ask?
  Why to blaze
That the sea-hating girlies may bask
  In its rays
(It's the craze.)

Mr. D. (wishing to time some sprints):—"Have any of you fellows got a watch with a second hand?"

Freshman:—"I've got a second hand one."

Teacher:—"Why did they bury this great man in Westminster Abbey?"

Pupil:—"Because he was dead."

Weary Willie knocked softly on the farmhouse door. A woman opened to his call—"Mum, will ye give a starvin' person some work?" wept Willie.

"Certainly, my man," the housewife replied, "Here's a rug; beat it."

They caught Willie in Chicago.

Found on a History exam:—"Scylla was a monster, half woman, half animal, and half fish." Mr. Case will please step forward.

LITTLE BOY BLUE REVISED

Little chauffeur, come, blow your horn;
  A hen's in the road with the cow forlorn.
"No need," quoth the chauffeur with cheerful grin,
  "They'll walk there no more where I have been."

Miss H-r-y:—"K-s-r, what does *tout d' abord* (at first) mean?"
K-s-r (Innocently):—"Er-er-all aboard!"

Everybody at Harvard says geology is a hard course.

First Senior:—"Have you read anything of Trollopes?"
Le Seconde:—"*Oui.*"
First Senior:—"*Was?*"
Le Seconde:—"His Biography."

The town government of Brookline is not proving itself strictly neutral. These words head the Public Library Bulletin:—
"Books on the War and Allied Subjects." 'Taint fair b'gosh!

Mary studied German:
She studied hard and long;
But she never could remember
What German verbs were strong.

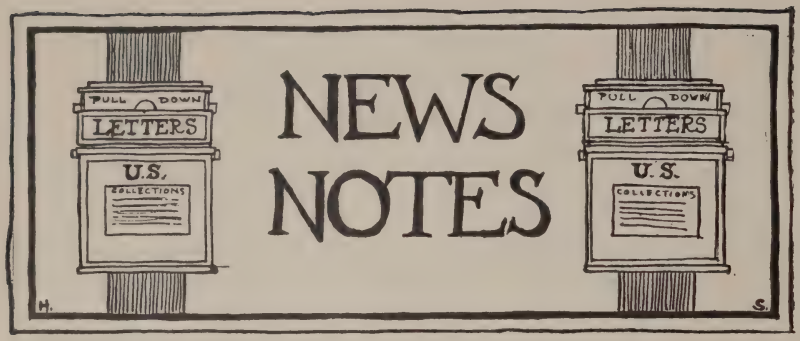
NOTICE TO FRESHMEN

If you get lost anywhere around the school building do not scream or lose your self-control. Take out your handkerchief, or something white, and wave it in the air. If you do this long enough someone will come to your rescue.

First Junior:—"Why is room—like a Ford?"
Second ditto:—"Dunno, why?"
First:—"Because it's got a bunch of nuts in back and a crank in front."

Dr. R-b-ts:—"What is Pentameter?"
Virgil:—"Hexameter with a foot amputated."

Anatomical Dilettante (to Prof.):—"Sir, what part of the body is the approval?"
Prof:—"The approval?"
A. D.:—"Yes, sir, in this book it says, 'Henry clapped his approval'."



B. H. S. Calendar for November

Nov. 7. Girls' Debating Club Meeting.
Nov. 10. Football game with Cambridge Latin.
Nov. 14. Girls' Debating Club Meeting.
Nov. 16. B. H. S. Debating Club.
Nov. 17. Football game with Wellesley.
Nov. 21. Girls' Debating Club Meeting.
Nov. 23. B. H. S. Debating Club Meeting.
Nov. 24. Football game with Watertown.
Nov. 28. Girls' Debating Club Meeting.
Nov. 30. Football game with Newton.

The New Dynasty

The Sagamore Board: See Title Page.

The B. H. S. Debating Club: Leonard S. Saxe, '17, president; J. Julian Ryan, vice-president; Alfred Shapiro '18, secretary; rhetorical committee: Eliot P. Hirshberg '17, chairman; Barton Leach, '18, Richard Ehrlich '18; Mr. Snow, faculty advisor.

The Girls' Debating Club: Katherine Lynch '17, president; Doris Neal '18, vice-president; secretary-treasurer, Harriet Bridgman '18; rhetorical committee, Jessie Allison '17, chairman; Elizabeth Sutherland '18 and Miriam Dohme '18.

Senior Class Officers: Daniel Tyler, Jr., president; Katherine Lynch, vice-president; Earl Fiske, treasurer; Helen Sherman, secretary.

Junior Class Officers: Richard Johnson, president; Doris Neal, vice-president; Barton Leach, treasurer; Charlotte Stevens, secretary.

Sophomore Class Officers: James Duane, president; Mildred Moody, vice-president; Charles O'Hearn, treasurer; Helen Skinner, secretary.

B. H. S. A. A.: President, Richard Johnson; vice-president to be elected; treasurer, Mr. Winfred C. Akers; secretary, Mr. Robert Delahanty; faculty advisor, Mr. William Chisholm; undergraduate members: Daniel Tyler, Jr., '17, Philip Threshie '18; graduate members, Mr. Nichols and Mr. Floyd.

The Mandolin Club: Leader to be chosen; manager, Reginald Morse '17; treasurer, Russell Goodnow '17; librarian, T. Carleton McMackin '17.

The Football Team: Thomas Lally '17; captain; Daniel Tyler, Jr., '17; manager.

The Baseball Team: Alfred Leonardi '17, captain; Richard Spitz '17, manager.

The Track Team: John Hennessey '17, captain; Eliot P. Hirshberg '17, manager.

The Hockey Team: Richard Johnson '18, captain; Reginald Morse '17, manager.

The Crew: Captain to be elected.

The Rifle Team: Captain, Lawrence Whitcomb '18.

The Tennis Team: Helen Sherman '17, captain; Esther Sands '17, manager.

After its opening had been twice deferred on account of the infantile paralysis epidemic, Brookline High School began the fall term on Monday, October 2. The enrollment this year shows a marked decrease, and the sickness scare is by no means the only reason. Nevertheless, it may be said that the corridors and rooms of the building were thronged even beyond their capacity with students. The school itself remains practically the same as last year save for a new set of front doors. And even though there are two beautiful statues guarding the main entrance, and even

though there are two extremely useless balconies by the second story, and even though the tower is decorated by twelve gilded shields, the hall is just as inadequate, the need of space is still as pressing and the big, front clock is quite as far from denoting the correct time as ever.

It is with a feeling of the deepest regret that Brookline High School learned that Robert Houghton, president of the B. H. S. A. A. and captain of the crew, will not return to school this year and has resigned his numerous positions of honor. This popular student of the Senior Class has but recently returned to his home from the Homeopathic Hospital, where he has been confined during his gritly battle against the dreaded paralysis. We feel sure that every member of the school joins us in wishing "Bob" success and hoping that, wholly recovered, he will again be with us.

It is a matter of considerable interest to Brookline High School to learn that Mr. William L. Snow, one of our Latin instructors, has edited and published a book of select recitations for Prize Speaking. The selections have with much care been gathered from those that have taken prizes or won high favor at the J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking contests, which have been held annually at the High School for over a quarter of a century. The interest which Mr. Kay took in establishing these competitions has always been carefully preserved by the school authorities. Therefore the supervision which the faculty has given in the selection of the pieces for the contests has allowed only compositions of exceptionally high standard and merit to be used. Those in the book have been selected from this larger group and are therefore, the choice of the chosen ones. Mr. Snow has always been deeply interested in prize speaking and this, added to his long experience, makes him exceptionally well fitted to edit such a volume. The purpose of the book in Mr. Snow's own words is "to offer to those engaged in the study of elocution and English a select group of compositions of proved quality and merit."

There are a few changes in the faculty this term. In quite a unique plan Miss Adams, the head of our German department has

exchanged places with Mr. Jordan of Oakland, Cal., for this year. Miss Sayre, from Detroit, is teaching History; and Miss McCabe, formerly of Arlington High School, is giving instruction in English; Miss Loring is taking Miss Morgan's place in the Art Department.

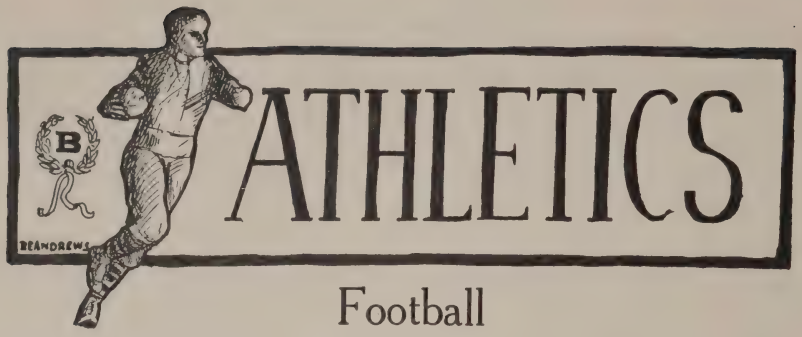
Vigorous campaigns have been under way to obtain members for the Athletic Association and subscribers for The Sagamore. The requests and appeals for assistance have been fairly well responded to by the student body but not with the enthusiasm and spirit which was expected and deserved. The Sagamore and the Athletic Association represent two very worthy branches of school activity which every student should be interested in and support. Your football team this year is without doubt one of the best in the state; and The Sagamore Board is trying to make your school paper as interesting as possible. Be loyal; join the Athletic Association, subscribe to The Sagamore, and give them both your whole-hearted support.

On Friday, October 27, the school was assembled in the hall and the time was devoted to the interests of the Debating Clubs. Leonard S. Saxe, president of the boys' society, and Katherine Lynch, holding the same office in the girls' club did the speaking. They pointed out the advantages of their clubs and asserted that much new talent was needed for the interscholastic competitions.

This year all contributors, outside the staff, will have full signatures affixed to their articles.

Extra

Brookline defeated Boston Latin 6-0, at Tech Field, Nov. 3. (Full account next month.)



ATHLETICS

Football

Brookline 13, Natick 0

The Red and Blue eleven started the 1916 season in a blaze of glory by defeating Natick High 13 to 0, at Old Tech Field, on Tuesday, October 3. The game was more or less of a walkaway for the home team, and Coach Delahanty expressed himself as well pleased with the showing of his charges. Thompson, Putnam, and Capt. Lally starred for Brookline.

Brookline 34, Framingham 0

Three days later the team took Framingham into camp with a score of 34 to 0. Putnam was the star of the day, making two long runs around end and scoring three out of five touchdowns. Johnson did the kicking for B. H. S. and tallied four goals. The summary:

BROOKLINE HIGH	FRAMINGHAM HIGH
Faulkner, l.e.	r.e., Lydon, Boynton
Thompson, l.t.	r.t., Bemis
Mahoney, Owens, Bentley, Walker, l.g.	r.g., Canning
Turtle, McMahan, c.	c., Barger, McSweeny
Mills, Bowker, Bitler, Thompson, r.g.	l.g., Davis, Lavin
Garrity, r.t.	l.t., O'Connor, Barger
Newman, Collins, r.e.	l.e., Fair, Van Tony
Bowdidge, Duane, q.b.	q.b., Boynton, Hunnefield
Putnam, l.h.b.	r.h.b., O'Brien, Dunton
Johnson, Lally (Capt.) r.h.b.	l.h.b., Barnes, Bauld
Threshie, f.b.	f.b., Denton, Lavin

Score—Brookline 34, Framingham 0. Touchdowns—Putnam 3, Bowdidge, Threshie. Goals from touchdowns—Johnson 4 Referee—Butterfield. Umpire—Pennock. Linesman—Mooney. Asst. linesmen—Homer and Maker. Periods—9 minutes.

Brookline 47, Chelsea 0

The football team celebrated Columbus Day by trimming the Chelsea High School to the tune of 47 to 0. "Wally" Putnam again featured two long runs and "Pop" Lally plowed through for a thirty-five yard gain. The game was dead and very uninteresting, Chelsea not having a show from start to finish. Mr. Delahanty used twenty-eight players throughout the course of the four periods.

In the last quarter B. H. S. was penalized 44 yards for "failure to report" just as we were about to push the ball over for a final touchdown. There was no holding our warriors back, however, and when Johnson punted to Capone of Chelsea and Capone fumbled the ball, Faulkner picked it up on the run and tumbled over the goal line. Why penalize us? We'll get it anyway!! The summary :

BROOKLINE HIGH	CHELSEA HIGH
Lally (Capt.), Faulkner, Collins, Fishel, l.e.	r.e., D. Segal
A. Thompson, E. Thompson, l.t.	r.t., Erysian, Salter
Mills, Mahoney, Walker, l.g.	r.g., Epstein, S. Segal
Turtle, McMahan, c.	c., Kravitza
Jordan, Mahoney, r.g.	l.g., Rogovin, Alpert
Garrity, P. Bowker, r.t.	l.t., Freedman, Salter
Newman, Johnson, Hennessy, r.e.	l.e., Alpert, Lord
Bowdidge, Duane, E. Bowker, q.b.	q.b., Bromfield, MacDonald
Putnam, Egan, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Sandler, Watts, Boyd
Sawyer, Lally, Johnson, Hirshberg, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Capone
Threshie, Faulkner, Owens, f.b.	f.b., Erysian

Score—Brookline 47, Chelsea 0. Touchdowns—Sawyer 2, Putnam 2, Lally 2, Faulkner. Goals from touchdowns—Johnson 3. Safeties—Salter. Referee—Mahoney. Umpire—Pennock. Linesman—Grannin. Stakesmen—Caines and Dacey. Periods—two 10 and two 9.

Brookline 5, Waltham 0

Scoring a goal from field and a safety, Brookline High defeated the Watch City eleven on Saturday, October 21, for the fourth time in five years, at the Waltham Athletic Field. The contest between the rival schools was hard fought, and from start

to finish it abounded in brilliant plays—Waltham featuring with forward passes, while our strength lay in a speedy and heavy quartet of backs, which tore through the home team's line for many first downs.

Both teams displayed a sturdy defence, with the Brookline team having the better of it, Garrity and Thompson several times jumping through and stopping the Waltham backs before they could get started.

Brookline's first two points were the result of a bad pass to Cousens behind his goal line, two Brookline players falling on him for a safety in the second period. The field goal was made by Johnson in the third quarter, after Waltham had held Brookline on its 20-yard mark, the pigskin soaring clearly between the goal posts.

The Waltham eleven became desperate in the last quarter, and only a fumble kept the team from crossing Brookline's goal. Smith opened up his plays and three forward passes brought the ball from his 20-yard line to Brookline's four-yard mark. Cousens was on the throwing end of the passes, with Cole and Smith receiving the ball.

On the next play Cousens shot through the Brookline line and when about two feet from the goal fumbled. The ball rolled across the line and Captain Lally fell on it for a touchback. The summary:

BROOKLINE HIGH	WALTHAM HIGH
Lally, l.e.	r.e., Cole, Fraim
Thompson, l.t.	r.t., Kingsbury
Owen, l.g.	r.g., Jennings, Coleman
Turtle, c.	c., Eastman
Jordan, r.g.	l.g., Rullo
Garrity, r.t.	l.t., Miller
Johnson, r.e.	l.e., McGahan, Conniff
Bowdidge, q.b.	q.b., Smith
Putnam, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Flaherty
Sawyer, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Gately
Threshie, Faulkner, f.b.	f.b., Cousens

Score—Brookline 5, Waltham 0. Referee—Gonders. Umpire—Grannan. Head linesman—Barry. Time—10 minute and 12 minute periods.

Captain Lawrence Whitcomb and Manager George Ingraham issued a call for candidates for the B.H.S. Rifle Team and thirty-eight men responded. These were divided into two teams as follows:

Team A: Crowell, Jacobs, Lacy, Silver, Bowen, Griggs, Bowes, Williamson, Skinner, Morse, A. Johnson, Smith, Austin, Bockner, Bain, Taft, Prentiss, Bowditch, and F. Johnson.

Team B: Angevine, MacCollom, McPherson, Wilbur, Ward, Holt, Dunklee, Greenberg, McMillan, Vachner, Hunt, Kelly, Graves, Christiansen, Walker, Rowe, Havgaard, O'Shea and Boyden.

Dr. Dana has offered another cup this year and the team has joined the Suburban Rifle League in which they will compete against English High, Boston Latin, Dorchester High, South Boston High, Somerville High, and other teams of Greater Boston.

Hockey

Captain Johnson and Manager R. Morse of the hockey team recently made application to Chairman Gordon of the Suburban Hockey League for admission to that organization and their ap-

plication was accepted. B. H. S. will play the Canadian national game at the Arena on either Monday, Wednesday, or Friday afternoons during the coming winter season, against the strongest puck wielders of the vicinity. The league will in all probability consist of the following teams: Melrose, Arlington, Newton, Cambride Latin, Medford, Somerville, Rindge and Brookline.

Girls' Tennis Team

The girls' tennis team played their first match of the season with Lexington High on Saturday, October 14. They made a good beginning by making a clean sweep over the Lexington team. The results of the sets were: Helen Sherman (Capt.) Brookline, defeated Marjorie Patterson, Lexington, 2-6, 7-5, 6-3; Kathleen Walsh, Brookline, defeated Ruth Bryant, Lexington, 6-1, 6-0; Mary Craig and Mildred Moody, Brookline, defeated Eleanor Saxe and Helen Locke, Lexington, in doubles, 6-2, 6-3.

On Oct. 27, the Newton girls defeated our experts at Newton. Leslie Perkins, N., defeated Helen Sherman, B., 6-4, 6-3; Marjorie Howland N., defeated Kathleen Walsh, B., 6-4, 2-6, 8-6; Josephine Atkins and Isabelle Bartholemew, N., defeated Mildred Moody and Mary Craig, 6-4, 6-1.

Owing to the tardiness in the opening of the schools, the girls have been able to arrange only a few games for this fall, but intend to have a long schedule in the spring.

Brookline defeated Lawrence 27-7 Saturday, October 28. (Full account next month.)

'08. George Ben Roberts, son of Dr. Roberts of the High School, was installed as pastor of the Ashburnham Congregational Church, October 11. He recently married Miss Elizabeth R. Bryant.

Ex-'08. Rollo Herbert Britten was married to Marion Hale of Baltimore last August.

'09. Herbert Greenwood is at the head of the Loan Department in the Mutual National Bank.

'10. The engagement of Allan Hay to Genevieve Morse of Newtonville, has been announced.

'11. Carter Fillebrown is employed by the Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation in Quincy.

'12. Eralsey Ferguson is now in Madura, India, where he is teaching at the American College. In his senior year at Amherst he received the prize in oratory, the most coveted of the prizes awarded by the University.

'12. The marriage of Miss Lillian A. Williamson to Edward J. Kingsbury of Keene, N. H., M. I. T. '15, took place recently.

'13. Dorothy Rhodes is president of the student government at Wellesley.

'13. Madeline Hunt is vice-president of the student government at Vassar.

'14. Eleanor Carlisle is a Senior at the Sargent [illegible] of Physical Culture.

'14. "Max" Untersee and Arthur Wales are Tech's only hopes in the swimming line.

'14. William M. Allen is with commission merchants in the capacity of assistant cashier

'14. "Flo" Dussosoit is playing end, and Karl Thielscher '13, back on the Dartmouth football eleven.

'14. Herbert S. Knowles is the head bookkeeper at the Boulevard Trust Co.

'15. J. Sherman Myers is playing half back on the Harvard Varsity Soccer Team.

'15. John Nixon is in the automobile business in Detroit. He recently sold a car to the famous "Ty."

'15. Dorothy Elden has a position with the Old Colony Trust Co.

'15. Marguerite Ayres is secretary of her class at the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

'15. Wirt Kimball is manager of the varsity tennis team at Tech.

'15. Sam Bartlett is assistant superintendent in a mill in the wilds of North Brookfield.

'15. Tsuya Matsuki is teaching music.

'16. "Toots" Johnson and Robert Cook are studying to be doctors at Tufts Medical.

'16. Ted Fennessy is at Bryant & Stratton Business College with Charlie Coon ex-'17.

'16. Mildred Price is a Freshman at Radcliffe.

'16. Emma McKernon is taking the Hygiene and Physical Culture Course at Wellesley. Alice Burdett, ex-'14, is taking the course also.

'16. Ola Murray is studying music at the Faelton Pianoforte School.

'16. Edith Hutchins is teaching kindergarten in Winchester while Helen Snyder is studying the art at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School.

'16 · The following have entered Tech. from the class of 1916: Kenneth F. Akers, Lawrence E. Boyden, Raymond E. Davis, Daniel J. Hennessy, H. Pierce Massey, Kenneth J. Roman, Albert Calvert and Edwin D. Ryer. "Ken.," "Law.," and "Ray" have made the musical clubs. Elbridge and Alfred Wason ex-17, are also Freshmen.

'16. Tom Woods, Ted Atkinson, Merrill Spalding, and A. Ogden Porter all won scholarships for Harvard this year. The two last mentioned fellows have made the Mandolin and Bango Clubs. Tom Woods and John Litchfield are regulars on the Harvard Freshman Football Team. Other 1916 men at Harvard are P. Remington, M. Wit, A. Lyman, C. Townsend, K. Lyons. F. Vorenberg and W. Morse ex-'17, also slipped in.

Ex-'17. Hopkins Follett is working with a construction company in Malden.

Ex-'17. Mildred Williams is at Lasell.

Ex-'18. "Dug." Collier and Harrison Follinsbee ex-'19, are at Wilbraham Academy.

Ex-'18. "Babe" Lowe is now living in Fairhaven.

Ex-'19. "Chuckie" Smith and Louise Albrecht ex-'18, are at Miss Chamberlain's.

At a recent meeting of the Brookline High School Club of Harvard the following officers were elected for 1916-17: Julian Spitz, president; Thomas S. Derr, vice-president; Eugene P. Ramsay, secretary-treasurer. The club this year has the largest membership in its history, due to the increased number of B.H.S. students at college, and therefore, is looking forward to a very successful season.

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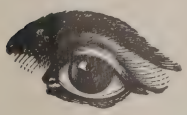

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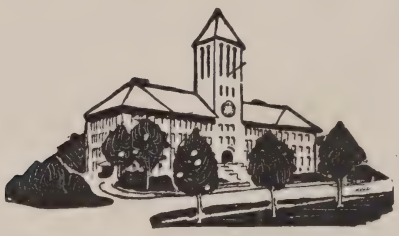
Volume 23 DECEMBER, 1916 Number 2

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.



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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXIII DECEMBER, 1916 NUMBER 2

Statistics and ----

HOW many subscriptions do you think The Sagamore has? You never thought? It has exactly 374 which bring in precisely $280.50. Did you ever wonder what our advertisements are worth to us? It comes close to being $450. Did you ever stop to consider the cost of publishing The Sagamore? The price verges on $800.

Here you have our statistics. What's your opinion of them? A good batch of advertisements and a poor subscription list is the matter with us. And the fault is not that of the Subscription Manager. He works. The fault is *yours*, gentle reader. Yes, *yours*.

The Sagamore loses dollar upon dollar each year because of *you*. Not because you knock us. Indeed, "every knock is a boost." It is because you lend your copy to the schoolmate who doesn't buy any since he knows he can read yours.

Think, friend, that every time you lend your Sagamore you are losing money for us. Think, but also act. Be loyal to your paper and DO NOT LEND YOUR SAGAMORE.

Brookline Field

"Tech Field, the new athletic home of Brookline High School, ought to be called 'Tech Field' no longer. When it was the property of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology such a name was the right and fitting appellation, but now, when the sons of Brookline meet their foes in combat on its old and

grassy turf the name should be changed to fit the owner." So wrote a student last year and since then conditions have not changed one iota.

The naming of an athletic field is a more or less serious proposition. The name must be fitting and proper, it must be permanent, it must be distinctive, it must be euphonious. Since this field is the property of the town and not set apart for the use of the High School alone, since no one man is responsible for its purchase, The Sagamore, being fairly representative of the school, ventures, on its own account, to submit the name of Brookline Field.

The Athletic Association has not thought of the matter at all, so far as we know. We urge their consideration of the matter.

The Town newspapers have not as yet given us their ideas of the subject. We ask their opinions.

The Town itself, as the final judge of the question, should cogitate on what may be fitting and proper to do. We beg that it take action.

Concerning School Spirit

Worse than the epidemic of infantile paralysis is the epidemic of "cliqueness" which has invaded this High School. There are certain groups among us which hold themselves absolutely aloof from all others. Now, the fundamental principle of a desirable school spirit, is a hearty co-operation which can be realized only by genuine good-fellowship. But as long as we continue to foster "sets," such an idealism can never be realized. The fault lies with the individual not with the student body as a whole. Remember, an occasional smile and a friendly word cost nothing. Every member of this High School is *your* brother. Treat him as such! Certainly life is more worth while if harmony and good will prevail. Why not let us make our high school days happy and pleasant ones by simply "mixing-in" and adopting a "Hail-Fellow-well-met" spirit.

W. P., '17.

A Case Where Paine Gives Joy

ALL night long the battle had continued. Even now, guns roared and shells screamed. The helmets of the Germans could be seen plainly across the river, where they lay entrenched, determined to win or to die, while with the dogged persistence of their race, the regiment of Britons lay on their side, equally determined to hold the stream. Suddenly, amid the roar of battle, came a momentary lull, and a khaki-clad Britisher, known to the regiment as Jack Paine, raised his head wearily from his rifle. "Say, Bill, he enquired of a form lying next him, "how long's this thing goin' to last? I been layin' here firin' this musket since last evenin' and there don't seem to be any let-up."

"There wont be," was the muffled reply, "until we're all blown to pieces—or they are," and again he devoted his attention to the helmets across the river. Jack heaved a sigh and thought of the contrast between this time and a year before, when he had walked along the country lanes in Surrey, with all his friends, and with no thought of war. He wondered if any poor devil across there was thinking the same thing. How many behind all those guns, had wives and children in the "Vaterland" to whom they longed to go? Suddenly, as if this quest was sent as an ominous warning, a scream as of a thousand agonies rent the air. Jack was conscious only of something striking near Bill, and then felt himself falling, falling, falling, through endless space, until he struck something somewhere, and he knew no more.

* * * * *

When he opened his eyes again, he was conscious of a warm, comfortable feeling, and of someone bending over him. Fingers were touching his head, and a voice was speaking near him—in German. Startled, he gazed around. Rows of cots stretched on either side, and white robed nurses glided from one to the other. He realized he was in a hospital camp, but—with Germans. Then instinct warned him that someone was near his bed and,

looking up he encountered the gaze of a man in uniform, on whose head was the all too familiar helmet of the Germans. Thinking that that was enough to see for the present Jack closed his eyes and endeavored madly to think. But weakness overcame reason, and once more darkness closed around him. It was many days before he tried to think again, and when the weight that seemed to press upon his brain like iron, seemed somewhat lifted, he managed to find out that he had been picked up with the wounded whom the Germans had found when the deadly bomb had done its work; and had been brought with them to this hospital camp in Belgium. He knew he would be treated well as long as he was ill, but afterwards—what then? All the cruel and ghastly stories he had ever heard about the German prison camps surged, one after another, into his mind. Must that be his fate? He knew prisoners were often exchanged by one enemy to another when they were unfit for further service, but—he glanced down at his bandaged arm and touched his bandaged head—he was only smashed up a bit, he told himself, and longed to be in the firing line again.

The time dragged on and on. Day by day Jack watched more and more wounded pour into the camp. His own wounds were almost healed and in a very short time, he thought with dismay he would be sent with a batch of others, herded together like cattle, to a prison camp in Germany.

One day, he stood with some others outside one of the tents, watching the ambulance corps passing back and forth with their ghastly loads. The conversation drifted to England and home.

"Oh! To seem them all once more," thought Jack, and could not repress a pang to think how little the possibility was. A picture of the little cottage in Surrey rose before his eyes. His mother knitting socks, probably for him, his father searching the newspaper for news of his son's regiment, and lastly, his sister knitting, too, or sewing. "Good old Sis," she always did look out for a fellow's comfort." Suddenly a wild, startling plan pierced its way through his thoughts, a plan, wonderful in its daring, alluring in its danger, marvellous in its realization. He

glanced hastily around. Men were on all sides streaming in and out of tents, carrying wounded hither and thither; men whose grim, set faces all expressed the same word—war. Suddenly with a wild yell, Jack broke through those standing near him, out on to the open ground, and commenced to gallop madly around and around in a circle, uttering wild cries one after another.

* * * * *

Two men stood on the docks at Dover, the one, an elderly man in an officer's uniform; the other, a young man, with bandaged right arm, in the uniform of a private. They were watching a steamer gradually drawing towards the dock. In the officer's hand was a paper, to which he referred every now and again, turning each time to the young man beside him.

"Where was the exchange made?" asked the latter. "Switzerland, I suppose."

"Yes," was the reply, "poor devils, they deserve to come home after all they've gone through. Most of them blinded, some with no legs. Couldn't be much worse than the lot we sent them back, though. My God! They were awful. Look at this one," he continued, referring to the paper. "I wonder how many more there are like this poor fellow? The younger man looked and read—

"Name—John Paine. Affliction—Total insanity. Rides imaginary horse for hours every day; utters weird cries; fires imaginary gun, etc."

"Jack Paine insane!" exclaimed the young fellow. Oh, the poor devil! He went all through school with me. I know his family well. It'll be a hard blow for his father. The only boy, too." But conversation was cut short by the lowering of the ship's gang plank, and one by one these wrecks of humanity came across. Some had no legs, others no arms, nearly all were totally blind, but all wore a happy, cheerful smile for those who were waiting in hopeful dread lest any of their loved ones should be on the boat. As each one came across, his name was given to

the officer and checked off the list. At almost the end of the line came a young fellow with a soldier on either side of him. He walked, bent almost double, and the expression on his face shifted continually, from a smile to a scowl, from wonderment to a queer vacant stare, with which he favored first one of the soldiers and then the other.

"Jack Paine," said one, as the three drew near the officers, and accompanied it with a shake of the head and a look that spoke volumes. Then they passed on to the others who were waiting. They were all taken to the barracks in Dover, these men who had given, not their lives, but what was as precious as life, to their country's cause, to wait until arrangements were made to send them to their homes.

On the way the young man kept an eye on Jack Paine, and at his request, Jack was separated from the rest at the barracks, and brought before the officer and young man in a private room. The two were sitting at a desk, discussing the arrivals, when the door opened and Jack entered, accompanied by his two guards. The same, restless twitching was on his face, and his hands moved in a nervous, excited manner, as if he were controlling some inner excitement. The officer motioned to the two guards to withdraw and the door closed behind them. Instantly, as the click bespoke their departure a change came over Jack. He straightened up, his eye brightened, he saluted.

"John Paine of His Majesty's Eighth Regiment," he shot out, "at your service, sir." Then to the young fellow, "Henry Goddard, you know your old pal, Jack Paine?" The two men leapt to their feet in amazement. Surely, no insane man living spoke like that. Neither uttered a sound, just gazed, while Jack, still at salute, returned their look. Then, when he saw the amazement and incredulity written on their faces he dropped his hand and strode forward.

"My God, sir," he cried, "You don't think I'm insane?" Look at me, listen to me, do I look insane, Harry Goddard, do I? I tell you I am as sound as you are. He gazed from one to the other until the officer gradually recovered his speech.

"Sit down, Paine," he ordered sternly. "Tell me all your story, and I'll tell you at the end whether I'm convinced you are insane or not. Go ahead." So Jack started. He told of the fight for the river, the awful bomb, the weeks in the hospital camp, and finally, his pretended insanity, while the officer listened in amazement.

"I knew I'd be sent to a prison camp," continued Jack, and I couldn't stand it. I knew they exchanged insane prisoners, and it was the only thing to do. I rode that imaginary horse till I dropped from weariness, and I could hardly speak from yelling. But I convinced them. They thought I was insane—I would have been, too, if I'd stayed there much longer—and so they sent me back home with the rest. And now, you have my story," he added eagerly, "when can I go back to fight again, sir?"

Iris Woodman '19

McLane's Last Run

ON a cold and rainy night in November, two men stood talking in the shadow of a huge engine in the roundhouse of the A. & B. R. R.

"It will be a fierce night to take No. 29 over the mountain, John," remarked the engineer of engine 505, as he finished oiling the giant Mogul which pulled No. 29 to W— every other night.

"Yes, and No. 29 is already thirty minutes late," replied "Big John" Wallace, the fireman of the 505. Both men climbed into the cab and Fred McLane slowly backed his engine and coupled on to the cars of No. 29.

In about ten minutes they were ready to pull out, when they should receive and sign their orders. The train dispatcher soon appeared with them, and Fred and his conductor affixed their signatures to the different sheets. Upon receiving the signal from Pat Francis, his conductor, Fred slowly opened the throttle and the great Mogul pulled out, without wasting a pound of steam.

"Take a look at those orders, John," said Fred, handing the "flimsy" to his fireman.

"Meet extra 508 at Turner or Lydon. Extra 508 will wait at Lydon until 9.24 p.m., and then proceed to Turner without further orders."

John repeated the order two or three times to be sure that he had it straight, and then handed the paper back to Fred.

The A. & B. was a single track road, which necessitated trains passing each other on sidings. Each train had its orders regarding trains coming in the opposite directions and the meeting points.

They ran for over an hour through the driving rain. As was his custom, Fred McLane kept repeating the orders over in his mind.

"— — Extra 508 will wait at Lydon until 9.42 and then proceed — — —"

Over and over he repeated them until they had worn into his brain. Meanwhile he kept an ever-watchful eye on the rail ahead. Fred was an engineer who generally "made his time," although, at the same time he was careful.

By the time the train had reached Turner, Fred had made up twenty of the thirty minutes. The schedule called for thirty minutes between Turner and Lydon, but under ordinary conditions it could be made in twenty-five. Consequently, when he arrived at Turner at 9.02, he thought he would have plenty of time in which to reach Lydon before 9.42.

Between Turner and Lydon lies a huge mountain range. Although the railroad goes through a pass, it is necessary to ascend and go down several severe grades. As there are many long, straight stretches, and few curves of any importance, there is a splendid chance to make up time on the descent.

It was with this thought in mind that Fred McLane started down the mountain. The mighty Mogul was racing at a mile a minute, when, as it rounded the curve on to a five mile straightaway, Fred caught the gleam of a headlight coming towards him. In an instant his orders flashed through his mind. He perceived

his blunder. He had mistaken 9.24 for 9.42. In that same instant he thought of the hundreds of lives behind him, asleep, trusting in him for their safety. Without losing a second, he shouted to John to go back, cut off the engine, and swing onto the forward car to set the conductor's valve which put every ounce of air on the brakes, independent of the engine. At the same moment he made the long shrill whistle for brakes. Meanwhile, he had closed the throttle and set the emergency. But he knew he could not prevent a collision. The impetus of the train was too great and it would be at least a minute before he could be cut off by John. He repeated the long drawn-out whistles in hopes that the engineer of the extra, which was a freight, would reverse his engine and lessen the impact of the now inevitable collision.

The snapping of the air hose told him that John had cut him off, and, releasing, his air, he pulled the throttle madly toward him. His idea was to get as far away from the cars behind him as possible. When about five hundred yards from the extra he closed his throttle and put all the air he had into the brakes pressing against the wheels. The cold rain had made a slippery rail and the wheels skidded in places.

As he rushed directly upon the extra, he saw the engine crew jump to safety, and he noted with satisfaction that the cars behind him had stopped. Then with a crash that could be heard for miles, the engines came together.

The 505 lay on its side panting and steaming. When John Wallace and Pat Francis rushed up they found Fred in the midst of the wreckage, still breathing. With great difficulty they extricated him and tenderly placed him on the ground. The engineer slowly opened his eyes and, in a broken voice, murmured, "My — — first — — wreck," and then sank back. Not a sound was heard except the escaping steam of 505. Fred McLane had made his last run.

Francis J. Carey '17.

Four School Years of Triolets

IV

Why do you smile at me that way,
You Senior grim and tall?
You're not so wise, your hair is grey;
Why do you smile at me that way?
You think I'm ignorant—but say,
(Between us)—well, I know it all.
Why do you smile at me that way,
You Senior, grim and tall.

III

I'm really overworked, you know,
And uselessly I find.
My work may be important, though
I'm really overworked, you know;
And I need time to broaden, so
In lessons I'm behind.
I'm really overworked, you know,
And uselessly I find.

II

My life is but a dance or two
And haunting dreams of books and girls.
When, through my text her eyes gleam blue,
My life is but a dance or two;
But when I dance with work to do,
My conscience shines there in her curls.
My life is but a dance or two
And haunting dreams of books and girls.

I

My ignorance I must not show
And so I'm dignified—
Just like the owl (who seems to know);
My ignorance I must not show.
So, like a king I come and go
That no one dare deride.
My ignorance I must not show
And so I'm dignified.

J. Julian Ryan.

An Evening in My Home Country

"Spring or Autumn, which do you like better, Mito-san?" Suddenly, I asked my cousin who was sitting at the window, with her cheeks in her little hands and her eyes looking into the shadow of the approaching twilight.

It was an evening of April. Cherries, peaches, camellias, all the flowers had gone away and it was the world of budding green. All the day the rustle of Spring spread over the air into which the songs of the nightingales and the scent of the new leaves were blended.

Mito-san sat without a word long after we had ceased our talk, whose subjects had thrown her into meditation, and I had not dared to disturb her as I knew her temperament too well.

She turned slowly to me, and in her eyes I noticed something glittering.

"Oh! What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Never mind, please," said she smiling gently, as she used to do when she was in a deep emotion. "So sweet, so sad, the end of day! Think you not so?"

"Well, yes. But why sad?"

"I don't know. Something makes me feel so, I think." She turned away and looked again into the decaying red in the sky.

"Because you have no friend here, perhaps?"

"Yes, you are right. My school life has passed away too fast. I was so happy when I was at school with my friends. It is strange to think that I was longing so eagerly for my graduation, to enjoy my free life. Many weeks have passed away since my graduation, and my expectation has been cruelly betrayed. Surely, I am free now. I have nothing which I am forced to do, you know. But ah! What does this mean? I never have dreamed of such a tiresome life to lead."

"Do you feel lonesome often?"

"Yes. Especially in the evening like this."

"Then you never like the evening of Spring, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes! I like it very much. I love the sweet sadness, so I sit down here all alone every evening."

She turned away from me. The red in the sky faded, and turned into a bright yellow, and then into a deep indigo blue. The transparent darkness of the evening was creeping over us. The delicate profile of her face was the only thing visible and I no more noticed anything in her eyes.

The city, far below, down the hill covered with a mysterious fog, had disappeared, leaving a faint, tremulous roar of evening which filled the air in the room.

She sat motionless. Nothing was heard. At last I wondered if I might hear the rotation of the earth. The darkness swallowed us completely, and I no longer could distinguish her slender figure. I hardly could believe that there could be any creature in the room.

A rustle of her silken robe startled me.

"Are you going?" I asked her.

"Keep quiet! Don't you hear the footsteps of the moon?"

"What do you mean by—?"

"Just listen?"

I put my hands behind my ears and restrained my breath; an almost inaudible rhythmical beat crept into my ears.

"Yes," I replied to her, taking care not to disturb the stillness, "I think you mean—"

"The Bell,* you're right. Now let us go to the balcony."

"Just a moment. Where is the switch?"

"Never mind. Come this way."

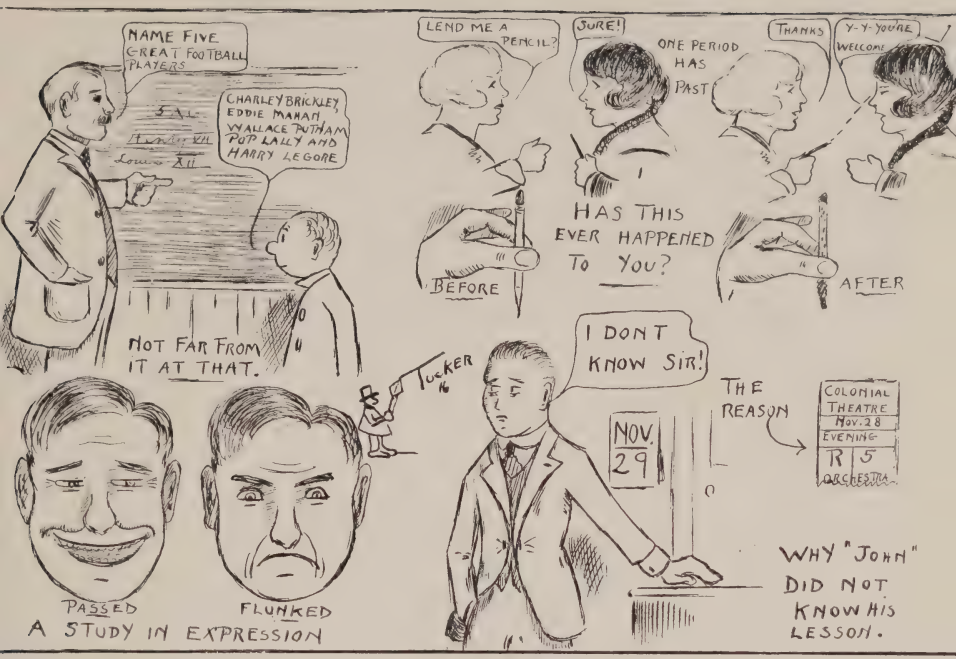
She led me slowly to the other side of the room through the darkness, and opened the door which led to the balcony.

"There you see," and she pointed.

Above the horizon I saw a layer of dark cloud with its under edge hemmed with gold.

NABESHIMA UHACHI.

*ED. NOTE: In Japan, the Temple Bell calls the priests to worship at sunset.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THANKS
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BEFORE
HAS THIS EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?
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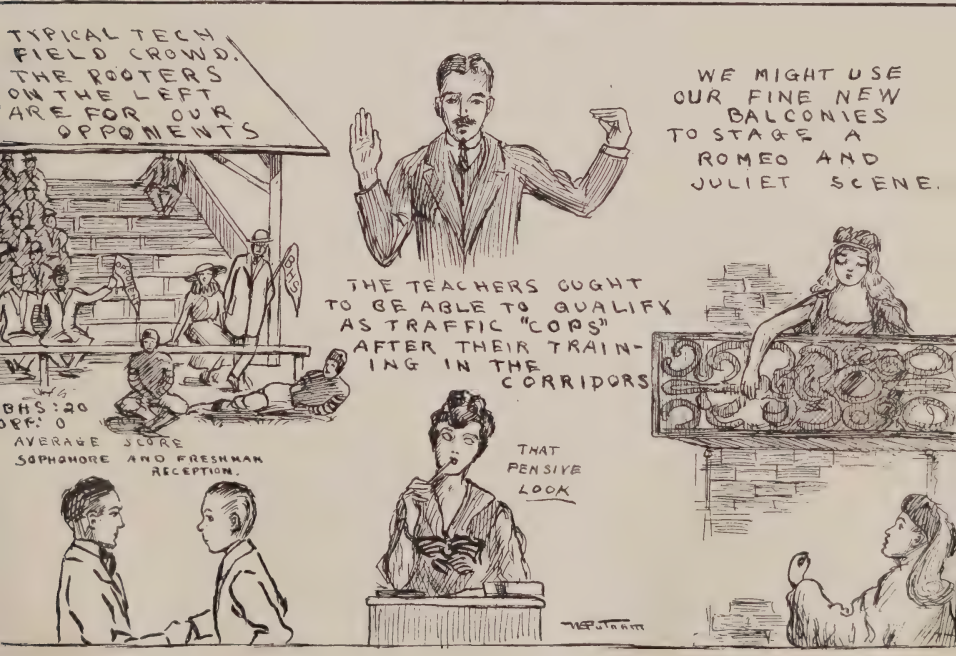
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THAT PENSIVE LOOK
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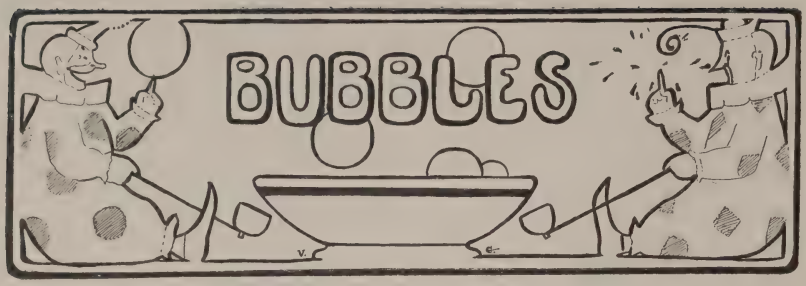


A Fable

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

This noon, while I was at recess,
A fat grape hit me on the neck;
It surely made an awful mess;
The juice ran down my back, by heck.

I looked around surprised, agape,
To see who did this frightful crime,
When, suddenly, another grape
Squashed on my neck a second time.

MORAL:

Those who, like Bryan, can't stand war,
And wish in comfort to abide,
Should never go beyond the door,
But stay where they are safe,—inside.

C. S.

T-l-r translations*:—"There was in the house a shrine dedicated to her husband of marble."

"Dig me a funeral pyre."

"Am I not able to tear apart his dishevilled body?"

"Aeneas assigns the houses by lot." Our first real estate agent.

"They clap the weary."

"Decline your head and go to sleep."

Prof.:—"Do you know what the olfactory organ is?"

Modestine:—"No sir."

Prof.:—"Correct."

*Copyrighted 1916 by D. T-l-r.

George IV:—"This fellow Cort owns more theaters in the United States than anyone else."

Wilhelm II:—"How about the Shuberts?"

Georgie:—"That may be so but every town of any size has its Court House."

"C'est fromage." Strong French expression.

Teacher:—"Please sit down."

Class:—"No room."

Teacher:—"Why, surely, there's a vacant seat with a hat in it."

What is the difference between examination and exanimation?" Cause and effect.

Mr. C.:—"What other figures have we with curved lines be sides the circle?"

S-g:—"The eclipse."

There was a little student,
Who wrote a little skit;
It had no rhyme or reason
It hadn't any wit.
He sent it to The Sagamore,
(And much to his surprise)
They put it on the title page
And nobody got wise.—Anon.

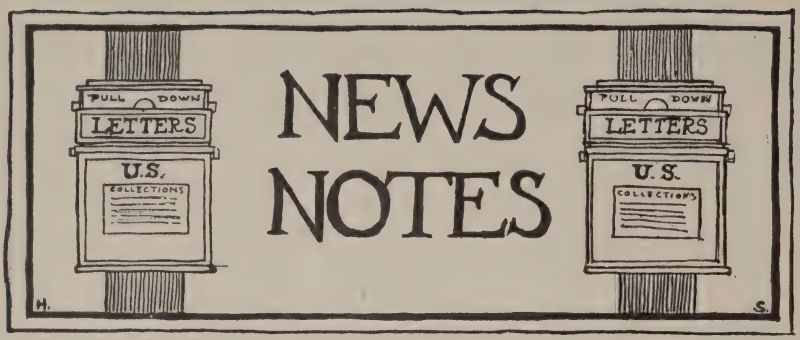
The night was dark and dreary. The wind howled in the treetops. A form was silhouetted against the window. Noiselessly the sash was raised. The man at the desk wheeled about. "Who are you?" he shouted

"A bank robber," was the reply

"How dangerous it must be?" exclaimed the man.

"No indeed," answered the burglar as he left the room, "it's a safe occupation."

Found on an English theme:—"Most of the children in this family were older than their parents."



Calendar for December

December 4. Interclass Football.
December 5. Girls' Debate.
December 6. Interclass Football.
December 7. B. H. S. Debate.
December 8. Senior Social.
December 12. Girls' Debate.
December 14. B. H. S. Debate.
December 15. Sophomore-Freshman Reception.
December 19. Girls' Debate.
December 21. B. H. S. Debate.

The Sagamore wishes to apologize to the swimming team for failing to announce its officers. The swimming team is very much alive with Roger Bird, captain, and Edwin Delaney, manager.

Senior Class Committees

The following committees have been chosen by the officers of the Senior Class and the faculty to represent the class in its various activities during the coming season :

Senior Social Committee: Miss Gambrill and Miss Sayre. Richard Spitz, chairman. Lawrence Bowers, William Turtle, Helen Sherman, Katherine Lynch.

Senior Dance Committee: Miss Lewis. Russell Goodnow, chairman. Roger Bird, Constance Webling, Frances Clark, Ethel Howard.

Class Day Committee: Dr. Roberts. Eliot Hirshberg, chairman. Francis Carey, Milton Jordan, Esther Sands, Amanda Mayo.

Picture Committee : Jessie Allison, chairman. Mildred Albee, Earl Fiske.

Nomination Committee : Miss Spaulding. Edwin Delaney, chairman. Royal Beal, Edith Reade.

The first meeting of the Girls' Debating Club held October 31, was won by the negative. The question read, "Resolved: That Mr. Hughes should be elected to the presidency."

Affirmative	Negative
Marjory Austin '17	Miriam Doan '18
Miriam Hussey '17	Harriet Bridgman '18

The judges were Miss Churchill, Miss Sawyer and Miss McCabe.

The second meeting of the Girls' Debating Club held November 14 was won by the affirmative. The question read, "Resolved: That our policy of excluding the Chinese from this country is justifiable."

Affirmative	Negative
Eleanor Shaw '19	Dorothy Pollard '17
Jessie Allison '17	Polly Moore '18

Miss Churchill, Miss Sawyer, and Miss Lewis served as judges.

On Thursday, November 9, the Seniors and Juniors assembled in the hall and were addressed by Mr. James McConaughy of Dartmouth. His talk was in the nature of a sermon with its subject: "Intellectual Quitters."

The first meeting of the B.H.S. Debating Club held November 16, had for its question, "Resolved: That the Federal Income Tax of 1913 should be repealed."

Affirmative	Negative
U. Archie Ridley '18	John Hickey '18
H. H. Darling, Jr. '18	Richard Ehrlich '17

The affirmative won the debate according to the vote of the judge, Mr. Akers.

The second meeting of the Boys' Debating Club held November 23, was won by the affirmative. "Resolved, That the Adamson Law is justifiable." Mr. Case was judge.

Affirmative	Negative
Alfred Shapiro '18	Samuel Vadner '17
Barton Leach '18	Julian Ryan '17

The Senior Social will be held on Friday evening, December 8, at 7.45 o'clock. For the first time in the history of the school, motion pictures are to be shown, followed by dancing till twelve o'clock. The entertainment is well worth fifty cents.

The Sophomore-Freshman Reception is to be held December 15. The play, "Which Is Which," is to be given then. The characters are to be taken by Arthur Babbitt, Lester Stevens, Thomas Taylor, Sarah Hall, Priscilla Hall, and Margaret Spaulding. Miss Hartshorn is coaching the satellites.

Honor List for October

First Honors—I Class: Wilhelmina Pree. Second Honors: Adolph Alland, Carleton Shugg.

II Class—Second Honors: Miriam Doan, Louise Hersey, Elizabeth Rintels, Franziska Schacht, Francis Snell.

III Class—First Honors: Edna Shepard, Iris Woodman. Second Honors: Laura Latimer, Charles O'Hearn, Conrad Salinger.

To be in the First Honor list, a pupil must have a record of three As and no work lower than B grade. To be in the Second Honor list a pupil must have a record of one A, 4 Bs and no work lower than C grade.

At the Quadrangular League Meeting on November 20, at the Harvard Union, the following officers were elected for 1916-1917: President, Blackman of Cambridge; vice-president, Spitz of Brookline; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Bramhall of Cambridge.

Saturday evening, November 26, Billy Sunday gave a special address to High School pupils. Many Brookline people attended and outcheered all other contingents.

The members of the Boys' and Girls' Debating Clubs of Newton, Somerville, and Brookline met at Brookline High School for an informal social on Friday afternoon, November 24.

Mr. K. C. Atticks was elected president of the New England High School Commercial Teachers' Association on Tuesday, November 14.

The official report of the dates for Christmas vacation can not yet be obtained. However, the holidays will probably begin December 22 and end January 2.

Brookline 16, Newton 7

Brookline administered a 16-7 defeat to Newton Thanksgiving morning at Claflin Field, Newtonville. The game decided in our favor the Quadrangular League Championship and settled last year's tie. "Newton luck," which has become proverbial, only showed itself in the first period when Wiley intercepted a forward on his 10-yard line and ran the length of the field for a touchdown. One of the pluckiest exhibitions of the year was given by Sawyer, who with his shoulder dislocated, kept on playing until he was forced out. Turtle made a 40-yard run on an intercepted Newton pass and scored our first touchdown. A field goal by Johnson gave us our next score. In the last few minutes of play Lally crossed the Newton line after a Newton punt had been blocked on the 25-yard line. The summary:

Brookline High	Newton High
Faulkner (Newman), l.e.	r.e., Murphy
Thompson, l.t.	r.t., E. McDonald
Johnson, l.g.	r.g., Henderson
Turtle, c	c., Macomber
Jordan, r.g.	l.g., Spalding
J. Garrity, r.t.	l.t., Doherty
Lally, r.e.	l.e., Turner
Bowdidge, q.b.	q.b., Nutting
Putnam, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Systrom
Sawyer (Faulkner), r.h.b.	l.h.b., Wiley
Threshie, f.b.	f.b., H. Garrity

Score—Brookline 16, Newton 7. Touchdowns—Wiley, Turtle, Lally. Goals from touchdowns—Turner, Johnson. Goal from field—Johnson. Umpire—Fraim. Referee—Mahoney. Linesman—Whitney. Time—15-min. periods.

Football

Brookline — Worcester Classical

Worcester cancelled the game as they did not have a sufficiently strong team to warrant the trip.

Brookline 27, Lawrence 7

On October 28, Brookline took Gloucester's place on the Lawrence High School schedule and journeyed with a handful of followers to that city, where they had little trouble in winning 27 to 7. The feature of the game was an eighty-yard run by Sawyer. The summary:

Brookline High		Lawrence
Lally (Captain)	l.e.	r.e., McDonald
A. Thompson	l.t.	r.t., LaTulippe
Mills (McMahon)	l.g.	r.g., Donahue
Turtle	c.	c., W. Thompson
Jordan	r.g.	l.g., Fulkerson
Garrity	r.t.	l.t., Ferguson
Faulkner	r.e.	l.e., Cotter
Bowdidge	q.b.	q.b., Kennedy (Capt.)
Putnam	l.h.b.	r.h.b., Hooper
Sawyer	r.h.b.	l.h.b., Ford
Threshie	f.b.	f.b., Wills

Score—Brookline 27, Lawrence 7. Touchdowns—Ford, Threshie, Garrity, Putnam, Sawyer. Goals from touchdowns—Hooper, Sawyer 3. Referee—John C. Twoomey. Linesman—John Reardon. Umpire—Edward F. Cregg. Time—Four 11-minute periods.

Brookline 6, Boston Latin 0

Brookline won its sixth successive game on November 3, at Brookline Field by beating Boston Latin 6-0. Faulkner scored the only touchdown in the first period. The game was very close. The summary:

Brookline High	Boston Latin
Lally, l.e.	r.e., F. Cronin
Thompson, l.t.	r.t., Crowley
Mills, l.g.	r.g., Atwood
Turtle, c.	c., F. Murphy
Jordan (Johnson), r.g.,	l.g., Doyle
Garrity, r.t.	l.t., Ryan
Collins (Faulkner), r.e.	l.e., Parent
Bowdidge, q.b.	q.b., Kennedy
Putnam, l.h.b.	r.h.b., J. Murphy
Hagan, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Goodrich
Faulkner (Threshie), f.b.	f.b., J. Cronin

Score—Brookline 6. Touchdown—Faulkner. Umpire—Mahoney. Referee—Allen. Head linesman—Mooney. Time—11 minute periods.

Brookline 21, Cambridge Latin 0

Our seventh straight game was won November 10, at Brookline Field, when, in the first Quadrangular League Game, Cambridge Latin went down to a 21-0 defeat. The teams were about evenly matched in weight but Brookline showed the benefit of good coaching. Lally, Hagan, Threshie, Garrity, Turtle and Hennessy starred. The summary:

Brookline High	Cambridge L. S.
Lally, l.e.	r.e., Cassidy
Thompson (Bowker), l.t.	r.t., Karsels
Johnson, l.g.	r.g., McFadden
Turtle (McMahon), c.	c., L. Wood
Jordan (Collins), r.g.	l.g., Conroy
Garrity (Mahoney), r.t.	l.t., Dwyer
Faulkner (Newman), r.e.	l.e., Gannon
Bowdidge (Hagan), q.b.	q.b., Howes
Putnam (Hennessy), l.h.b.	r.h.b., Jenkins
Hagan (Sawyer), r.h.b.	l.h.b., Row
Threshie, f.b.	f.b., O'Connor

Score—Brookline 21. Touchdowns—Bowdidge, Threshie, Putnam. Goals from touchdowns—Johnson 3. Umpire—Butterfield. Referee—Gordon. Field judge—Dunn. Time—12-minute periods.

Brookline 39, Wellesley 0

With several of the star players out of the line-up, the B.H.S. eleven whitewashed the Wellesley High team in a Quadrangular League game at Tech Field on Friday, November 17. Bill Hagan did not appear in the line-up because he was down in his studies; Dick Johnson because of illness did not play; and Faulkner did not show up until late. Coach Delahanty gave Newman an opportunity at right end and he did very well. The home team made several forward passes which were successful as well as numerous line plunges. Wellesley was at no time dangerous and did not get nearer than Brookline's 35-yard line. The summary:

Brookline High	Wellesley High
Lally, l.e.	r.e., Larson
Thompson, l.t.	r.t., Kilmain
Mills (Collins), l.g.	r.g., Kingsbury
Turtle (McMahon), c.	c., Nelson
Jordan, (Mahoney), r.g.	l.g., Andrews
Garrity, r.t.	l.t., Davis
Newman (Faulkner), r.e.	l.e., Curry
Bowdidge (Duane), q.b.	q.b., Williams
Putnam (Hennessy), l.h.b.	r.h.b., Keefe
Sawyer, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Welch
Threshie, f.b.	f.b., McCabe

Score—Brookline High 39. Wellesley High 0. Touchdowns—Putnam 3, Sawyer 2, Threshie. Goals from touchdowns—Sawyer 3. Umpire—Carroll. Referee—Mahoney. Linesman—Mantor. Time—12-minute periods.

Brookline—Watertown

The game to be played with Watertown on November 24 was cancelled.

It is not too late to go out now for Class football if you can handle the pigskin. If you can not, go and root for your team. There *is* such a thing as class spirit.

Girls' Tennis Team

On Saturday morning, November 4, the girls' tennis team defeated the Garland School by winning two matches out of three. Helen Sherman, Kathleen Walsh, Mildred Moody, and Mary Craig played for Brookline. Ruth Blodgett, Elise Garceau, and Eleanor Hunt played for Garland.

The girls made a clean sweep over the Somerville High team, in the last matches of the fall series, by winning all three matches. Somerville scored only one game in six sets against our stars. Helen Sherman, Kathleen Walsh, Mildred Moody and Mary Craig again represented Brookline.

Rifle Team

The Dana Cup tourney is now half completed. Beal's scores show that he is in the same trim as last year, when he captured the trophy. However, with his handicap of 50 points, both Ingraham and Silver are pushing him hard. Bolton is also showing up well.

Notes

The hockey team expects to practise next month at the Arena with the Dartmouth squad.

The swimming team has been cut down by Captain Bird and Coach McCormick to the following men: Bird, P. Richardson, D. Richardson, Darling, Prendergast, Wood, Ridley, Meegan, Stevens, Flynn, Blanchard, Donovan, Bowen, Ferguson, J. Hennessy, Mullowney, Ball, Klein. Another cut is expected soon. Manager Delaney is arranging an excellent schedule.

The gym. team is practising three times a week regularly. New candidates will be made welcome.

Owing to the tardiness in the opening of school, the boys' tennis team fall schedule was cancelled, but Manager Leland has arranged a large number of matches for early spring.

For full account of Newton game see News Notes.

'09. Eugene B. Floyd is engaged to Miss Marjorie McDonald of Vassar.

ALBERT POLLARD '11

11. Albert Pollard is a teller at the main office of the Brookline Trust Co.

'12. Frederick Hussey is an ensign on the U. S. S. Pennsylvania.

'12. E. Thurston Clark is working for J. P. Morgan Co. in New York.

'13. Francis Jouannette played half back this fall for Springfield College which beat Tufts.

'13. Robert G. Paine has been elected president of the Senior Class at Dartmouth.

'13. G. Radcliffe Stevens has been elected to the board of student governors of the dormitories at M. I. T.

'14. Raymond Howard is with the Paige Motor Car Co.

'14. Margaret Arnold is teaching kindergarten in Malden.

'13. Mildred Southwick is completing a course at the Emerson School of Oratory.

'14. "Flo" Dusossoit was recently elected captain of Dartmouth's football team for next year.

FREDERICK HUSSEY '12

'14. Aramanda Leonardi is attending the School of Social Workers at Simmons. She is making a study of social work at the Dennison House.

ROBERT PAINE '13

'15. Margaret Daniels is a Sophomore at Simmons College.

'15. Carol Gulick is president of the Athletic Association of Smith College.

'15. Richard Salinger is taking special courses at Boston University.

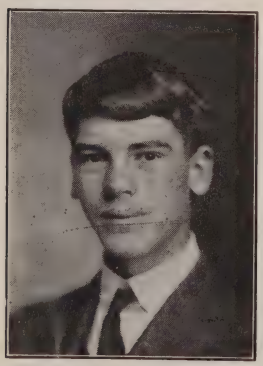
'15. Laurance Richardson is a promising candidate for manager of the Harvard Glee Clubs.

'15. Max Untersee, "Pete" Ryer '16 and "Jimmy" Moore have all joined Delta Kappa Epsilon at Tech.

'15. Marvin Ray is a Sophomore at Brown.

'15. Shields Warren, a Junior at Boston University, is assistant editor of *The Beacon*. He is also laboratory instructor of Comparative Anatomy of the Invertebrates. Among other things he is the B. U. correspondent for the *Transcript*.

RICHARD SALINGER '15



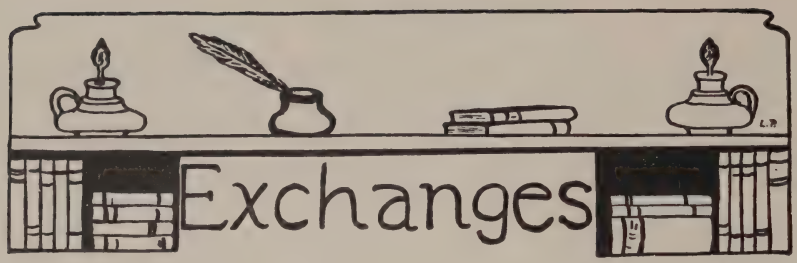
SHIELDS WARREN '15

'16. Harold Schellenberg is working with the Keith's Theatre Program Advertising Co.

'16. Marjorie North recently announced her engagement to Brewster Cook.

'16. "Bug" Lyman is a Freshman at Harvard.

'16. Mary Hickey, Helen Heimer and Helen Snyder are at Bryant & Stratton.



The Exchanges will be placed on one of the shelves in the Library. Look them over and see what other schools are doing!

This month *The Sagamore* wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines: *The Practical Arts Record*, School of Practical Arts, Brookline; *The Chronicle*, Hartford Public High School, Hartford, Conn.; *The Megaphone*, Country Day School; *The Clarion*, West Hartford High School, West Hartford, Conn.; *The Sunnyside*, Washington Irving High School, Tarrytown, N. Y.; *The Comet*, West Division High School, Milwaukee, Wis.; *The Imp*, Brighton High School, Brighton.

As We See Others

The Practical Arts Record: A very well arranged paper, and of interest as our nearest neighbor.

The Megaphone: Why not have a few stories? Also, where is your exchange column?

The Sunnyside: You certainly have a host of advertisers, but we suggest that you have more literary contributions. We also noticed a lack of cuts. Wouldn't it be better to have your jokes in the joke column instead of scattered through the paper?

The Comet: You have several clever cartoonists, whose cartoons help to make the paper interesting. It would help the appearance of the paper if the advertisements were all together instead of mixed in with the stories.

As Others See Us

The Sagamore: Your Commencement Number is an excellent issue. The 1916 Class Prophecy is unusually clever. — *The Chronicle.*

The Sagamore: A very interesting and well arranged paper. —*The Sunnyside.*

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Volume 23 JANUARY, 1917 Number 3

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXIII JANUARY, 1917 NUMBER 3

Important for All

One man, writing about another, once poetized:—

"Who walked in every path of human life,
Felt every passion; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield."

Here is *the* short cut to knowledge. We need only find this wondrous man of the poem and assimilate his experiences. And the man is Shakspere.

An intense study of Shakspere brings wisdom and erudition. A mild imbibing gives an education in itself. A proper appreciation of Shakspere, and the result of hearing a faithful rendition should be within the grasp of everyone. Then there is enjoyment in the learning.

With these facts in mind, and bearing in memory his success of last year, The Sagamore and the Senior Class have re-engaged Marshall Darrach for a series of three Shaksperian recitals. The prime motive has been to aid students preparing for college, whether Senior, Sophomore, Junior, or Freshman. That the public should be given the benefit of attending is of almost equal importance.

Mr. Darrach will recite three plays:—Hamlet which is in the category of tragedy; Julius Caesar, in the class of historical drama; and Twelfth Night, a comedy.

However, this is an editorial. We are editorially urging the patronage of the Darrach recitals because we believe in their value. Those who would learn further thereof will please turn to page 115.

Pupils

There are two types of pupils, those who wish to succeed, and those who "don't care." The first type is the most uncommon, and yet it is within the power of many of the shirkers to reach their goal. It is not because the shirkers can not do the work, for their brains are sound, or they wouldn't be in school. It is because they put no effort behind their work. They have no sense of responsibility and no conscience. The workers will come to school with their day's lessons prepared. The shirkers just reach their seats in the nick of time, will turn to their nearest neighbor and say, "Can I see your Algebra? I didn't have time to do mine!"

Sometimes the shirkers "get by," sometimes they don't. If they do, it is generally by the aid of the student who tries. Is there no way by which the shirkers can be made to realize the shallowness and uselessness of their attitude? By taking this attitude they should realize that they are fostering a shameless dependibility on others which is absolutely detrimental to them, and to their whole being.

Constance Webling '17.

Concerning Hockey

Hockey is treated as a minor sport by the athletic authorities of Brookline High School. This attitude may have been justified many years in the past when there was less interest in Hockey, and when the sport had not reached its popularity of the present day; but, this policy should now be changed. Hockey has been and is a growing sport, and that has been felt in this High School also. Added to its popularity here comes the announcement that Brookline has been admitted to the Interscholastic Hockey League. With these important conditions and surroundings Hockey should be given its proper promotion from a minor to a major sport. Wake up, Athletic Associations!

Alfred Shapiro '18.

The Wig and the Girl

"NOW that we are Freshman, I suppose all those stuck-up Juniors and Seniors will look down on us, but thank Heaven, none of *our* set is like Molly Haynes," exclaimed Carolyn Griswold to a group of girls who had gathered at recess to discuss the ins and outs of High School.

"Molly even had the nerve to ask me if she could belong to our new club!" she declared.

"Fancy it!" exploded one girl who was dressed in the latest style from head to foot. "What *did* you say?"

"I asked her if she could sing or dance or play some instrument or, in fact, do anything we are accustomed to do, but all she did was to shake her head. Then——"

"Here she comes now," interrupted Barbara Swift, as a pretty girl with big brown eyes joined the group.

Elsie Van Alstein began obviously to talk of something else so the rest of the girls, following her cue, discussed different things. Carolyn began to tell about a trick she had played on another girl and, at the murmurs of "How did you do it?" or, "How wonderful," she said lightly, "Oh, I can fool almost anybody."

"If anyone can detect any trick I play this winter within two weeks of the time I spring it and get back at me I'll do anything they want," she added boastfully.

"Guess you're safe in saying that, Caro," said one of the girls while the others added things to the same effect——all but Molly, who asked quietly: "Do you mean that?"

"Of course, I do, Miss Sherlock Holmes, are you thinking of becoming a detective?" asked Carolyn witheringly.

At this scathing answer Molly grew red and, stammering something unintelligible, fled.

"Did you ever see the beat of that?" exploded Elsie looking after the fast disappearing Freshman with scarcely veiled contempt, "Couldn't stand a bit of sarcasm."

"She looks as though she would be an easy one to fool," Carolyn remarked meditatively. Then, as the bell rang she said

to her chum, "I've an idea I think will do. Come over to my house this afternoon and I'll tell you about it." . . . .

That afternoon, when the two girls were seated under the trees back of Carolyn's home, she unfolded her plan. "If we can get some of the girls in our set to tell Molly, confidentially of course, that I had to have my hair shaved off because I had a fever so I wear a wig. We can have no end of fun with her. She looks as though she would swallow anything. Tell her I'm very sensitive about it, and all that, you know."

"I think we can work it," Elsie declared. "Who'll we get to help us?"

"All of our set," Carolyn said carelessly and then paused as if listening. "Did you hear anything just then?" she asked after a minute.

"No, why?" said her chum.

"Nothing, only I thought I heard someone on the other side of the fence moving around and I don't want our plan to be found out," replied Carolyn.

"Who lives there?" inquired Elsie.

"Oh, only the Atwoods," said Carolyn. "Perhaps I was mistaken—anyway Sarah Atwood hasn't enough sense to repeat anything she happened to overhear." . . . . . .

The next day, Carolyn having told her friends of the plan, Elsie casually sauntered up to Molly and began to converse idly. After a minute she said, "You know Carolyn Griswold wears a wig, don't you?" Then, in answer to the surprised look in the girl's eyes she went on, "Yes, she had a fever so her hair had to be cut off. Naturally, the only thing for her to do was to wear a wig till her hair grows. I just wanted to warn you so you wouldn't say anything, you know." She hurried on, "Caro's awfully sensitive about it."

"Of course, I see," the girl replied, her eyes wide with pity.

After a few more remarks Elsie made an excuse and hurried off to tell Carolyn of her success.

For the next few days, the girls had a lot of "fun" with Molly who received all their apparent confidences with open-eyed

wonder, even warning some of her friends, much to the delight of the girls when they heard of it. . . . . .

"Going to Carolyn's dance tonight?" Barbara asked Elsie on Friday as they walked home arm in arm.

"Surely," Elsie responded, "Are you?"

"Yes, all of our set are going," Barbara answered. "Hello, Molly, she said as, looking back to see if any of her friends were near, she discovered Molly behind them.

"Hello," replied Molly pleasantly as she passed them.

"Our trick is working finely," Elsie commented as Carolyn joined them, Molly having passed out of ear-shot.

"Isn't it though," Barbara said, "Won't it be fun when she finds out."

"Yes," agreed Carolyn, but she mustn't do that yet. The two weeks aren't up till Monday you know." . . . .

The dance at the Griswold's was in full sway when the door bell rang and someone was heard in the hall apparently arguing hotly with the maid.

"What is the matter?" Carolyn's mother asked, coming down the stairs as several curious dancers looked inquiringly through the door.

"This man wishes to speak with Miss Griswold, ma'am," replied the maid.

"I'll call her," said Mrs. Griswold, going into the room where the young people were dancing.

In a minute, Carolyn appeared, followed by several of her friends, curious to know what the matter was.

"I want the money for this bill right now," said the man loudly, "it's been due for over a month."

"I'm sure I have paid all my bills," Carolyn answered. "Are you positive about it?"

"Positive?" cried the man angrily. "What do you take me for? I wouldn't be here if I wasn't positive."

"What is it for?" demanded the girl a bit taken aback.

"It's for that wig you bought two months ago and haven't paid for yet," answered the man raising his voice.

"For a wig?" gasped Carolyn.

"Yes, for a wig," he mocked sarcastically. "I do believe you've got it on now!" he added maliciously.

Carolyn gathered all the dignity she had—"You must be mistaken," she replied haughtily, "I never wore a wig in my life."

"You can't get around it *that* way young lady. I have the bill here and I'll not go until you've paid it," the man declared angrily. "I can prove that's the wig you have on" he proceeded, sweeping his eyes fiercely around the group of young people who had come out to see what the fuss was about. Then, seeing that Carolyn was fast getting red, he added, "If you don't pay for it I'll take the wig anyhow!"

But before Carolyn had time to retort, the man took off his tall silk hat, letting a bunch of curly, brown hair tumble down his back. At the same time, he reached up with the other hand, and with a yank, pulled off the heavy beard and mustache—a gasp of astonishment went around the startled group as they recognized Molly Haynes.

"Well, Carolyn, I guess you're caught this time," said Elsie who was the first to recover.

"You win," said Carolyn, holding out her hand to Molly who had suddenly grown shy. "What do you want?"

"I'd like to get into your club," Molly admitted slowly.

A chorus of "you bet" and "three cheers" was heard and everybody began to talk at once.

Finally, when all the commotion had quieted down, Carolyn asked: "How did you find out I was fooling you? Have you seen through it from the beginning?"

"Well," replied Molly thoughtfully, "my chum, Sarah Atwood, said she overheard you planning it and—anyway it was awfully thin."

"You might have told me you could act like this," Carolyn said in mock reproof.

"Oh! I don't know," laughed Molly as she escaped, "it was more fun proving it to you this way!"

M. S. '19.

Tommy

IN the factory section of Wareham, one cold midnight in February, the streets were quiet and very dark, but in one tiny house feebly glimmered a lamp. Within, on the floor of a little back sitting room, his chin in his hands, his legs waving in the air, lay Tommy Duggan. Needless to say, he was reading; those who were acquainted with his habits always knew that when he was found sprawled upon the floor in the present attitude, he must *not* be disturbed. No one, however, knew of these nightly thirsts for knowledge; in fact, his mother believed him to be in Dreamland as soon as she left his room.

The kitchen clock struck one mournful note, but Tommy continued his perusal of the paper-covered book, although his legs had ceased their vigorous exercise, and his eyes were not so widely open as before.

Suddenly, the peaceful stillness of the night was interrupted by a terrible crash, and the very house seemed to totter; plates and cups clattered in the china-closet, and the window-panes fell to the floor in a thousand pieces.

Tommy's mother, awakened by the sound, sat up in her little cot, terrified. Outside, in the inky blackness of the streets, she heard a confusion of voices, "Big fire"— "munition plant"— "Explosion," were the only words which she could distinguish. The fire bells were ringing wildly. With trembling haste she dressed and ran to Tommy's room, but he was not there. "He has gone to the fire," she thought. Going to fires appeared to be a hobby of Tommy's, and there was never a fire in the neighborhood that he was not the first one on the scene. Therefore, in consequence of several years' experience in this matter, the conclusion that Master Thomas had gone to the fire at the first sound of the bells, was but natural to Mrs. Duggan.

Now she was standing at the doorway, and the little throng of people seemed to draw her into its midst, until before she real-

ized where she was, she had left her home, and had become one of the hurrying, excited mass. At last they reached the site of the fire. From the windows of the Wareham Munitions Plant, suffocating smoke was pouring and angry tongues of flame were darting into the blackness.

At one end of the building, a second explosion occurred, and the flying bricks struck down several boys. An excited, anxious group had gathered there, and a lad near Mrs. Duggan cried shrilly, "It's Tommy—he's hurt!"

The frightened woman felt suddenly weak. She forgot the flames from the factory, forgot the people thronging about her. Her only thought was to reach Tommy. She turned toward the scene of the accident—the crowd blocked the path. She turned to one side—the crowd crushed her mercilessly. Everywhere people, crowds pushing, jostling, shouting. They seemed to the bewildered woman to mock at her useless attempts to escape from their clutches. The mob surged on, bearing with it the little wisp of a woman, frantic with terror. Always she heard the awful words—"It's Tommy—he's hurt!" Tommy—her Tommy! He might be lying there crushed—dead.

The throng returning from the fire were fast approaching the factory section and Tommy's mother helplessly following. Presently, the Duggans' dingy house appeared, and Mrs. Duggan, summoning all her courage and strength, at last forced her way out of the crowd and wearily groped her way up the rickety steps to the door.

The kitchen clock wheezed the hour of two, as she stepped into the house and with faltering steps made her way to the little back sitting-room, where she often went to think—to be alone. The little lamp was blinking its last as she entered, and there on the floor—she gasped and leaned against the wall for support—lay Tommy, peacefully slumbering, with his grimy little hands tightly clasping a paper-covered book.

GERTRUDE DAVIS '18.

Guillaume and Pierre

Two workers of the soil were they,
Guillaume and Pierre.
Friends they'd been from childhood,
An undivided pair.

Worked and played and laughed together,
Sorrowed, joyed and sung
Until, at last, one dreamy morn
The old church bell was rung.

Along with all the other men
Went Guillaume and Pierre—
To war! They knew not why they went
And still less knew *to where*.

Marie, coquette, to Guillaume said,
"You bring my Pierre home;"
While Rosa said to brave Pierre,
"Don't dare leave my Guillaume."

As the twain sat in a trench,
Thinking of a far-off pair,
One friend saw that certain death
Was coming to Pierre.

But Guillaume quickly jumping,
Saved the man he loved so well.
"Go back to your beloved Marie,"
He gasped before he fell.

And so to brave Guillaume you'll find
A rough-hewn cross, perchance,
For he was "killed in action
In the field—somewhere in France."

MIRIAM HUSSEY '18.

They All Sound Good at a Distance

BEING a telegraph operator in a little, God-forsaken, backwoods town wasn't all it was cracked up to be. So thought young Bob Saunders as he wearily leaned back in his chair and discontentedly surveyed the blank, staring walls. Oh, if only something would happen to relieve this awful monotony! Why didn't a train jump the track or some express get on the local line? In his despair, Bob recklessly longed for anything. A sudden "click-click" brought the tilted chair to its feet with a bang. Picking up the receiving key, a welcome "Hello there, X," greeted him. Somewhat disappointed but puzzled, he held the key. Again the message was repeated. This time, he answered, adding an inquisitive "Who are you, anyhow?" After a little quibbling back and forth, Bob learned that this communication was from a young girl learning to operate at a nearby station. Grasping the opportunity, he ventured a suggestive "Awfully dull tonight."

"Yes," came the reply, "especially when there's a dance in the next hall and the most catchy music floating in."

A dance! Ye gods!—it had been ages since he last attended a dance! Like a caged-in lion he ached to get out and stretch himself. Like lightning, confused thoughts raced through his brain. Yes, he would do it. Why not? It was only nine o'clock and the night man was due in a few minutes. Eagerly, he flashed the following over the quivering wires:

"Any objections to going to that dance with me? The next train will get me at X ——— in twenty minutes."

"All right—I'll be on the lookout," came the desired response.

The next few minutes seemed endless. Poor Joe, the night man, was absolutely bewildered when Bob instead of remaining for his usual nightly chat, fairly flew out of the office and dashed down the road in the direction of his home.

* * * * *

As the train puffingly drew in at Station X———, Bob for the first time experienced a queer, hot, bashful sensation. Perhaps it was the newness of his stiff collar. And then, just how was he to introduce himself to this fair damsel whom he had never seen? Perhaps she was a village queen. His heart gave a queer leap. The anticipation of one-stepping with this unknown fairy steadied him. With trembling heart and intense eagerness, he leapt to the station platform. Slowly, the train wheezed out, leaving him to gaze helplessly about. Utter blackness and solitude. Save for the dim rays of the oil lamp in the office, no light was visible. An occasional cricket alone broke the death-like stillness. Where was that gay ballroom? Suddenly, doubt overtook him. Could it be possible that he had misunderstood her? No, she had clearly wired X——— and this was X———. For the moment Bob was completely dumbfounded. Then the door of the station quickly opened and in its frame surrounded by a yellow glare from the lamp, appeared the huge bulk of the portly station agent. Grinning from ear to ear he lisped in the sweetest of tones:

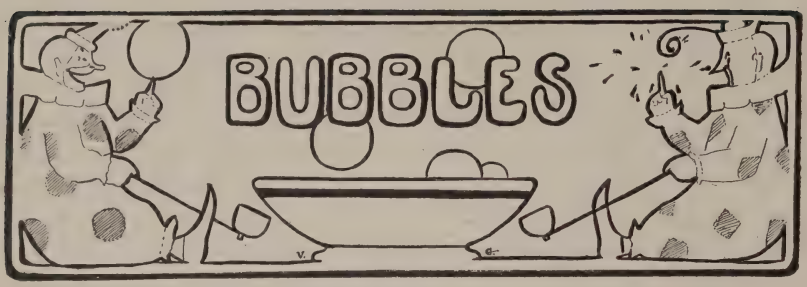
"What's the matter, honey, ain't I the cutest li'l baby doll you ever see?"

W. P. '17.

Strive Onward

Life goes onward: pursue it
With an honest aim:
Toil is rewarded: claim it
With a worthy name;
Success is but right, for he
That labors long and well;
Wealth is there, strike the key
And watch the treasures swell.

SAM VADNE '17.



The football season is o'er,
It went through without our support;
But we can still make a good score,
By backing each oncoming sport.

I Hist. B contributes these:

"In this battle the odds were even."

"The houses were built in the form of a rectangular square."

"After a long search, they found some papers in his stocking, near his foot."

Found on a Chemistry exam: —"A barometer is made by closing a glass tube at both ends, and then pouring mercury into it."

First Freshman: —"Say, what was the matter at the debate yesterday?

Second Innocent: "Nothing, why?"

First: —"I heard they had some kind of an argument."

HOW TO SUCCEED IN HIGH SCHOOL

After consulting many authorities including faculty, students and alumni we are happy to be able to present the following rules:

1. Study most of the time.
2. Don't study at all.
3. Go out for all the athletic teams.
4. Don't go out for any of the athletic teams.
5. Join the debating team, go out for dramatics and prize speaking, and contribute something to The Sagamore.
6. Don't do any extra work if you can help it.

The class had been studying history and the teacher wished to test its knowledge of the subject so she asked: "If the King of a monarchy dies who rules?"

"The Queen," some one suggested.

"Yes that may be so, but suppose the Queen dies, who takes her place?"

The class was quiet for a time, and then a small boy waved his hand frantically and yelled, "The Jack?"

The pupils in I Physics agreed when Mr. P. remarked "We will now discuss that dam problem."

Gleanings from the geometry classes:—

"How do we prove this theorem?"

"By suspicion."

"Where is the ark?"

"On Mount Ararat."

? (In modern history):— "The kings of Lombardy were so impressed by the grandson of the Pope that they all became nuns."

Fresh:— "Say are you the fellow that hit me between periods?" Quick, Napoleon, the X-Ray.

THE BUBBLES EDITOR'S LAMENT

Tho' my back is nearly double
And I'm growing very thin
There must be just one more Bubble
When my work is handed in.

Fudge:—"What do you call it when a person sings out of voice?" (meaning falsetto)

Marshmallow:—"Rotten."

In Junior Math:—"If two lines are cut by a transversal, making the alternate interior angles equal, the angles are terrible." Generally.

Mr. Delahanty to Leave

Brookline High School authorities have received the resignation of Robert John Delahanty as physical director and athletic instructor. Mr. Delahanty will sever connections with Brookline January 12, and will report for work at Worcester Academy three days later as director of physical education.

Our retiring coach received most of his schooling in Springfield. He was born in Longmeadow, a suburb of that city, and after being graduated from the grammar school, he attended high school for one year. Then he attended Mount Hermon School in Northfield. There he participated in three branches of athletics — in baseball as a pitcher and as outfielder, in football as a half-back, and in track as a shot-putter. Mr. Delahanty worked for two years before entering Springfield Y. M. C. A. College in 1908, but he took a three-year course and was graduated in 1911. He played football for three years at Springfield as guard and tackle, captaining the team in 1910. He also pitched for Springfield in 1911.

Gloucester Y. M. C. A. had Mr. Delahanty as physical director from the fall of 1911 to the fall of 1913, when he resigned to take charge at Brookline.

Here his duties have consisted of directing the gymnastic classes of all Brookline High boys, and, in addition, the boys of the Lincoln and Pierce grammar schools. His work covered a wide

range and he devoted a lot of time to the grammar school boys, conducting a baseball league and a big track meet each year, besides supervising interclass competitions in football and baseball at the high school.

In his first year at Brookline the athletic season was considered a failure. Likewise, the next season failed and this even more completely than the previous one. But last year events changed their usual procedure. We tied Newton for the Triangular football championship after a highly successful schedule. In hockey, track, and baseball, Mr. Delahanty's coaching clearly showed. And this year the *Sagamore* has no hesitancy in proclaiming that it was chiefly through Mr. Delahanty's work that our championship was attained.

Mr. Delahanty during the lustre in which he has been with us has developed those lines of athletics which he has touched with phenomenal success. He has educated us up to a high grade of efficiency. He was about to perfect a very high standard of gymnasium work. In behalf of the High School we extend our congratulations to Mr. Delahanty for what he has accomplished while with us and we wish him the best of success at Worcester.

Congratulations to Wallace Putnam, captain-elect of the 1917 football team.

Track

In answer to a call for track candidates, about twenty fellows responded and are taking cross-country runs each day to start training.

William Kendrick has been appointed Assistant Track Manager.

Manager Hirshberg has announced the following schedule:

Mechanic Arts at Brookline	Jan. 26
Lynn Classical at Lynn	Feb. 2
Medford at Medford	Feb. 9
Greater Boston Interscholastic Y. M. C. A.	Feb. 17
Somerville at Brookline	Feb. 22
B. A. A. Meet at Mechanics Building	Feb. 24

Among those out for the team are: Donavan, Kelly, Powell, Bitler, Nickerson, Archibald, Canning, Carstens, Hennessy, Flynn, Plaisted, Sanders, Ferguson, Sias, Meegan, Delaney, Muldowney, Corcoran, Hickey, Carolan, and Collins.

Hockey

Dame Nature and the Weather Man cannot stop us from success in the great "Canadian Sport" this year, as they have in the past. The hockey team started practice right after the holidays on the ice at the Boston Arena and will play the majority of the games there throughout the winter and early spring.

A large number of candidates answered the call. The material is very promising and with the four veterans from last year, Captain Johnson, Marshall, Threshie, and Taylor, the prospects for winning the Suburban Interscholastic League championship are strong.

The new men, who have been reporting in conjunction with the track team for the cross-country runs — as a matter of training — are: Young, Dooley, Crowell, Smith, Bickford, Newman, Collier, Phelan, Bowers, Wood, Twenstrop, Putnam, Whittemore, Carstens, D. Richardson, P. Richardson, Faulkner, O'Mealey, Baldwin, Tyler, O'Hearn, Delaney, Turtle, Egan, E. Bowker, P. Bowker, Ryan, and Burkhouse.

Manager Morse has announced the schedule as follows:

Somerville (9 a.m.), Arena	Jan. 6
Cambridge, Arena	Jan. 12
Stone, Brookline	Jan. 15
Medford (9 a.m.), Arena	Jan. 20
Boston Latin, Brookline	Jan. 25
Milton Academy, Milton	Feb. 3
Milton High, Brookline	Feb. 6
Melrose, Arena	Feb. 9
Rindge (9 a.m.), Arena	Feb. 17
Huntington, Brookline	Feb. 20
Newton, Arena	Feb. 23
Arlington (9 a.m.), Arena	Mar. 3

Swimming

The swimming team schedule is as follows:

Mechanic Arts, Curtis Hall	Jan. 16
Amherst, Amherst	Jan. 20
English, Curtis Hall	Jan. 30
Yale Interscholastic, New Haven	Feb. 3
Huntington, Brookline	Feb. 6
Harvard, Brookline	Feb. 15
Andover, Andover	Feb. 24
Worcester, Worcester	Mar. 3
Open	Mar. 6
Revere, Revere	Mar. 9

The team has "green" but very promising material this year, and if Manager Delaney and Captain Bird are able to convince the Athletic Council, many fine trips will be in store for them.

The girls have started class swimming teams and later in the winter will hold an Interclass Series for the championship of the school. Those candidates already reported are: 1920, Martha Tyler, Harriet Tyler, Grace Morrow, Miriam Lathrop, Marie Fay, Eleanor Bishop, Marion Hall, Margaret Chipman, Gwendolin Watson, Louisa Twenstrop, Katharyn Murphy, Margaret Mahoney, and Eleanor Sands; 1919, Kathleen Walsh, Page Williams, Helen Jacobs, Eleanor Mackey, Maxine Nichols, Ruth Ballad, Agnes Good, Katherine Kraft, Katherine Hickey, Helen Skinner, Frances Taylor, and Clare Anderson; 1918, Helen Conway, Pauline Untersee, Doris Neal, Marjorie Hale, Lorraine Wood, Thelma MacLean, Frances Richardson, Charlotte Stevens, Beatrice Gaddy, Gertrude Henderson, Katharine Bickford, Katharine Houghton, and Harriet Gulick; 1917, Ariel Carstens, Armanda Mayo, Wilhelmina Prée, Ethel Howard, Esther Sands, and Alice Joyce.

Rifle Team

The B. H. S. sharpshooters are improving weekly in their marksmanship and are out for the championship of the league.

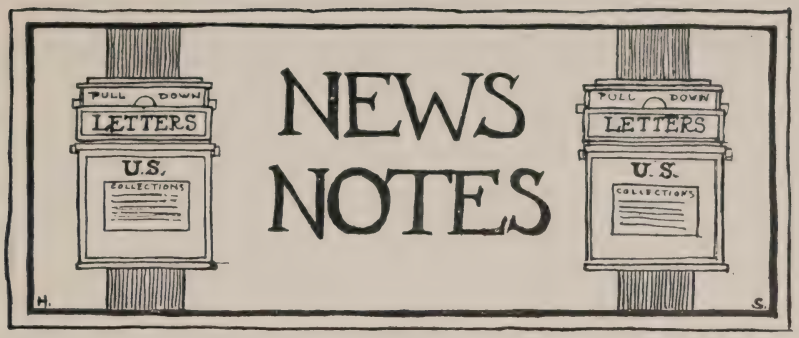
Manager Ingraham recently won the Dana Cup with a high score, proving his superiority in the art of hitting the bulls-eye.

Up to the time of going to press, two matches have been shot, one of which we won outright — the other not yet having been decided. Ten men on each team shoot and the best six scores count.

The scores for the Dorchester meet on December twelfth — which B. H. S. won with 525 points to 507, were as follows: Beal, 91; Bolton, 90; Hovgaard, 88; Ingraham, 87; Silver, 82.

The meet with English High on December nineteenth has not yet been decided. The B. H. S. scores were: Beal, 95; Bolton, 91; Angevine, 93; Silver, 94; McCollum, 92; McPherson, 92.

Donald Newman has been elected captain of the crew. Winter training will start immediately.



Calendar for January

Jan. 6. Hockey—Somerville, 9 A.M., Arena.
Jan. 12. Hockey—Cambridge, Arena
Marshall Darrach—Hamlet.
Jan. 15. Hockey—Stone, Brookline.
Jan. 16. Swimming—Mechanics Art, Curtis Hall.
Jan 18. Meeting—B. H. S. Debating Club.
Jan. 19. Marshall Darrach—Julius Caesar.
Jan. 20. Hockey—Medford, 9 A.M., Arena.
Jan. 20. Amherst High, Amherst.
Jan. 25. Hockey—Boston Latin, Brookline.
Marshall Darrach—Twelfth Night.
Jan. 26. Track—Mechanic Arts, Brookline.
Jan. 30. Swimming—Boston English, Curtis Hall.

On December 7 the B. H. S. Debating Club held its third meeting of the season. The following question was discussed, *Resolved:* That Pompey was a greater general than Caesar.

Affirmative	Negative
Canning	Salinger
McCullom	Kaiser

The judge, Mr. Snow, gave his decision in favor of the affirmative.

The fourth meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club took place on December 14, at 3.00 o'clock. The question was, *Resolved:* That the United States should place an embargo on the exportation of foodstuffs during the present European crisis.

Affirmative	Negative
Saxe	Ryan
Kramer	Hirshberg

Mr. Jordan, as judge, decided that the negative arguments were better.

On December 21, the last competitive debate was held in room 20. The question read, *Resolved:* That the United States should establish a protectorate over Mexico. Mr. Hussey acted as judge and favored the negative.

Affirmative	Negative
Beal	Bowers
Wilbur	Furber

The Interscholastic Teams have been chosen. They are: Saxe, Shapiro, Leach, Alt. Ryan; Ridley, Hirshberg, Beal, Alt. Kramer.

The English division of Sophomore boys announce that the first issue of "*The '19 Spectator*," a little brother of the *Sagamore*, will appear this month. Miss Hartshorn is supervising this new school paper which has the following as its staff:

Editor-in-chief, Albert Kenny; Business Manager, Robert McMillan; Art Editor, Sears Crowell; Athletic Editor, Sherman Baldwin; Class Editor, Albert Meegan; School Editor, Frank Plaisted; Joke Editor, Robert Boehner.

The Girls' Debating Club met on November 28 and discussed the following question, *Resolved*: That labor unions should be encouraged.

Affirmative	Negative
Lucile Einstein	Adeline Pfleghaar
Dorothy Clark	Mary Potter

The negative were the victors.

Resolved: That Congress was justified in passing the Adamson Law, was the question at the meeting of the Girls' Debating Club on December 12.

Affirmative	Negative
Page Williams	Ruth Chamberlain
Clare Shapiro	Marion Jacobs
Margaret Spaulding	Wilhelmina Pree

The judges awarded their decision to the negative.

The girls who have been chosen for the Interscholastic Triangular Teams are: Adeline Pfleghaar, Ruth Chamberlain, Jessie Alison, Mirian Doan, Dorothy Pollard, Margaret Spaulding.

The Freshman have finally elected their class officers. President, Hugh Kelley; Vice-President, Jane Luce; Treasurer, Richard Bowers; Secretary, Eleanor Shaw.

Senior Social

On Friday evening, December 8, the Senior Class gave its annual Social in Shailer Hall. There was an innovation this year in the form of moving pictures added to the regular dancing. The crowd was of a good size, and the music was excellent so the dance was enjoyed even more than usual. Miss Gambril and Miss Sayre were the faculty supervisors.

The Sophomore-Freshman Reception

Rather later than usual, the Sophomore-Freshman Reception came on Friday, December 15. As usual, the newcomers were cordially received, and heartily welcomed by James Duane, President of the Class, '19. Hugh Kelly, President of the Freshmen responded fittingly. The Sophomores then presented a play entitled "Which is Which." Miss Hartshorn coached the performance, and the cast was composed of Arthur Babbitt, Lester Stevens, Thomas Taylor, Priscilla Hall, Margaret Spaulding, and Sarah Hall. Dancing followed until six o'clock, when the very successful affair broke up.

Championship Banquet

The undefeated High School football team was fêted at the Hotel Thorndike on Saturday evening, December 16. The whole squad was invited, and practically all attended; besides, there were

the Athletic Council and many guests. The affair was made possible by the subscription of a number of public-spirited townspeople, who preferred to have their names kept secret.

After a few vocal and pianoforte selections, the following speeches were made: "The Past of Brookline's Football," Richard C. Floyd; "The Present of Brookline's Football," R. J. Delahanty; "The Future of Brookline's Football," J. H. Lynch; "As Practical Arts Sees the Football Team," Principal C. W. Waldron; "As the High School Sees the Football Team," William Chisholm; "As an Outsider Sees the Football Team," Dr. E. M. Bowker; "As a Newspaper man Sees the Football Team," F. L. Carens; "Our Team," Captain Lally; "Conclusion," Manager Tyler.

Small gold footballs were given, instead of sweaters, to the winners of B's. The lucky ones were Lally, Thompson, Johnson, Turtle, Jordan, Garrity, Faulkner, Newman, Collins, Bowdidge, Putnam, Sawyer, Threshie, Owens, and Tyler. "B 2d's" were awarded to the following: Duane, E. Thompson, J. Mahoney, P. Bowker, McMahon, J. F. Hennessy, Fishel, and Egan.

On Monday, December 18, the German Club held its Christmas meeting, or rather its Weihnachtsfest. Most of the present members and many past members attended and spent an enjoyable afternoon with games, entertainments, and refreshments.

Scholarship honors for the first quarter are announced as follows: First Honors: Class I, Wilhelmina Prée, Carleton Shugg; Class II, Miriam Doane, Helene Feldman; Class III, Ednah Shepard, Iris Woodman; Class IV, Ferrisse Angevine, Charlotte Potter, Charles Currier, Hans Fischer, Holden Furber.

Second Honors: Class I, Vivian Kistler, Adelaide Pfleghaar; Class II, Rosamond Allen, Helen Gibbons, Louise Hersey, Frances Snell; Class III, Catherine O'Day, Katherine Shaw, Conrad Salinger; Class IV, Eva Clark, Marion Hall, Miriam Lathrop, Beatrice Maurer, Mary Potter, Eleanor Shaw, Milton Casson, Gardner McPherson, John Rogers, Randolph Shaw, Robert Siskind, Donald Wilbur.

ALVMNI COLVMN

'08. Hannah Shepard is a dietician in the Wentworth Hospital, Dover, N. H.

DOROTHY WEBLING '15

'12. Frances Hall is giving music lessons.

'12. Thomas Derr is a Phi Beta Kappa man at Harvard.

'12. Florine Williamson is teaching kindergarten.

'12. Esther Bacon is at the Massachusetts General Hospital training to become a nurse.

'14. Mary Joyce has been elected secretary of the Students' Association of the College of Business Administration at Boston University.

'15. A coming out party was given for Dorothy Champlain in Portland, Me., on Tuesday, December 26.

'15. Charlotte Prosser is taking a course at the New Art School in Boston.

'15. Gifford Wilcox and Clifford Hayes are Sophomores at Dartmouth College.

'15. Dorothy Webling was in the cast of "Amateurs" in their recent production of "When Knights Were Bold."

'15. Marion Lawson is a Senior at Miss Wheelock's kindergarten school.

MILDRED PRICE '16

'15. Mary Houghton is a Sophomore at Smith.

'15. Mary Monroe is studying music.

Ex-'15. Charlie Comerford played a fine game at end for Yale this fall.

ALEXANDER MOSSMAN '16

'16. Mildred Price is playing on the second basketball team at Radcliffe.

'16. Olive Amsdem, who is now living in Worcester, is taking a course at the New Art School.

'16. Muriel Wilson was presented at a dance and tea at the Tuileries, December 19.

'16. Emily Thatcher is taking a business course at Bryant and Stratton School.

'16. Mary V. Comerford is attending Miss Wheelock's School.

'16. Mary E. Hickey is taking a secretarial course at the College of Business Administration of Boston University.

'16. Julie Emery has returned from the South after making her debut. Many social events were given in her honor and many are also planned for the winter.

'16. Josephine Kraft and Mary Shea are at Miss Pierce's School.

'16. Thais Plaisted is taking a teachers' course at the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University.

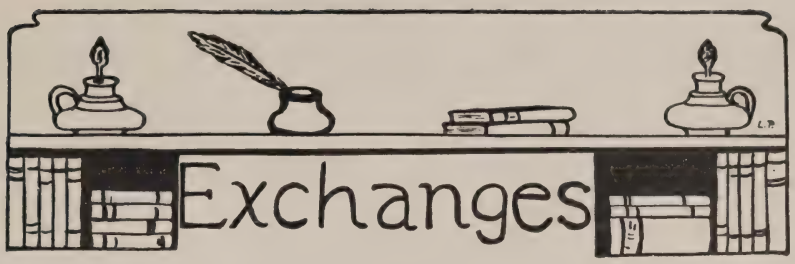
'16. "Parvus Iulus" Mossman, the Apollo of his class, is pursuing his studies ? at Amherst.

'16. Olive Amsden is attending the Garden Studio of Art.

'16. Gerald S. Morse is enrolled among the Dartmouth "yearlings."

GERALD S. MORSE '16

'16. Donald B. Field is in the wholesale grocery business.



The following magazines have been received during the past month: The *Forge*, University School, Cincinnati, Ohio; the *Megaphone*, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; the *Dolphin*, Far Rockaway High School, Far Rockaway, N.Y.; the *Dart*, Ashtabula High School, Ashtabula, Ohio; the *Shuttle*, High School of Practical Arts, Boston; the *Newton High School Review*, Newton High School, Newtonville; the *High School Herald*, Westfield; the *Practical Arts Record*, School of Practical Arts, Brookline; the *Megaphone*, Country Day School; the *Stuyvesant Stag*, Stuyvesant School, Warrenton, Va.; the *Courant*, Oakside High School, Peekskill, N. Y.

As We See Others

The Dolphin: The story called "Violet" in your last issue is very amusing. All your stories have originality. You are one of the best magazines among our exchanges. The only thing we can find to criticise is your cover. Could you not find a more attractive one?

The Stuyvesant Stag: Where are your stories? Is your magazine supposed to be merely a record of happenings in the school, of more general interest? If the latter is your aim we advise that you have more literary contributions and fewer local news items.

As Others See Us

We welcome the *Sagamore* as a Freshman on our exchange list. You have an attractive magazine. We notice that your editorials have a new attitude. They seem to get to the point. Your stories in this issue are excellent.—*The Dolphin.*

To the *Sagamore* we wish to send our congratulations. It ranks high among the best of our exchanges. We have naught but praise for it.—*The Stuyvesant Stag.*

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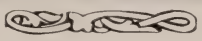

January 12*th.* "HAMLET" *at* 8 P.M.

January 19*th.* "JULIUS CAESAR" *at* 8 P.M.

January 25*th.* "TWELFTH NIGHT" *at* 8 P.M.

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Volume 23 FEBRUARY, 1917 Number 4

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXIII FEBRUARY, 1917 NUMBER 4

Pax Vobiscum*

IT is a fact, and a most fortunate one, that as a nation we are idealistic. In all our history it has been so. We have adopted "Utopian Ideals" which have evolved into practical accomplishments, due largely to the fact that we are essentially, *en masse* a common sense people.

World Peace is an Ideal—if we may call it so, a common sense Ideal—and hence an American Ideal. The very founding and establishment of the Union itself was the exemplification of the feasibility of World Peace.

The substitution of law and order, courts and treaties, for war and armament has been the aim of our greatest men. Amongst them we find Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Sumner, Garrison, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Hay, Beecher, Hale, Brooks, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryan, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. An imposing list.

Since its formation, the United States has taken precautionary measures to shun avoidable wars, but last summer a great advance was made. Incorporated in the "Naval Bill" were three peace clauses. In the first it is declared to be the policy of the United States "to adjust and settle its international disputes

*Written before the President's Peace Message.

through mediation or arbitration, to the end that war may be honorably avoided." This paragraph also states our disfavor of armament increase but our realization that disarmament may come only with the concerted action of the world.

The next paragraph authorizes and requests the President to call a conference of all the great Governments, not later than the close of the Great War, for the planning of an International Court of Arbitration or other tribunal, and for the discussion of disarmament.

Finally we find the statement that if an International Tribunal be established "competent to secure peaceful determinations of all international disputes and which shall render unnecessary the maintenance of competitive armaments" the President may order the curtailment of our own Naval Program.

These are epoch making clauses. They show that we are willing to do more than talk. Indeed our present attitude towards Europe proves this.

However, although it is a great act, we should not alone desire the cessation of the Great War. We should strive for no temporary peace—no patchwork. We should apply ourselves to the future—to PERMANENT PEACE.

So few high school pupils know anything about the peace movement that we wish to set forth what seems to us the best of all Permanent Peace plans. It is contained in the platform of the League to Enforce Peace. As President Lowell of Harvard says: "the proposal contains four points stated as general objects. The first is that before resorting to arms the members of the league shall submit disputes with one another, if justiciable, to an International Tribunal; second, that in like manner they shall submit non-justiciable questions (that is such as cannot be decided on the basis of strict international law) to an international council of conciliation, which shall recommend a fair and amicable solution; third, (this is the kernel of the proposal) that if any member of the league wages war against another before submitting the question in dispute to the tribunal or council, all the other members shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces

against the state that so breaks the peace; and, fourth, that the signatory powers shall endeavor to codify and improve the rules of international law."

This proposal is practicable. It does not guarantee peace, but it insures the use of all preventatives before war is inaugurated.

We are needlessly troubling ourselves about "Preparedness," "Plattsburg," and "invasion." Let the Government and the proper people attend to these affairs. A necessity needs no argument in its favor. "Vital interests" will not be suffered to rust. We should devote ourselves individually to studying, practicing, and furthering the doctrine of World Peace, as we are doing nationally, and the guiding torch will be, "The Betterment of Humankind."

Many Thanks

The English Department of the High School has received from Mr. Ernest B. Dane a gift of money to be used to purchase educational records for the Victor and to obtain the services of special lecturers. This added equipment will help greatly to increase the interest of the English work. When the classes have studied Burns' lyrics or Elizabethan lyrics and certain of the nineteenth century poems, it will be most helpful and enjoyable to hear them, with the music, presented by an artist. Again, scenes from Shakespeare which have been studied in class can be heard read by a master. Finally, the class work is always vastly stimulated by seeing a great editorial writer or essayist, short story writer or novelist or dramatist, and by hearing him tell of his ideas and methods of work. All these things Mr. Dane's gift will make possible this year, and the school feels most grateful for his interest and generosity.

The Mystic Numismatologist

By R. T. Bereave

Author of "The Sole Analysis," "The Booth Reflector," and other Blake Hennessey Stories

"IT looks as if he had been caught for ten thousand," Hennessey."

Brady, the chief of the Bruise Defective Agency, had summoned us over to Hoboken at 1.32 a.m., and now met us behind the fashionable summer residence of H. D. Swayagent. All that he had told us over the wireless was, that H. D. had been hoaxed.

"Why," exclaimed Brady, "it's just as mysterious as it could be!"

"In what respect?" pumped Hennessey.

"Well," explained Brady, "some months ago Mr. Swayagent was traveling in Italy. You know he was traveling principally to augment his collections, I suppose?"

Brady looked at us distressfully and Hennessey nodded to proceed, though I am sure neither of us knew what he was talking about.

"He was in Naples about the fifth of June," resumed Brady, "and while there visited Pompeii. Everything went on swimmingly until he met Umpsqui Jing. He was a little Chinaman who had been collecting coins in Pompeii and Mr. Swayagent became intensely interested. Finally he bought the entire stock of Umpsqui for $10,000."

"This must be the hoax," remarked Hennessey.

"Not yet," asserted Brady, "for when Mr. Swayagent arrived in this country last week he showed the coins, which he had had mounted, to the experts and all agreed they were original—the only specimens in existence. Then, yesterday, as Mr. Swayagent was walking along the bowery he noticed Umpsqui who eluded him as soon as he caught sight of the millionaire. And now, Mr. Swayagent finds that he had been robbed—all the coins gone."

"Without any clue?" queried Hennessey.

"That's the strangest part of it. Not a single bit of evidence."

What did it all mean? Was this an ordinary robbery or something hidden—deeper?

"I've kept the room just as it was," went on Brady, "I didn't notify the police so that you might be undisturbed."

Mr. Swayagent's housekeeper ushered us into the living-room. She was only too anxious to do anything possible to help clear up the awful mystery which confronted us.

Everything was in perfect order in the room save where the wall safe had been blown open and the ceiling fallen in. Bits of plaster scattered about gave an air of danger to the case. At a massive oaken desk in the farther corner of the room the millionaire bent intensely over a newspaper.

Noiselessly, Hennessey deposited the valise he had been carrying and motioned Brady to engage the millionaire in conversation.

Brady requested Mr. Swayagent to explain the robbery. As they stood talking in front of the safe I observed Hennessey.

First, he placed the valise on a chair so that the end on which his (false) initials were stamped faced the desk from which the millionaire had just risen. Stooping a little he pressed the lock. Instead of the suit-case opening, however, it remained motionless; but the paper which had previously been laying upon the desk was now adhering to the end of the valise.

Quickly Hennessey scanned the page. Then he beckoned to me. "Wallace" he hissed, "take this item down."

In a flash my stenographic notes were taken, and as soon as I had completed, Hennessey replaced the paper, pressed the catch again, and so deposited the paper upon the desk.

All this had taken but a few seconds and no attention had been attracted. Hennessey and I now stepped forward, "Mr. Hennessey and Mr. Johnson of 'The Blatt,'" introduced Brady. "Mr. Swayagent has consented to give you the facts of the case," he murmured.

And then for an hour and twelve minutes we listened to the millionaire's story. He seemed strangely solicitous that we make no errors or omit anything. We at length rose to go. "That

ought to make a good story, gentlemen, don't you think so?" he wailed.

"It certainly will be a beat for us," I replied.

As we jostled cityward in our taxi Hennessey seemed thoughtful. I had never seen him so before. After some time he exclaimed, "Wally, let me look at the notes you took."

The item was brief and so I transcribed it into longhand again. The story was from "The New York Eagle" and read:

GUM MILLIONAIRE TO PRESENT
CITY MUSEUM WITH
RARE COLLECTION
Metropolitan To Get $10,000
Set of Roman Coins

Hoboken, N. J., Apr. 16. Through our special correspondent we learn that H. D. Swayagent, the well known gum magnate and coin fancier, intends to present his entire collection of Pompeiian coins to the Metropolitan Museum.

Mr. Swayagent has been in Italy during all the past year, collecting these very ancient coins. Practically all are the only ones of their type and mint. New York is to be congratulated and Mr. Swayagent should receive the thanks of the thinking public.

Hennessey read and reread this piece of news over and over again until we finally reached our apartments. He then carried the valise into the laboratory and set the two hundred and fifty pound machine down.

"A new electro-gelatin magnet, Wally," he stated. "It attracts and repels objects of not more than three thousand pounds. It is regulated by this switch concealed inside. You will observe that it is very low now; otherwise it might have drawn the whole desk across the room."

"But Blake!" I remonstrated, "how can an object attract another of twice its own weight?"

But Hennessey did not hear me as he was now wrapped up in his paper, figuratively speaking.

All day long Hennessey stayed in the laboratory. He had left orders that he should not be disturbed.

At about five o'clock Brady and two plain clothesmen rushed up the steps fairly carrying a frightened Chinaman between them.

"Found him on the Battery—Says he owns a laundry," croaked Brady.

"Hm," muttered Hennessey with a frown. "Well, be seated, gentlemen. I expect the others at any moment."

Some minutes later the door opened and in walked the millionaire. Following him came a demure little middle-aged lady whom I instantly recognized as Mr. Swayagent's housekeeper.

Hennessey drew from his pocket a greenish piece of metal. "This," he began, "is one of the coins which was purchased by Mr. Swayagent from Umpsqui Jing. Mrs. Snifflin assures me of the fact." Here Hennessey bowed toward the little lady.

"The coin, gentlemen, appears to be genuine, but this greenishness was caused by dipping a copper coin in nitric acid."

"Even so we would have no proof against the genuineness of the coin were it not for the fact that the ancients dated their coins according to the names of officials then in office. Upon investigation we find no such imprint here. Instead, we have distinctly marked B. C. 79. Now, how could a coin be dated from a period as yet unknown, that is: how could anybody know that the birth of Christ was to occur in seventy-nine years?"

He paused The Chinese was fairly blue in the face, whether from fright or the grip which Brady had on his neck I do not know.

"We know then that these coins were worthless—and valueless as well." All were aghast at his perspicacity.

"By investigation I find that Umpsqui Jing is the proprietor of a laundry," he went on, "and furthermore after consulting the emigration officials I am able to state that he did not leave the country last year."

"Nevertheless, I have tracked the criminal of one of the most dastardly plots that I have ever dealt with in my whole career. Mr. Swayagent, I arrest you for the double crime: first, of transposing guilt upon an innocent person and second, for the heinous attempt to procure false advertising!" L. S. S. '17.

Heeza Grouch

Old Heeza Grouch, a sour old jay,
Had never smiled for years.
His face was like a cloudy day,
It moved one 'most to tears.

The many things that give us fun,
He growled were "so much rot."
He sure was a depressing one;
A gay soul he was—not.

He read the papers every morn,
Of deaths, and of divorces,
And of young men who shot themselves
Because of market losses.

He said, "To him who makes me grin
I'll give a lot of money;
But, believe me, the one who'll win
Will show me something funny."

He spent a day with everyone
Who undertook the job;
But each one said, "It can't be done;
I think I'd rather rob."

At last a boy was ushered in,
And said, "Give me the dough;
You're going to grin, I'm going to win,
Come with me to the show."

"You soon will see the funniest thing
That you have ever seen,
You'll scream and shout with glee
When it comes on the screen."

"Look now!" the boy cried with a roar,
"Pay good attention now.
If you have never laughed before,
This man will show you how."

Old Heeza raised his eyes at that
And saw upon the sheet,
A man with a small derby hat
And great enormous feet.

A black mustache adorned his lip,
His pants were miles too big;
Much curly hair, as bamboo cane
Quite finished up his rig.

At first he made old Heeza scowl;
But soon wiped off his frown,
When on a staircase that moved up,
He tried to hasten down.

Old Heeza's pleased looks turned to [smiles
And soon he had to grin;
And when he really laughed aloud,
The boy cried, "Do I win?"

"Don't bother me," Old Heeza gasped
As he held to his side.
"I'm having a good laugh at last,
"Please let me be," he cried.

And now he is a gay old bird,
A happy home he's got,
And is he grouchy any more?
You bet that he is not.

R. Morse '17.

When Black Was Made White

THE great city, never asleep, having spent the evening, was apparently meditating as to how it would spend the night. The theatres were just out, and flushed play-goers of all sorts and conditions were passing under the glare of the electric lights, on their way home or elsewhere. The hum of the high voltage wires overhead was reduced by the roar and rattle of cars and cabs.

Two gentlemen stood in front of a fashionable hotel. They were evidently of that type that may he described as strictly correct, and of course, strictly prosperous.

As they stood conversing, a man passed in the crowd, and bowed lightly to one of them.

"There," said the gentleman bowed to," goes the black sheep of the Collier family."

"How so?" replied his friend.

"In the first place, he never made any money. He is perennially hard up, gets very shabby at times. His people are steady, make money, marry well, and settle down. That fellow will never be anybody. There is, however, one good thing about him, he never obtrudes himself; but he's a black sheep all the same."

"Did it ever occur to you," said the second speaker, coming for the moment out of the shadow of his correctness, and half-ashamed of himself for so doing, "that the black sheep of one family might be the angel of light to another? But, my God! look there!"

Beneath the headlight of the merciless machine, that was moved by some unseen power in the bowels of the earth—sprawled a child. A second move, as it seemed, and the monstrous thing, with its glittering lights and jangling bell, would pass over the tiny child, leaving it mangled, lifeless. The momentum of the car was terrific; to stop was impossible.

A man shoots from the crowded sidewalk. With a mighty sweep of the arm, the action having the majesty, swiftness, and skill of madness, he throws the child beyond the line of danger. He turns to recover himself—too late.

And now, another clanging bell, well known and often heard on this beautiful and terrible thoroughfare. It rises above the clamor of the cabs and cars. It has a note of awe, a note of warning, a note of foreboding evil in it. The thoughtful, sometimes fancy that they can distinguish, also, a note of love in it, for it is the noisy command of the ambulance bell.

Hastily, the surgeon examines the mangled and motionless form, which is then gently lifted into the vehicle.

"Too late," says he, "for the hospital."

"To the morgue, then!"

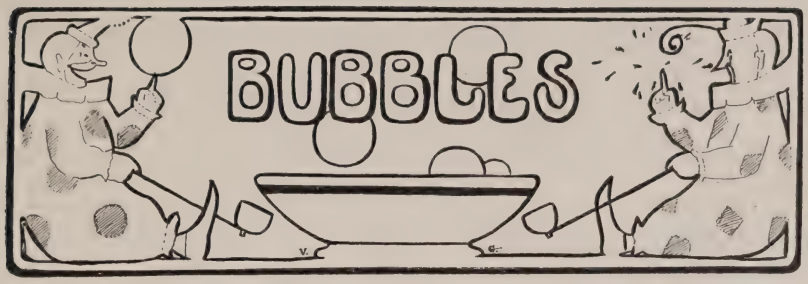
That night the black sheep stood before the throne of his God; and lo, his fleece had become as white as the driven snow.

Sam Vadner '17.

To Old Instruments

O, instruments of long-forgotten days,
How quaintly, sorrowfully mute you hang!
We ask what fingers played, what voices sang
The then well-loved, but now forgotten lays?
Mayhap in cool secluded forest ways,
Where, in the peaceful stillness, mosses hang,
Thro' all the green and leafy paths you rang;
Perhaps, when youths and maids in far-off days
In oaken rooms where cheery yule-logs glowed,
Danced stately steps in ruffs and old brocade,
You made sweet sound; but all those days are gone
When at your voice steps went more fast, or slowed;
Gone, too, are those for whom your song was made,
And yet you sadly, quietly, live on!

J. E. A., '17.



As the Student Sees It

On days when all my lessons
Are prepared to beat the band,
The teacher never calls on me
Although I raise my hand.

But when by chance my lessons
I only vaguely know,
Then does the teacher call on me?
Now, all together, "No!"

H. K. '17

First Soph:—"How did you do last night's Math?"
Second:—"By inspection."
First:—"Gee, I didn't have time to inspect mine."

Miss S:—"Where do we find the highest temperature?
Miss G-l-y:—"In the other place."

Fresh:—"Do you need a good pull to get on an athletic team here?
Soph:—"Yes, you need it to get on the crew."

Hap:—"These pickpockets must be smart fellows."
Hazard:—"Why?"
Hap:—"Because they grasp things easily."

Miss S:—"If we add salt to this water it will make it colder."
Nut—"Will pepper make it hotter?"

A:—"Is it easy to close this lock?"
B:—"Yes it's a snap."

This Means You

Are you what is known as a dub
Who thinks but of set or of club?
Or are you without any fuss,
Acting as just one of us?

"They say that Paderewski, the great pianist, learned to play when quite young."

Senior:—"Yes, when he was two years old, he could play with his toes."

Tommy:—"How did that aviator happen to call on you?"

Rot:—"Oh, he just 'dropped in.'"

Mr. S-w:—"He fought and was worsted." Some yarn.

If the play for Dramatics is still undecided, The Sagamore would like to suggest Dante's "Divine Comedy."

If there's anything that saddens me,
Or puts me out of sorts;
It's to see a big strong athlete
Who is down in his reports.

Hunky:—"What is poetry of emotion?"

Dory:—"The kind that's always going from one editor to another.—*Ex.*

Freshman: (arguing with another):—"Why, you're the biggest ass in school."

Instructor:—"Boys, boys, don't forget I'm here."

Hans:—"Why the scowl?"

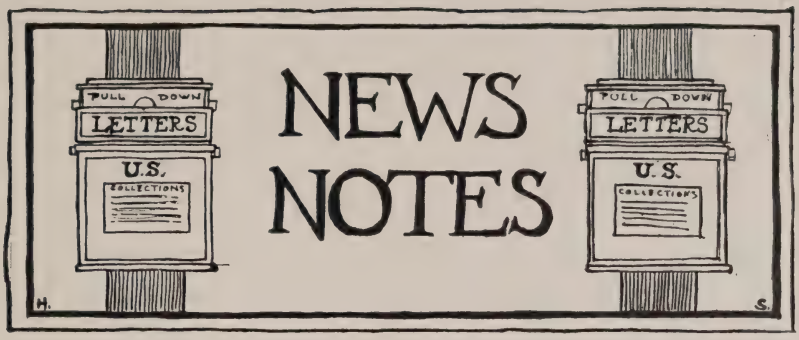
Fritz—"I've got an abscess on my tooth."

Hans:—"O, cheer up. Dont you know 'abcess makes the heart grow fonder'?"

"Do you believe in Immortality of the Soul?"

"No, but I once knew a man who believed in it so much that he named his dog Fido. (Phaedo.)

Addendum to T-l-r's Translations:—"Then he goaded his horse's flanks with foaming spurs."



Feb. 9. Track—Medford at Medford.
Hockey—Melrose at Arena.
Feb. 12. Sagamore Board Meeting.
Feb. 15. Swimming—Harvard 1920.
B. H. S. Debating Club Meeting.
Feb. 17. Track—Interscholastics at Y. M. C. A.
Hockey—Rindge at Arena.
Feb. 20. Hockey—Huntington at Brookline.
Feb. 22. Track—Somerville at Brookline.
Feb. 23. Hockey—Newton at Arena.
Feb. 24. Track—B. A. A. School Boy Meet at Mechanics Building.
Swimming—Andover at Andover.
March 3. Hockey—Arlington at Arena.
Swimming—Worcester at Worcester.

Following the precedent of last year, the Senior Class and The Sagamore had Marshall Darrach give a series of Shakesperian recitals. The plays were not as well attended as they deserved to be, but notwithstanding, they were successful from a financial standpoint. The student body, as a whole, did not seem to realize the opportunity for entertainment and learning that was offered them, but the few who attended the recitals were well repaid for their loyalty.

On January 4, the Girls' Debating Club met for the first meeting in 1917. The question was: "Resolved: That Greek and Latin be required in High School Course."

Affirmative	Negative
Helen Wright	Adelaide Huestis
Gertrude Henderson	Iris Woodman

Miss Lewis, as judge, gave the negative the decision.

On January 12, the tragedy of "Hamlet" was the drama and its presentation was such that everyone in the audience was deeply impressed and moved. Mr. Darrach interpreted "Julius Caesar" on January 19, and was even better than the previous week. The comedy, "Twelfth Night," was played on the following Thursday and Mr. Darrach's humorous characterizations kept the audience in continual amusement.

The question accepted by the meeting of the Triangular Debating League was not liked by the coaches of the three schools, especially by Newton's. It was, therefore, deemed advisable to change the subject and the following was agreed upon: Resolved: That waiving the constitutionality of the question, the United States should adopt a system of old-age pensions modelled upon that of Great Britain.

"Resolved: That California was justified in passing the Japanese Exclusion Act" is the question which is to be debated at the coming Girls' Interscholastic Debate.

January 16, the Girls' Debating Club met and discussed the question, "Resolved: That T. M. Osborne's system of prison reform be adopted throughout the prison system."

Affirmative	Negative
Alice Quimby	Vivian Kistler
Miriam Lathrop	Doris Neal

Mr. Jordan kindly acted as judge and gave the decision in favor of the negative.

On Wednesday, January 24, Sophomore English Classes A and C presented in the hall an act from "She Stoops to Conquer" and one from "The Rivals." The cast was made up of Margaret Spaulding, Stella Alcaide, Iris Woodman, Ednah Shepard, Mary McGillen, Clare Shapiro, Eleanor Paley, Elizabeth Sawyer, Ferguson, Sanders, Edwards, Collier, Salinger, Kaiser, Carroll, Whittemore and the Richardson brothers. Charlotte Cowles '18 and Priscilla Hall '18 were the coaches and Faulkner was the stage manager.

On Friday afternoon, January 26, Dr. Schöneman of Harvard lectured to the German Club. He narrated the very interesting details of the submarine Deutschland's first voyage as described by Captain Konig.

On January 30, the Girls' Debating Club discussed the question, "Resolved: That the Electoral College should be abolished."

Affirmative	Negative
Burnett Yerxa	Edwina Kittredge
Harriet Bridgman	Elizabeth Sutherland

The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

The Friday afternoon social was given another trial on January 26. Although there was not a large crowd, those that attended had such a good time that more will be held this month. Tucker and Leonardi furnished the music which was very good indeed. Spitz and Rubin are managing the affairs and are hoping for larger financial returns next time.

Carleton Shugg of the Senior Class has attained highest honors. He took the competitive examinations for Annapolis and came out high man of fifty candidates. In the natural course of events, he should receive an appointment from Congressman Carter very soon. This is not only an honor for Shugg but also proves the wisdom of traveling from Needham to Brookline High School every day.

The play chosen for Dramatics this year has been announced as the "Man of the Hour" by George Broadhurst. It will be produced at Whitney Hall, March 23 and 24.

Scholarship honors for December are announced as follows: First honors: Class I, Vivian Kistler, Francis Carey, Carleton Shugg. Second honors, Adelaide Pfleghaar. Class II, first honors: Rosamond Allen, Miriam Doan, Helene Feldman, Helen Gibbons, Louise Hersey. Second honors: Edwina Kittredge, Franziska Schacht, Francis Snell. Class III, first honors: Ednah Shepard, Conrad Salinger. Second honors: Charlotte Cowles, Catherine O'Day, Katherine Shaw, Hazel Stewart, Iris Woodman, Berwin Kaiser. Class IV, first honors: Ferrisse Angevine, Charlotte Potter, Milton Casson, Charles Currier, Hans Fischer, Holden Furber. Second honors: Cecilia Barrett, Eva Clark, Catherine McAndrew, Catherine Orlinski, Mary Potter, Eleanor Shaw, Malcolm Morse, Randolph Shaw, Robert Siskind, Donald Wilbur.

Brookline Field

A Campaign Plan

"Tech Field" should be officially rechristened "Brookline Field" on the next Class Day, instead of planting the Ivy. In the meanwhile the posters announcing the baseball games there the coming spring should read "Brookline Field" instead of "Tech Field" as formerly.

The English teachers could bring the matter very forcibly to the attention of the B. H. S. students by calling for a short theme, giving several sound reasons for renaming the field and also logical reasons for not doing so.

In other words Brookline H. S. could easily start a "spring drive," with the renaming of "Tech Field" as its objective.

Some morning in the hall a short debate could be held on the subject and the hearers would be the judges;- then if it was evident that a majority was in favor of changing the name the Athletic Association could formulate a resolution to that effect and the great "offensive" would be on.

As high school students are the chief users of the field, their lead would be followed and our athletic ground would be Brookline in name as well as spirit.

HOCKEY

Brookline 2, Somerville 1

On January 6, our team won its first Interscholastic Hockey League game by defeating Somerville 2 to 1, at the Boston Arena. Captain "Dick" Johnson shot both goals. The summary:

BROOKLINE HIGH		SOMERVILLE HIGH
Delaney, l.w.		r.w., Blish (Orioli)
Marshall, c.		c., Downing
Johnson, r.o.		ro., Wilson
Taylor (Tyler), r.w.		l.w., O'Donoghue (Shea)
Threshie, c.p.		c.p., Perry
Putnam, p.		p., Deacon
O'Hearn, g.		g., Gilman

Score — Brookline 2, Somerville 1. Goals — scored by Johnson 2, Orioli 1. Penalties — Wilson, 2m., slashing. Referees — Edmund O'Hearn, Catholic University, and J. W. Mooney, Andover. Goal umpires — Shapiro and Thornton. Timers — Rowe and Ingraham.

Brookline 3, Cambridge Latin 2

In an overtime-period game at the Boston Arena, January 12, Brookline defeated Cambridge Latin, 3 to 2, the contest counting in both the Interscholastic and Triangular Hockey Leagues. The summary:

BROOKLINE HIGH		CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Delaney, l.w.		r.w., (Doran) Bolger
Marshall, c.		c., O'Conner
Taylor (Tyler), r.w.		l.w., Sands (McDonald)
Johnson, r.		r., (Bolger) Mills
Threshie, c.p.		c.p., Blackman
Putnam (Young), p.		p., Row
O'Hearn, g.		g., Fitzgerald

Score — Brookline High 3, Cambridge Latin 2. Goals — Marshall, Johnson, Delaney, O'Connor 2. Referees — Mooney and Fennessey. Goal umpires — Beckwith and Jordan. Time — two 20m. and one 8m. overtime period.

Brookline *vs.* Stone

This game set for January 15 was canceled.

Brookline 2, Medford 1

On January 20 we won our third Interscholastic Hockey League game, downing the Medford team at the Arena by a 2 to 1 score. Captain Johnson, Marshall, and O'Hearn starred for Brookline. O'Hearn at goal made over a dozen difficult stops, allowing but one to go through him.

The summary:

BROOKLINE HIGH	MEDFORD HIGH
Delaney, l.w.	c., Sanford (Leahy)
Johnson, c.	c., Furr
Marshall, r.o.	r.o., Donnellan
Duane (Tyler, O'Meally), r.w.,	l.w., Ballou
Putnam, c.p.	c.p., Morrissey
Threshie, p.	p., Kelley
O'Hearn, g.	g., Ambrose

Score — Brookline 2, Medford 1. Goals — Johnson, Donnellan, Marshall. Referee — Mooney of Andover. Umpires — Hicks and Driscoll. Time — 20-minute halves.

We are now leading the league, having as yet been undefeated. Keep it up, boys!

Brookline 6, Boston Latin 1

The Brookline High hockey team won its fourth successive victory by easily defeating Boston Latin, January 26, at the Cypress Street rink. This was not a league game. The summary:

BROOKLINE HIGH	BOSTON LATIN
Tyler (Duane), r.w.	l.w., Quinn
Marshall (Dovey), c.	c., McGrath (Duff)
Johnson, r.	r., Crowley
Delaney (Smith), l.w.	r.w., Maguire
Threshie, c.p.	c.p., Cronin
Putnam (O'Meally), p.	p., Ryan
O'Hearn (Whittemore), g.	g., Murphy

Score — Brookline 6, Boston Latin 1. Goals — Marshall 3, Johnson 2, Tyler, Maguire. Referee — O'Hearn. Goal umpires — Shapiro and Parent. Timers — Stuart and Row. Time — 20-minute halves.

BASEBALL

Instead of two Quadrangular League baseball games, the officers of the league have voted for three games with each team next spring. The Brookline schedule is as follows:

April	27.	Newton at Newton.
May	4.	Wellesley at Wellesley.
"	8.	Newton at Brookline.
"	11.	Cambridge Latin at Cambridge Latin.
"	15.	Wellesley at Wellesley.
"	22.	Cambridge Latin at Cambridge Latin.
"	30.	Newton at Brookline (morning).
June	2.	Wellesley at Brookline.
"	6.	Cambridge Latin at Cambridge Latin.

The track meet scheduled for Somerville on Washington's Birthday has been canceled.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The girls' basketball squad started practice in the gymnasium January 17, and will continue it every Wednesday afternoon. There are quite a number out, probably enough for class teams. Those who have reported for practice are: Charlotte Stevens, Kathleen Walsh, Mildred Moody, Franziska Schacht, Miriam Hussey, Clare Shapiro, Page Williams, Marian Clarke, Edwina Kittredge, Natalie Nickerson, Esther Sands, Ariel Carstens, Jessie Southwick, Pauline Moore, Ruth Ballard, Dorothy Folsom, Marjorie Smith, Helen Sherman.

Brookline journeyed to Milton Academy January 31, and met defeat 4-0 as a result of the absences of Capt. Johnson, O'Hearn and Putnam.

Brookline annexed third place in the Yale Interscholastic Swimming Meet February 3. Darling took third place in the 50; Bird won the plunge; D. Richardson came in fourth in the 220, and the relay team took third place in its event.

Mr. Norman Fradd, Ex-Coach of Waltham, is to succeed Mr. Delahanty as physical director.

In contradiction to the implication on the title page, the editors of this month's Athletic Notes were Herman Koch '17 and Sam Vadner '17.

'09. Francis Niccolls is again helping the crew squad.

'10. Gardner Whitney was reelected treasurer of the Brookline Trust Company at a recent meeting of the Board of Directors.

'10. Harold Cooley is in the wool business.

'11. The engagement of Marion G. Mills to Mr. Ferris M. Angevine was announced a short time ago.

'12. Albert Pollard has been promoted to the position of head teller at the main office of the Brookline Trust Company.

'12. Egbert Jenkinson has entered the Andover Theological Seminary.

'12. The engagement of Estelle Krieger to Edward Thurston Clarke, Williams '16 and Harvard School of Business Administration, has been announced.

'12. Esther B. Albee is engaged to LeRoy C. Percy.

'13. Joe Nevins is advertising manager of the Boston College "Stylus."

'14. We are all sorry to learn that Julian Rheinherz has died.

'14. Gladys Thompson has been elected secretary of the Junior Class at the Massachusetts Normal School.

'14. Russell Phillips is studying at the Harvard Dental College.

'15. Marshall Pursel is at present with Stone and Webster. He expects to enter M. I. T. next September.

'15. Harry B. McCracken is working in the Brookline office of Henry W. Savage, Inc.

'15. F. B. Kittredge has left Harvard to work in the engineering department of the New York Central R.R. Next year he intends to start an engineering course at Tech.

'15. Tsuya Matsuki is teaching and studying at the New England Conservatory of Music.

'16. "Ken" Akers and "Ray" Davis are both on the Tech. Musical Clubs. "Ken" is first tenor on the Glee and "Ray" plays a tenor-banjo on the Mandolin Club. Both have gone on the three thousand mile concert tour. Ray Davis is also on the wrestling team—unlimited class.

'16. A. O. Porter and Merrill Spalding are at present playing on the Harvard Banjo Club.

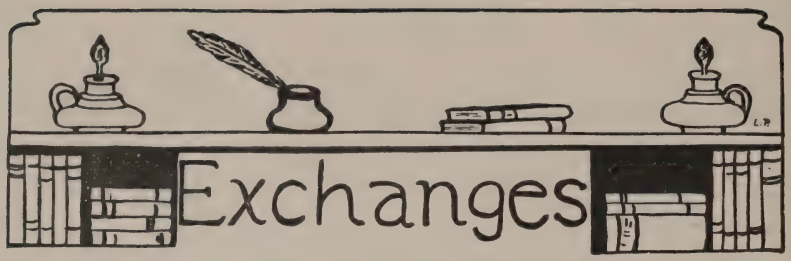
'16. "Bill" Wenstrom, the B. H. S. von Hindenburg, is preparing in Washington to enter West Point next year.

'16. John Litchfield, who played well on the Harvard freshman football team, is making a good showing in track athletics.

'16. "Ed" O'Hearn has left Catholic University for the present to work for his father.

Ex-'16. Tom Healy is playing with the Boston Arena Hockey Club, Some boy!"

Ex-'17. Bill Turtle is perfecting his politics at the State House. But everyone knows a turtle has a snap!



The number of Exchanges has increased during the last month, and we hope to see all of the following magazines often:

Brocktonia, Brockton High School; the *Megaphone*, Country Day School; the *A. R. C. Light*, Academy of Richmond County, Augusta, Ga.: the *Clarion*, West Hartford High School; the *Quincy High School Q.*; the *Argonaut*, Mansfield High School, Mansfield; *Red and Black*, Reading High School, Reading, Pa.; *Lawrence High School Bulletin*, Lawrence; the *Imp*, Brighton High School; the *Thistle*, Scott High School, Toledo, Ohio; the *Artisan*, Mechanic Arts High School, Boston; the *Port Light*, North Attleboro High School; the *Stuyvesant Stag*, Stuyvesant School, Warrenton, Va.; the *Chronicle*, Hartford Public High School; the *Megaphone*, Dean Academy, Franklin; the *Dart*, Ashtabula High School; *St. Helen's Hall Quarterly*, St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon; *Keramos*, East Liverpool High School, Ohio; the *Clarion*, Portsmouth High School, Portsmouth, N. H.; the *Practical Arts Record*, School of Practical Arts, Brookline; *Bartlett High School Chronicle*, Webster; *Triangle*, Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

As We See Others

Brocktonia: You have a splendid athletic column!

The Triangle: A very excellent literary department.

Red and Black: You are one of the best magazines among our exchanges!

The Imp: Your Exchange Column is very original.

As Others See Us

The Sagamore: We congratulate you on your splendid showing in athletics.—*The Clarion.*

The Sagamore: Other school papers would benefit by adopting your excellent policy.—*Brocktonia.*

The Sagamore publishes an excellent paper.—*The Port Light.*

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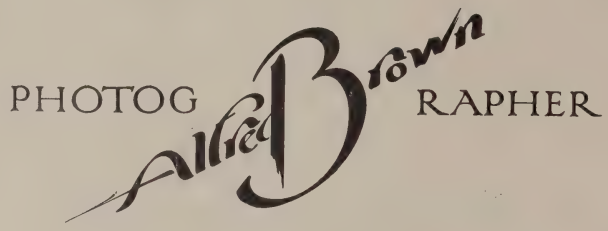

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Volume 23 MARCH, 1917 Number 5

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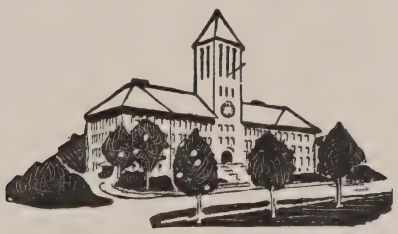

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXIII MARCH, 1917 NUMBER 5

THERE is nothing of more importance than the living of life. To broaden mentally requires experience, and for every man life lies open. Have you started living, or are you merely preparing for life?

The modern idea of preparation in high schools and colleges is no doubt good; but development—true development—depends not on what is prescribed in such preparation but on the wherewithal which supplements your regular routine. Do you work outside of school? Are you of the opinion that you are not old enough to begin thinking of life's problems, or mature enough to attempt their solving?

If you are not in a position to experience life now (and a vast number of high school pupils are not) why not take the nearest approach? Why not read; why not utilize the library; why not observe modern drama; (*drama*, not theatrical entertainment) why not—but pshaw, why ask these questions? What answer can be made save—why not?

Practically every denizen of the world has conceived an idea as to judging a man. We have been told to judge a man by his countenance, his conversation, his actions, his defects, his friends, and his knowledge. But by far the greatest number (to our mind the wisest) of all have said, "Judge ye the man by his readings."

Besides the fact that choice in reading identifies a man, choice in reading to a certain extent molds the man. A discriminating mind is absolutely necessary to him who reads largely. Too much of one type of literature is harmful.

In short, if you cannot live life, learn about it; if you desire to live and learn, read; but if you read, discriminate and differentiate.

The Air Squadron

A MURKY fog was slowly mounting higher and higher. Gradually it revealed in the sullen, grey March dawn, desolate, battle-scarred plains stretching out in the misty distance towards the German trenches and the English Channel. The only sign visible of human habitation was a few long, squatty sheds. Standing in front of these, about a dozen men in British uniform were eagerly searching the dismal wastes above with anxious glances.

Suddenly a sound came to their ears, a faint buzzing in the distance. Then it became still louder and increased until a veritable roaring and rattling seemed to split the sky. A moment later an aeroplane emerged from the fog. It gently settled to the earth, to be followed in quick succession by six more machines. While the pilots were slowly clambering out from their seats, the little groups ran forward, greatly relieved. The Air Squadron had returned in safety.

An officer quickly hastened to the side of the aviator commanding the squadron.

"Well?" he briefly questioned.

"No luck," the other just as curtly replied. Even as he spoke, a tremendous report was heard, and all turned in time to see, some hundreds of yards ahead, a huge cloud of smoke, earth and rocks rise high in the air.

"The phantom gun has again spoken," the officer trembled as he spoke, "we'll have to locate it mighty soon."

Thus one sees it had been the sole purpose of these seven monoplanes to scour the country around in search of this powerful monster of war. Already the pilots of these air craft were renowned for their daring. With their tiny, speedy aeroplanes they had formed the equally famous Air Squadron, uniting in the effort to find and destroy the German terror.

Surely something had to be done. That very night a new plan was formulated. Up to this time, the little fleet had gone on

the quest only when the mysterious gun was silent. Now it was to go when the firing was hottest, when the danger was greatest.

By the night of April first, the destruction caused by the almost incessant bombardment seemed to reach its height. The Germans were apparently ready to make a sally, for the darkness was intense, the sky being heavily clouded, while a faint rain was falling. Such was the night in which the Air Squadron set out, equipped only with illuminating bombs, and one large destructive bomb suspended from each machine.

Pursuing an easterly course, the fleet proceeded swiftly to a point about twenty-five miles from the home station. Then turning abruptly north, the aviators putting their planes at a space of one-half mile from each other, began to traverse in concentric circles with a radius varying between twenty-two to twenty-five miles.

Nothing was seen or heard until they reached a position nearly opposite their own section of the English line. Here the pilots drew their machines in closer.

Flashes of fire were visible far below. The muffled roar of heavy artillery rang dully on their ears.

A dash was made earthwards. The illuminating bombs were cast forth. But not a gun was in sight. All at once there was a stir from below. The next moment the plucky Air Squadron was surrounded on all sides by shrapnel and machine gun fire. With one accord the aviators sought to climb out of range of the disastrous gun fire. To their consternation, the brave men were assailed from above also. Unseen and unheard in the tumult, the Teutonic air craft had crept up, and were now raining down bombs on their defenceless foe. With a terrible explosion two of the British planes burst into an awful sheet of flame, then hurtled to the earth. At the same time, as if in everlasting defiance, a tremendous flare of fire shot up from below, disclosing to the seemingly defeated Squadron a huge, black steel muzzle protruding from a deep, cavern-like chasm. It was the phantom gun at last.

The pilots of the small scouting monoplanes, only two of which now remained, tried hastily to attain a position from which

to launch the bombs. Just as one seemed to succeed, a shot struck the right hand wing. It crumpled, and capsized the plane, bringing the daring aviator to his death hundreds of feet below.

The one single machine untouched contained the commander of the Squadron. Resolving to make a last desperate effort to reach the goal, he drove his craft at full speed towards the ground. A German flyer attempted to intercept him. His biplane suddenly became unmanageable, and the two enemies smashed into each other. A terrific explosion resulted. An awe-inspiring glare of flame lit up the surroundings as bright as day. Straight as a bullet the machines hurtled toward the long sought gun, and when the sounds of terror and the awful report of the exploding bomb died away, a twisted mass of steel was all that remained of the mighty gun.

Back in the aviation station, the same group of expectant officers and soldiers waited throughout the long, fearful darkness. About midnight they noticed that the firing of the dreaded cannon had ceased. Also there was a general silence along the whole line. Early dawn with the first brilliant rays of the sun which now appeared through the threatening clouds, found the little band still searching the sky.

But no longer had they any hope of ever seeing their brave comrades again. They now knew that the terrible gun was destroyed, but that the Air Squadron had fought its last fight. As with one accord they turned to the north, and raised their caps in last respect and farewell to the daring men who had fallen.

A. B. Alland '17.

His Taking Manner

MARVIN BLAKE, Esq., the rising young lawyer, whose praises the daily papers had been setting before the public so constantly of late, had just retired to his bed-chamber after a long evening of study. The press had, in fact, been so eloquent in its praises of him, that he had become very much aware of his superior-

ity amongst his fellowmen and often thought what a shame it was that other men did not possess reasoning faculties similar to his own. In consideration of this fact it was only natural that he should install himself in the stylish apartments which he now possessed.

But, to get back to the story, Mr. Blake was divesting himself of his coat when he heard, or imagined he heard, footsteps in the study which he had just left. Hastening into the hall he switched on the light, whose rays, half illuminating the study disclosed a man in full evening dress, except for his coat and vest which had been thrown over a chair on top of his silk hat and cane, in the act of pulling off his shoe.

"What are you doin' here?" blurted the man, rising unsteadily to his feet.

Blake was taken aback in spite of himself at this remark. He had accepted the man's presence there very coolly.

"Er — I think the explaining is up to you," he said slowly as he turned on the study light to get a better look at the man. In the brighter light Blake discovered that the stranger's face was flushed, his necktie askew, and his clothes appeared to be in a rather disorderly state. He was casting bewildered glances about the room as though trying to grasp the situation.

After a short pause in which he seemed to have collected himself to a degree he asked in a husky voice:

"Is thish your 'partment?"

Receiving a nod in the affirmative, he continued:

"Elevator boy must er dropped me at the wrong floor. What floor is this?"

"Third," said Blake shortly.

"Huh!" grunted the other, "I belong on the seventh."

He struggled to put on his shoe which was only half unlaced.

"Say," he said, "if you'll be so kind as to lend me a shoe-horn, I will unburden you of my presence 'soon 's I can."

As Blake was not particularly delighted with the fellow's company he immediately went to his bed-room for the shoe-horn. He could not help breathing a sigh of relief that the fellow was not a desperate character and that the situation was a mistake, quite a

reasonable mistake, he thought for a person in this man's condition. He had to hunt a few moments for the shoe-horn, and when he returned, he found the trespasser mixing himself a cocktail in the dining-room which adjoined the study. On perceiving Blake, the man looked as sheepish as a small child who has been discovered stealing jam, and putting down the glass, he walked swiftly back into the study. Blake scarcely noticed that he carried a small leather satchel in his hand.

Blake watched him slip on his shoe, helped him on with his coat and escorted him to the door in silence. At the door the stranger paused:

"My name is Jones," he said, "I'm awfully sorry to have caused you so much trouble. Hope to make your acquaintance better sometime under–er–less embarassing circumstances."

Blake returned his hand-clasp and after a polite "good-night" closed the door. He wandered out to the dining-room and mixed himself a drink.

"The fellow might be a decent sort after all," he thought.

Something about the appearance of the mahogany side-board struck him as being strange. Where were all the silver candlesticks he treasured so — and the — ?

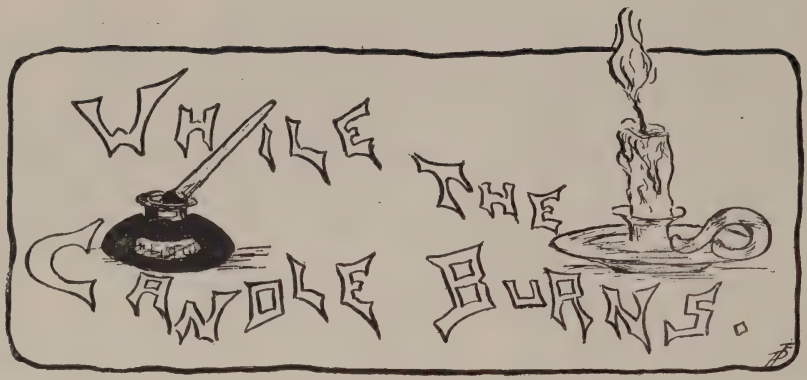
"By Jove! could that man —?"

Strange to say, Mr. Jones did not direct the elevator boy to the seventh floor after saying good-night to Mr. Blake, but to the street. Once on the street he walked hurriedly for a block or two, turned a few corners and leaped into a waiting taxi.

When the car had acquired a fair speed, he leaned comfortably back among the cushions and grasped the satchel. Resting it on his knees, he unclasped it and peered down into a confusion of polished silver table-ware. An expensive shoe-horn could also be distinguished in the midst of the debris, and strangely enough, on every piece appeared a beautifully engraved B. Mr. Jones, laughing softly muttered, "Soft! Like taking candy from a baby."

L. Draper Hill '18.

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL
SCHOOL SPIRIT
NEVER SEEMS TO COME INSIDE.
SNIFF
SNIFF
COOKING ROOM
SNIFF
THAT SAVORY ODOR
THE AVERAGE GEOMETRY STUDENT REMINDS ONE OF A SOLDIER EQUIPPED FOR WAR.
IS THAT THE NUMBER OF PUPILS IN YOUR SCHOOL?
NO THAT'S THE HONOR LIST.
THE NEW HONOR LISTS ARE LONG BUT ARE O.K.
DONT DRUM ON YOUR DESK WITH THAT PEN. USE YOUR HEAD!
A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING
YESSIR ER- WHAT?
TAP TAP
LEST HE BE LATE TO THE SOCIAL.
OH, WHY! DIDN'T CAESAR WRITE IN GOOD OLD UNITED STATES
WE'LL MISS THESE RURAL SCENES ON THE BLAKE ESTATE
"AINT IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING" WHEN YOU EXPECT AN E AND YOU GET A B
YES, BUT WHEN IT'S THE OPPOSITE.
TEACHER: TAKE THAT GUM OUT OF YOUR MOUTH AND PUT YOUR FEET IN.
?
JUST HOW?
GUM



A Flight of Imagination

IT began at two o'clock with an almost unprecedented lack of formality. The judge was there, a handful of boys were there. One of the handful arose and with the air of a sleep walker began to expound wholly negligible and incomprehensible views on "Temperamental difference between a man and a monkey," with his eyes fixed in a concentrated stare at the last crack but one in the right hand corner of the ceiling. The rest of the handful closed their eyes and tried to persuade themselves that they were at the St. James.

A second speaker arose with an engaging though artificial smile upon his handsome countenance, and after describing a few rapid circles in the air with a red, white and blue pencil began to thrust unrelated words in showery profusion into the indifferent ears of his audience.

At twenty-nine minutes past two by the clock the chairman strolled carelessly in, balancing a gavel on his thumb. Aimlessly he jerked the window shade down two inches and up three and sat down amid silent applause.

The next debater spoke slowly and deliberately, very deliberately, in sentences freely punctuated by loud silences and heavy, labored breathing.

The chairman sat through it all, gravely twiddling his thumbs. After the four debaters had lock-stepped out of the room to prepare their rebuttals, he inquired respectfully if the secretary had prepared the minutes of the last meeting. The secretary had not. The secretary would please do it before the meeting was over. The secretary openly sneered and—then yawned.

A spasm of recollection passed over the chairman's face. "There will be speaking from the floor," he announced. Evidently he was laboring under a delusion. A responsive silence followed his remark. The chairman repeated: "There will be speaking from the floor," in a firm voice.

The handful almost believed him and gazed at the floor expectantly. The secretary had dropped into a pleasant doze and was talking, obviously to one of the opposite sex.

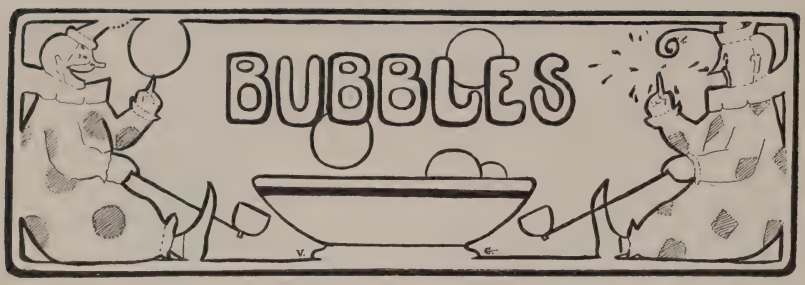
The chairman developed a toothache. He stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth and his eyes overflowed with unmanly tears.

The handful looked on without curiosity. One can get used to almost anything.

The debaters returned and proceeded to deliver rebuttals in a painful, embarrassed way, heightened by the steady cracking of peanuts in the back row.

The judge flipped a coin three times. The negative won. Relief spread like dawn over the heretofore stolid faces of the handful. Simultaneously they moved adjournment, and simultaneously they bolted for the door. All but the secretary, he was still dreaming pleasant dreams.

Page Williams '19.



Chiefly Exchanges

A PRAYER

"A fool there was and he made his prayer."

God, let me be a dramatist,
A poet and a novelist,
Philosopher, psychologist,
Theologist, and physicist,
A Roman-hearted Latinist
An innovating futurist,
Musician, elocutionist,
An artist and a scientist
And anything I may have missed
In running over this short list.

J. J. R.

Student (in bookstore): "Have you 'Prometheus Unbound?'"

Clerk: —"Sorry sir, we don't carry those unbound books any more."

Student: —"Teacher, can a person be punished for what he hasn't done?"

Teacher:—"No, why?"

Student: —"I haven't done my Latin."—Ex.

School papers are a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The printer—he gets all the cash
The editor, the blame.—Ex.

"All new arrivals are washed," explained the governor of the prison.

"And if they make a fuss?"

"Then they are ironed."—Ex.

SH!

"It is *plane* that I love you," he began.
"Is that on the *level?*" she asked.
"Haven't I always been on the *square* with you?"
"But you have many *vices,*" she remonstrated.
"Not a *bit* of it," he asserted.
"What made you *brace* up?" she cried coquettishly.
"The fact that I *saw* you," he replied with a bow.
"I ought to *hammer* you for that," she answered saucily.
"Come and sit by me on the *bench,*" he urged.
"Suppose the others should *file* in?" she murmured,
"You shouldn't let your arms *compass* me."
"I know a preacher who is a good *joiner,*" he suggested,
and they rushed off for the license.—Ex.

Fresh:—"Isn't Miss F. a graceful dancer? They say I dance just like her."

P. G.:—"Yes, but I think you are better still."—Ex.

The Sagamore wishes to announce that it will soon print the first installment of a new serial entitled: "The Autobiography of a Piece of Cheese."

Wise Senior:—"Why was Eve made?"

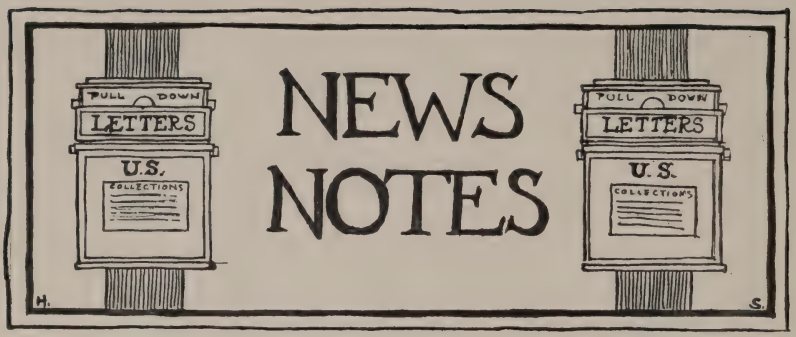
Wiser Junior:—"For Adam's Express Company."—Ex.

Fresh:—"Did you hear about the accident?"

Soph:—"Spring it."

Fresh:—"Those life savers, the candies, killed a man. He'd been eating onions and they took his breath away."

He was a young person named Ned,
Who dined before going to bed.
On lobster and jam
And salad and ham
And when he awoke he was dead.—Ex.



Calendar for March

March 9. Hockey—Arlington at Arena. Tentative.
March 9. Girls' Interscholastic Debate.
March 15. Swimming—Huntington.
March 23, 24. Dramatics.
March 30. Boys' Interscholastic Debate.

The coming of Norman Fradd is one of the most important events that has ever happened in the history of Brookline Athletics. On Monday evening, February 19, Mr. Joyce who has been temporarily conducting the boys' physical training arranged a meeting between Mr. Fradd and a group who are especially interested in the school sports. Those present were Mr. Joyce, Mr. Fradd, Mr. Niccols, Messrs. Chisholm, Spitz, Leonardi, Morse, Johnson, Hennessy, Hirshberg, Dresser, Tyler, Threshie, Delaney, Garrity, and Newman.

Mr. Joyce began the affair with a very humorous narration of the curious turn of events which brought him to Brookline. Mr. Chisholm of the Faculty, Mr. Niccols of the Alumni, and Spitz of the student council welcomed the new coach for their respective organizations. Before Mr. Fradd spoke, he had been introduced all around and had already won the friendship of everyone present.

He has a remarkable personality and faculty of making friends easily. His straight-forward, frank manner, and his ability to lead, combined with the amount of "pep" he possesses assure his success at B. H S.

Right then and there an Anti-Knockers' Club was formed to do away with that element which did so much harm to Mr. Delahanty's first seasons here. Mr. Fradd does not object to criticism, in fact he invites it. His one request is that the objections shall be made frankly to him. This is the spirit with which Mr. Fradd enters on his duties as coach and it is now up to the whole High School to get in line and support Mr. Fradd and B. H. S. Athletics.

As a result of trials for dramatics the following cast for "The Man of the Hour" was chosen: Alwyn Bennett, Henry Horn; Charles Wainwright, Royal Beal; Scott Gibbs, Barton Leach; Richard Horrigan, John Hickey; James Phelan, Barnard Tucker; Perry Wainwright, Richard Edwards; Judge Newman, Donald Wilbur; Henry Thompson, Leonard Saxe; William Ingram, Arthur Silver; Richard Roberts, Alfred Shapiro; Henry Williams, Joseph Rubin; Arthur Payne, Stuart Young; Dallas Wainwright, Priscilla Hall; Cynthia Garrison, Katherine Lynch; Mrs. Bennett, Doris Neal; Butler, John Julian Ryan.

The trials for prize speaking resulted in the selection of the following: Boys, — H. Canning, H. Darling, J. Hickey, L. Saxe. Girls,— J. Allison, G. Angevine, H. Lynch, E. Webber. The Prize Speaking Contest will be held on the first Friday evening in May.

The whole school was extremely sorry to see Miss Churchill leave so suddenly last month. Since January, 1911, she had been an instructor of History at the High School, and has enjoyed popularity with the students as well as with the faculty. Miss Wright of the Edward Devotion School will be at B. H. S. to take Miss Churchill's place next year.

The sixth meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club was held in Room 28 on Thursday, February 8. The question was Resolved: That the United States should have compulsory military training.

Affirmative	*Negative*
Currier	Fischer
Shaw	Casson

Mr. Snow, as judge, awarded the decision to the affirmative.

On February 15, the B. H. S. Debating Club met and discussed the following question: Resolved: — That Germany was the aggressor in the European War.

Affirmative	*Negative*
Bridgman	Tierney
Wilson	Lord

The negative was awarded the decision of the judge.

On Tuesday, February 27, the Senior Class held a very important meeting. It was decided to have dance orders at the coming Senior Dance, which is open to the general public as well as to the whole school. From those nominated to do the honors Class Day the following were elected :—Orator, Joseph Hickey; Historian, Francis Carey ; Prophet, Russel Goodnow; Prophetess, Catherine Lynch ; Ivy Orator, Fred Bowdidge.

On Thursday, February 15, Miss Susan D. Wheelock of Norwood gave a talk on her trip to the South Sea Islands. Tahiti was the particular island she visited and her amusing descriptions interested the large number that were present.

NOTICE

The Sagamore announces a competition for next year's cover design. All competitors should see Barnard Tucker before May 10.

Any person desiring a position on the Sagamore Board is expected to contribute to this year's Sagamore.

SWIMMING

Since its captain was unable to swim, Mechanic Arts cancelled the meet with Brookline scheduled for January 6.

Brookline 46, Amherst 10

Our swimming team defeated the Amherst High team 46 to 10 in Pratt Natatorium January 20. First place in every event was won by Brookline swimmers. The relay race was very close, Flynn finishing but a few feet ahead of Allen of Amherst. The summary:

Relay race — Won by Brookline (Woods, Ridley, Darling, Flynn). Amherst High (Deuel, Spear, Dickinson, Allen) second. Time — 1m. 54 1-5s.

Diving — Won by Donovan, Brookline; Kevin, Amherst, second; Moody, Amherst, third.

220-yard swim — Won by D. Richardson, Brookline; Woods, Brookline, second; Dickinson, Amherst, third. Time — 2m. 55 1-5s.

50-yard swim — Won by Flynn, Brookline; Darling, Brookline, second; Allen, Amherst, third. Time — 29 1-5s.

Plunge. Won by Bird, Brookline, 70 ft.; Allen, Amherst, second, 51 ft.; Darling, Brookline, third, 40 ft.

100-yard swim — Won by Ridley, Brookline; Woods, Brookline, second; Deuel, Amherst, third. Time, 1m. 12 1-5s.

Brookline 32, English 21

The Brookline High School swimming team won a dual meet from English High school at Curtis Hall, Jamaica Plain, Tuesday, January 30, 32 to 21. Brookline annexed four first places, four seconds and two thirds. Don Richardson of Brookline was the winner of first place in the 200-yard race, with his brother, Phil Richardson, second; and third place was taken by Dowd of English.

The wealthy town also took the relay race handily over English. Roger Bird of Brookline was an easy winner in the plunge event. He went 72 feet while Blanchard of Brookline went 54 feet.

Fifty yards — Won by Biddell, E. H. S.; second, Darling, B. H. S.; third, Flynn, B. H. S. Time — 26 4-5s.

One hundred yards — Won by Biddell, E. H. S.; second, Mullowney, B. H. S.; third, McCaffrey, E. H. S. Time — 1m. 2s.

Two hundred yards — Won by Don Richardson, B. H. S.; second, Phil Richardson, B. H. S.; third, Dowd, E. H. S. Time — 2m. 34 3-5s.

Diving event — Won by Biddell, E. H. S.; second, Jewett, E. H. S.; third, Donovan, B. H. S.

Plunge for distance — Won by Bird, B. H. S., distance 72 ft.; second, Blanchard, B. H. S., distance 54 ft.; third, Harrison, E. H. S., distance 48 ft.

Relay race — Won by B. H. S. (Woods, Ridley, Flynn, Darling); second, E. H. S. (Gray, McCaffrey, Jewett, Biddell).

BIRD PLUNGES 72 FEET.

At the Yale Interscholastic Swimming Meet, Roger Bird reached a distance of 72 feet, 6 inches, one of the best plunges ever made at that pool. Darling took third place in the fifty, and D. Richardson tallied fourth in the 220-yard swim. We were third in both the relay race and the meet itself. It may be of interest to note that Leo Handy and "Mike" Prendergast, former Brookline stars, swam under the colors of the Irving school.

Since the Brookline swimming pool is not yet ready for use, the meet with Huntington School has been postponed until March 6. The Harvard meet was cancelled for the same reason.

A CLOSE MEET AT ANDOVER.

Because one of our main reliances missed the train, and arrived an hour late, our swimming team lost to Andover 28–24. First places for Brookline were captured by Flynn in the fifty, Darling in the one hundred, and D. Richardson in the 220-yd. swim. Second places were taken by Ridley in the one hundred and Donovan in the dive. Roger Bird tied with Meagher of Andover for first in the plunge, but our relay team (Woods, Mullowney, Ridley and Flynn) lost.

Brookline lost to Worcester March 3. Full account next issue.

Crew.

A large number of candidates reported to Captain Newman for practice on the rowing machines, after the Christmas vacation. Among them the following are veterans of last year: Collins, Tyler, Wason, Bowker, McMackin, and McMillan, coxes Baldwin, Rowe, Green, and Stevens. The new candidates are Ridley, Horn, Hovgaard, Bickford, Ingraham, McCollom, Robbins, Hill, Morse, Rubin, R. Goodnow, Nolan, Mills, Shugg, J. Goodnow, Maurer, Pollock, Smith, Crowell, Xiques, O'Shea, Johnson, Wilson, Wilbur, Tripp, and F. Currier.

As soon as the ice melts in the Charles River the regular practice will begin and with the excellent material, championship fours are expected. Coach Niccols is anxious to have as many freshmen as possible come out to learn the fundamentals to supply winning crews for the future.

Exeter has challenged us to a contest which will come up before the Athletic Council in the near future.

MILTON DEFEATED.

Another victory was gained by our hockey team in defeating Milton High 4–2 at the Cypress Street rink. Threshie, Johnson, and Delaney played so well that a number of the substitutes were given a chance to get into the game. Johnson and Delaney each invaded Milton's territory twice and four goals were the result. O'Hearn refereed the two 20 minute periods.

MORE TEAM-PLAY NECESSARY.

We met our first defeat in the Interscholastic Hockey League, at the hands of Melrose, February 9, 1–10. A lack of team-play on the part of Brookline was apparent throughout the game, and spoiled our chances of tying Newton in the League. This is not the first time that too much individual work has been detrimental to our good showing. The summary:

Brookline.	Melrose.
Delaney, l.w.	Haft, r.w.
Johnson, c.	Ross, c.
Marshall, r.	Leonard, r.
Taylor, Duane, r.w.	Harrington, l.w.
Threshie, c.p.	Hayward, c.p.
Putnam, p.	Milton, p.
O'Hearn	Chisholm, g.

Goal: — Ross. Referee: — Mooney. Time: — 20 min. halves.

BROOKLINE 4, RINDGE 0.

This victory counted in the Interscholastic Hockey League. Marshall starred, shooting one goal in the first period, and later carrying the puck down the ice for another. By cleverly handling the puck, Taylor scored for Brookline and Threshie soon followed his example, tallying the last point. Although without a coach, our team has done remarkably well, and to the boys should be given the credit for their success.

NEWTON vs. BROOKLINE.

On February 22, Brookline tied with Newton after a strenuous 50-minute battle which included two five-minute overtime periods. This game leaves the championship of the Triangular League undecided, but Newton still leads the Interscholastic League with Brookline in second place. Marshall played a brilliant game and Charlie O'Hearn stopped many shots at the goal. The game was one of the hardest of the season and the players left the rink exhausted. Alex Marshall made the single tally for Brookline. The other players were: Delaney, Dooley, Duane, Johnson, O'Hearn Putnam, Taylor, and Threshie.

TRACK NOTES.

Our track team was defeated 45 to 26 by Lynn Classical at Lynn on February 2.

Medford beat Brookline 48½ to 19½ in a track meet at Medford on February 9. The 1000-yard run was a spectacular race between "Jack" Hennessey of Brookline and Hollis of Medford.

"Jack" led until a few yards from the tape when the Medford runner passed him.

The 20-yard run was a tie between four runners. Hennessey and Nickerson ran for Brookline. Ferguson was second in the 600-yard run. Wason got third in both the standing and running high jumps.

Delaney won the shotput.

The Brookline relay team was beaten.

The Somerville meet scheduled for the holiday, Washington's Birthday anniversary, was cancelled.

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

The girls' tennis team is keeping up its practice during the winter in the gymnasium every Friday afternoon. All new candidates are urged to report now.

B. A. A. RELAY.

On February 25 our relay team composed of Ferguson, Hickey, Hennessey, and Spitz won from Newton on a foul, at the B. A. A. Meet. Had it not been for the time lost when Mooney of Newton pushed Ferguson of Brookline, our team might have been among the point winners. Brookline's time for the 1560 yards was 3 m. 25 s.

SUCCESS FOR THE RIFLE TEAM.

We have a number of good shots on the Rifle Team this year. This fact may be demonstrated by the scores of the match held at the Bay State School of Musketry a few weeks ago, viz.: —

Brookline.		**East Boston.**	
Bolton	95	Zaverson	91
McPherson	94	Bonner	89
Snell	93	S. Cohen	89
Silver	93	Schwartz	86
Jacobs	89	Dwelley	84
Ingraham	87	Cinreno	80
Total	551	Total	519

'08. Joyce Knowlton was married to William Zinsser of New York on January 6. She is spending her honeymoon in Honolulu.

'13. Estelle Krieger's engagement to Thurston Clarke has recently been announced.

'13. "Chick" Floyd was married to Marjorie Donald on January 27.

'13. Julian Spitz, in winning the Coolidge Debating Prize proved himself the best debater in Harvard.

'13. Robert G. Paine was elected president of the Senior Class of Dartmouth College, and Carl Thielscher was elected Class Marshall.

'13. Dorothy Rhodes' engagement to Paul Howe of Cohasset was announced at a tea given for her at the Shakespearean Society House, Wellesley, January 23.

'14. Margaret Arnold is teaching kindergarten in Malden.

'14. Shields Warren has been elected secretary of the Junior Class at the College of Liberal Arts at Boston University.

'15. Harmon Craig and Jack Craig ex-16, sailed for France February 19, to drive ambulances for the American Red Cross.

'15. Dorothy Webling is at the New Art School on a scholarship.

'16. Rowena Ward is spending the winter in Florida.

'16. Ruth Ames is having a busy social season.

'16. Katharine Gibbons and Tom Daley are attending the Boston Normal Art School.

'16. Jack Kendrick is at the Catholic University.

'16. Bug. Lyman has left Harvard to work in New York.

'16. Carolyn Potter made her debut on January 4.

'16. Hilda Shepard is a Freshman at Smith.

'16. Mary Meehan is at the Boston School of Physical Culture.

'16. Ruth Alexander and Mary A. Hickey are classmates at Miss Leslie's Kindergarten School.

Ex-'16. Joe Homer is working in New Bedford.

Ex-'16. Margaret Wood is a Freshman at Sargent.

Ex-'16. Addis Nelson is at Tech.

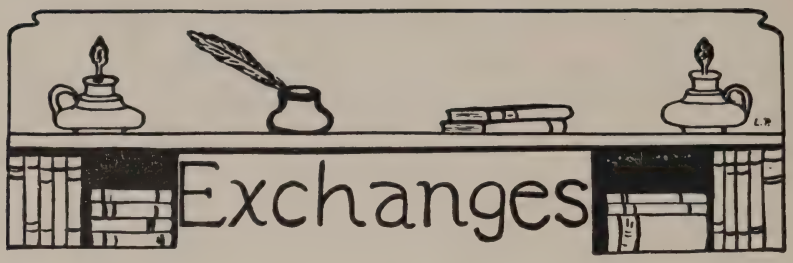
Ex-'17. Gordon Leland has gone to Moses Brown School.

Ex-'17. Eleanor Hunt's engagement has been announced to Cumner Talbot '11.

Ex-'17. Lennox Dowd, Hicks Atwell ex-'18, Jeffrey Richardson ex-'18, Cuthbert Caines ex-'18, have left High School and gone to Stone.

Ex-'18. Emma Liebman is at Guild and Evans School.

The B. H. S. Club of Harvard gave an informal gathering to all B. H. S. Students intending to go to Harvard on Wednesday, February 28.



The following magazines have been received during the last month. We hope to see them all again.

The P. A. Record, School of Practical Arts, Brookline, Mass., *The Imp*, Brighton High School, Brighton, Mass., *The Red and Black*, Reading High School, Reading, Pa., *The Sunnyside*, Washington Irving High School, Tarrytown, N. Y., *The N. H. S. Review*, Newton High School, Newtonville, Mass., *The Clarion*, West Hartford High School, West Hartford, Conn.; *The Dolphin*, Far Rockaway High School, Far Rockaway, N. Y., *The Owl*, Hoosac School. Hoosac, N. Y., *The Monitor*, Wellesley High School, Wellesley, Mass., *Old Hughes*, Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio, *The Horace Mann Record*, Girl's Horace Mann School, New York City.

The P. A. Record: — You surely have ideals to live up to in your New Year's Resolutions, — and splendid ones, too. The stories this month improve your magazine.

The Imp: — Why not have a few cuts?

The Monitor: — Welcome! We think your first copy is very good, and we wish you success.

The Sunnyside: — All your departments should be enlarged, especially your literary department.

Old Hughes: — What an excellent news column you have!

The Dolphin: — You are an exceptionally good paper, and one of the best on our exchange list!

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Surplus	- -	100,000
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THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXIII APRIL, 1917 NUMBER 6

Your Preparedness

THIS is an age in which "Preparedness" is the by-word. We first came to adopt this slogan when our country found itself deplorably lacking in means to defend itself adequately in case of war. Although originally pertaining to matters of a martial nature, "Preparedness" has grown to apply to a broad and extensive field. Bringing the subject nearer home, every single pupil of the High School might ask himself the question: "Am *I* prepared?" Prepared for what? For the future! Unfortunate as it is, it is nevertheless true that a great many high school pupils are carelessly allowing the future to take care of itself. How many are still uncertain or indifferent to what is to follow after graduation. It is a sad realization when a few months previous to receiving his diploma, the high school student finds himself suddenly facing the future unready. In battling with the future, one must be well armed and *prepared*. Now is the time to make up one's mind as to the course one is to follow. Whether the future lies within the college hall or in the business field makes no difference; only decide NOW. Let the Freshman in choosing his high school course consider the future. Take the advice of an experienced Senior and be prepared!

W. P., '17.

Do You Think?

All the world's a comedy to those who think. Deep thinking will overrule any mental depression. When some event occurs which causes one to worry, thoughtful deliberation will change the circumstances, and optimism will supplant pessimism. If a person attends a formal social affair, and by accident some incongruity of dress appears, he is mortified and humiliated. He figures himself a social outcast and becomes worried. If the "unfortunate" would sit down and think over the circumstances, he would laugh at the over-emphasis of conventionalities in this life. A person confined on account of sickness need never become discouraged. If he desires recreation and is unable to get physical exercise, by a little thought he can secure mental enjoyment. Let him consider how fortunate he is to have so much time for thought, and a smile will appear. Even in these days of diplomatic strife, if our people would thoughtfully consider all the rumors, they would see the absurdities in many of them, and their faces would broaden. Thus we may see that everything has its bright side, and it may be truthfully said, "Every cloud has a silver lining."

F. Owens '17.

A Plea for a Course in Current Events

The average student knows little or nothing of what is going on outside the narrow routine of school life. If the question was to be put to any class in the High School, "Who is representing our affairs in Germany now?" or "What was the obstacle in passing the Immigration Bill?" there would be very few who could answer correctly, although they might be able to tell why Cicero was banished from Rome, or the date of the Dorian migration.

This ignorance of modern activities is deplorable. Would it not be well then to establish a course in current events in the High School? The student would thus be given an opportunity to

have a much clearer knowledge of that history which is shaping itself anew around us every day. It would arouse his interest in the world about him and develop his power of thinking clearly and intelligently; he would understand much more concerning present social and industrial conditions.

As a result, students on leaving school would be better fitted than those of former years to take an active part in the world-progress. H. S., '17.

To the Ambitious

Gentle reader, if you were to convey your glance to the title page of this publication what would your thoughts be? We hesitate to answer our own rhetorical question but, to all it must be apparent that the better part, or rather, the larger part, of The Sagamore Board will graduate in June. Whether apparent or not, it is so; there will be nine or ten vacancies to fill in for next year's Sagamore.

Of recent years it has been the custom to fill the blank offices with those who have contributed to The Sagamore during the school year, while a competition at the beginning of the next season completed any unfinished list. To those who are Sagamorely inclined we say, "Hand in any material of originality that you may have; help the various editors with notes or ideas for their departments, but do something, even though June is approaching. We do not guarantee anything, we merely want to size up our material."

To those artistically inclined The Sagamore offers to buy any cover design which it considers worthy of next year's paper. All suggestions, however, must be handed in to Barnard Tucker '18 by the tenth of May.

Come on now, ye brains of Brookline High, let us see what you will make next years's Sagamore!

The Mystery of One Incarnation

EVER since she was old enough to think, Helen West had been abnormally interested in everything relating to ancient times. The Orient possessed an especial attraction for her and her greatest delight was found in history of the ancient Egyptians. She desired solitude in which she might find time to contemplate the strange hold which the past had upon her.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful, fragrant day in June. The sky was as appealingly blue as the eyes of a child; soft, white clouds hung silently in its depths; and the air was heavy with the perfume of a thousand flowers. Helen lay on a bank of daisies gazing beyond the blue sky and feeling herself more than ever under the subtle spell of the East. Something was calling her out of the present, bidding her to retrace her way through the march of the centuries and to return once more to her previous existence. The words were pronounced in the alluring syllables of a language very different from that which she was accustomed to speak. Strangely enough, however, their meaning was conveyed to Helen as clearly as though they were spoken in her native tongue.

"Come," pleaded the voice, now very close to where she lay, "return once more with me into the past from whence you came; the spirit of Egypt calls you."

Completely under the spell Helen arose slowly and advanced in the direction from which the voice proceeded. How cold and dark it had become! She seemed to be walking in a tomb, narrow and chill, whose walls were decorated with the exploits of Egyptian kings. The unseen person had ceased to speak, and Helen, feeling suddenly weak, groped blindly before her and finally sank upon the damp floor of the tomb. . . . . .

"Go, Akrah, bring thy lute and sing to me virile tales of the far north, where the night is long. I fain would find eternal darkness and safety. My sister is bent on my ruin, she terrifies

me with her cruelty. Ah, Akrah, it is so hard to be a queen! I desire thee to sing to me and perchance thou wilt ease my heavy heart."

Helen realized that these words were falling from her own lips. She was reclining upon the cushions of a royal couch borne on a gilded barge. A silken canopy was suspended above her head by four black Nubian slaves who stood silently, as though carved from ebony. Her eyes fell upon the slave before her. His silvery voice rose and fell in soft cadences in tune with the melody which his fingers enticed from the golden lyre.

The royal dahabieyah glided smoothly along the Nile, and Arsinoë, the reigning queen of Egypt, lay back with a sigh upon her silken cushions.

"Cease thy song, boy," she said, "I can endure it no longer, it is become too sweet. Send me the soothsayer."

When he had appeared the queen commanded him to sit at her feet that he might read her future in her hand.

"I am weary of the world, but I would have thee tell me truly what the future contains for me.

"O, most gracious queen, thou wilt surely find much happiness," the old man answered, but he sadly took the small hand she extended. After studying it intently for a few moments, he said in a low voice, "I see countless sorrows and dark misfortunes." The queen shuddered. "But it is written in the Book of Fate that thou wilt return to earth after many, many centuries. Nevertheless, thou wilt always remember thy present life on earth. Be not sad, O queen, thou wilt triumph over thy misfortunes, if not in this life, then surely in the life to come." The soothsayer made a low prostration and retired.

Arsinoë was scarcely comforted by the last words of the prophecy, she had a forboding sense of impending evil and when she left the barge and again set foot upon the soil of her native land she felt that it was for the last time.

Upon reaching the palace the unhappy queen went immediately to her royal apartments. Suddenly a great commotion arose in the hall without and presently the curtains of her sleep-

ing room were thrown open by Cleopatra, who advanced toward her sister followed by a score of Roman soldiers. Cowering before the look of cruelty and hatred on the face of Cleopatra, Arsinoë was seized and ordered to be confined on a ship which was bound for Miletus. Having reached there she was thrown into prison. When, overcome with the great dread of what was about to befall, Arsinoë recalled the last words of the soothsayer upon her last day of freedom and was somewhat comforted.

The little queen met her end bravely, still confident that she would some day return to earth and find the happiness which she had failed to receive in her present existence.

* * * * *

Slowly and very gently Helen returned to consciousness. It was very dark, but the sky of midnight blue was sprinkled with tiny stars and the milky way showed in a white path across the heavens. The perfume of the daisies quite enveloped her.

"Thou hast experienced the misery of thy former life," murmured the beautiful voice of the invisible. "The soul of Arsinoë lives in thee. May thou at last show her true happiness."

AMANDA MAYO '17.

The Exile

Over the sands that ne'er grow cold,
Under the sun that never sets,
Out on the sands of desert old,
Where nature speaks and man forgets,
Time I squander.

On through the desert night
Unmoved by sound,
All through the desert night
The whole year round
Alone I wander.

AMBROSE CROWLEY '17.

It Pays to Advertise
or
Making Friends

Act I

THE timorous solicitor for SAGAMORE ads is entering upon his day's work. The High School clock points to four o'clock and so he knows it is four-thirty. He proceeds toward the Village, his nervousness increasing at every step. Carelessly he enters the post office without realizing that the bank is next door. The following conversation ensues:

Sol. I wonder if I could speak to the boss?

Clerk. He's busy just now; what do you want?

S. Well, I'm collecting ads for THE SAGAMORE and I thought since we had your's for last year we might have it again. You know we have a 2000 circulation (flustered). Our ads are cheap; only—er--er (fishes in pockets for notebook frantically and finally drags it forth. After some hunting finds the page). As I was saying they are only $32 a page, that's $2 an issue, $16 a half page, $8 a quarter, $4 an eighth. Per single issues the cheapest we can give you is $.75—er if you want a cover page it will be a little more--er--only a trifle, say six dollars. We need the money this year and you'll get your money's worth; I'll guarantee that.

C. (amazed) Hey, Mike, come out here and look at it. (To solicitor) Say, who do you think you are, anyhow? I suppose you'll be wanting to advertise a reduction on postage stamps or that we give personal attention in this post office. You're one of these fresh muts.

S. (Turns pale at the mention of the words post office. In his nervousness he tears the lining of his new Stetson.) What's that? I--I thought this--I thought the bank--the Brookline Trust--where is it? (Rushes out.)

Act II

The interior of a dimly lighted shop is revealed. Red blotches of paper are scattered about. A Chinaman is pressing pants be-

hind a counter. (Pants detached.) The solicitor enters stealthily and gains the counter.

Sol. How do you do—I represent THE SAGAMORE, the official organ of the Brookline High School. It is my purpose to aid you in augmenting your worthy enterprise by offering you space in our columns at $32 a page, etc., etc.

Chinese. No understand. (Chinese) With who you want speak? (More Chinese.)

S. Aren't you the boss?

C. (Shakes head and points to undergrown Chinee who advances.) Agent delivers same speech to boss. When he has finished, boss says:

How muchee say one month ad this size? (Points to smallest possible ad.)

S. 75 cents.

Boss. Well, I thinkee him over. Come in tomorrow two o'clock. (Tomorrow Sunday.)

(Exit Solicitor)

Act III

Agent having exhausted the possibilities of the Village now begins scouring the Corner. Enters shop of J. Guiseppe, Shoemaker.

Guiseppe. (As he enters) Gooda day, for wat can I do you, eh?

S. (Delivers speech Form E).

G. An you say dees here ees justa four darlar?

S. Yes.

G. And eef I tak heem now I getta da deescount?

S. Why, no.

G. Well, always have I gotta heem for two darlar. (Never has seen paper before.)

S. Well, I don't know.

G. Eef you giva me dees place here I pay tree darlar, (points to cover page) else I weel do nothing.

(Exit Solicitor)

Act IV

(The day's work completed the solicitor wends his way homeward. A man taps him on the shoulder.)

Man. You're representing THE SAGAMORE, aren't you?

S. (Expectant) Yes sir.

M. Well, I'm the printer and you people still owe me $85. If I don't hear from you within a week I'll start something. Do you think I'm running a charitable institution?

S. But I—

Printer. No excuses now. Remember I'll give you just one week.

(Solicitor faints.)

L. S. S., '17

Two in One

BOB CLARK sauntered into the smoking room of his favorite club one afternoon in late November. Finding the room empty, he crossed slowly over to the huge fireplace and stood, for a few minutes, warming his hands before its cheerful blaze. Then, sinking into one of those big, comfortable chairs with which clubs abound, he lit a cigar. He sat musing a few minutes, then he picked up the morning paper and lazily turned over the pages, glancing idly at the headlines. Suddenly something caught his eye. He gripped the paper tighter. His face grew white as he stared at the open page. "Adrianne— — — —," he murmured, "Adrianne has— — — —why— — — —"

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" cried Jim Oaklan who had wandered into the room at that moment.

Bob looked up peevishly at him, "Matter?" he fairly shouted, "Matter! Why, Adrianne has— — — —I— — — — —that is — — — — —"

"Adrianne?" exclaimed Jim, his face, too, becoming tense, "why— — — I never dreamed— — — —I say— — — — — did you— — — —"

Bob nodded his head sadly, a weary expression of discouragement coming over his face.

"I say, that's too bad — — — Didn't you know — — —?" Jim asked, obviously concerned.

"No! How could I? Bob asked a bit angrily, "I— — —"

"How could you?" Jim repeated, "why didn't she— —he — — *anyone* tell you?"

"*No!* of course not," growled Bob, "when — — —"

"Oh, all right, I see," Jim replied, "are you— — — — that is— — — —I hope you won't mind my asking— — — — are you — — —er er— — going to the — — er er——wedding?"

"Going to the wedding?" Bob thundered,"going to the- — going to the *wedding?* What on earth are you raving about?"

"Why Adrianne's wedding," began Jim,"— — —I thought, you know— — — that— — — —"

"Oh you blithering old idiot, you," Bob cried affectionately, as the light began to dawn on him, "Why I wasn't talking about Adrianne Willis getting married, I never— — — —"

"You mean you weren't in love with her then? — — — —" Jim asked, bewildered, "Then what— — —"

"Why, I was talking about that "New Adrianne Mining Stock," Bob broke in and then he added, falling into his old despondency, "it's gone from 60 to 72, and I was selling it short!" He slumped back in his chair," So you see —— —— he went on"—— —— ——" But Jim was pounding him excitedly on the back.

"Listen!" he was yelling in Bob's ear, "I've got a later paper which says that there was a misprint in the morning edition. Adrianne dropped just as you thought it would ; the figures are reversed, Bob, do you hear?" he cried wildly, "Adrianne has gone *down* to 27. Your fortune's made!"

M. S., '19.

Success

We often stop and ponder on what brings true success
In this busy life of which we form a part;
Is it books and education
That make the real foundation—
Or a deeper need more vital to the struggling human heart?

Of course from books and learning can be gained a lot of knowledge,
That perhaps may mean vast riches in this universe of greed:
But in truth your life is wasted,
If you never once have tasted
Of the peace that comes from knowing you've supplied another's need.

So we come to this conclusion as we journey on our way,
That it isn't what we do that forms our reckoning Above,
It's the good that we impart
From an Understanding Heart,
That makes our lives successful in their sacrifice of love.

Virginia A. Grilley '17.

What the Deuce!

An Unesthetic Story

THE king of Camembert had lost the crown jewels. Search after search had been made, but to no avail. Accordingly, the king offered a reward of one million offskoffskis (about $2.37) to the person who should recover the stones. . . . . .

Patski Boobhof was a Socialist. That is to say, Patski had a little habit of throwing bombs at anything and everything that happened to offend his eye. One fine day in July (might as well be August or September) Patski had designs on the royal palace.

It was a dark, dank, muddy, murky night. Our hero (or rather villain) could be descried walking along Cheesi Main Street with a bundle nestling lovingly in his arms. Said bundle was an infernal machine which Patski was intending to hurl into the royal palace.

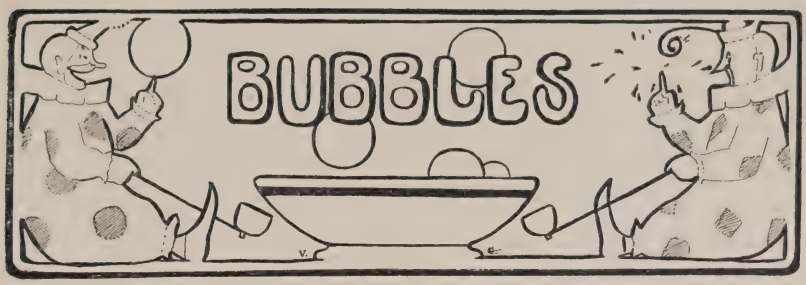
"Sloppiweather rhadames diplomaticrelations, sauerkraut?" he muttered, in a sullen tone. This, in English means "For the love of Mike will I ever get there?"

As he approached the palace, his step lagged more and more, for he was beginning to have misgivings as to whether or not he should carry out his designs. Suddenly, becoming extremely affrighted, he uttered a wild yell "Limburger!!!" and threw the bomb far away into a thicket, where after several minutes, it exploded without doing any harm.

Much relieved—for Patski was really kind at heart—he ran over to the bushes, to see if the explosion had wrought any evil. A great hole had been scooped out of the ground . . . . . "Railroadstrike! !!" gasped Patski. For at the bottom of the hole, partially hidden by a rock, were the missing crown jewels! . .

Patski Boobhof is now Chief Royal Valet of King Pfaff of Camembert. He is rich, happy, and has considerable hopes of winning the hand of Princess Leberewurst, the king's beautiful daughter. As a fitting ending to this spicy little tale, I will here set down that time-worn but true platitude, "You never can tell."

C. S. '19.



Foolish Number

The boy stood on the burning deck,
All that glitters is not gold;
Footsteps on the sands of time
Darling, I am growing old!
R. B. '17.

Student translating:—"Picking up his gun, and striking an artistic pose, he leaned on it."

Woof:—"What was Joan of Arc made of:"
Woof woof:—"Shoot."
Woof:—"Maid of Orleans."

Hokus:—"Have you ever seen a match box?"
Pokus:—"No, but I've seen a Tootsie Roll." Requiescat in pace.

Teacher.....*
Pupil .....

Ach du Lieber!

Ich bin wie eine Blume
So hold und schön und rein,
Ich schau mich an, und Wehmut
Schlägt mir ins Herz hinein!

Mir ist als ob ich die Hände
Auf's Haupt mir legen sollt,
Betend, dass Gott mich erhalte,
So rein und schön und hold.

*This joke was not printed by mistake.

The Yellow Menace!

Do you know that each year Japan exports an enormous quantity of tea to this country for American consumption? Sao-Nara petite Wissenschaft, or as Blowhardski Popoff says: "Ruaj-doe cudgs, vkgusfwkcub a fkdoxn, ud nqwptyrhklgssssxz!! !!!"

Newspaper headline: "Sagamore reported sunk." Fear not, Eurylus, no such luck!

The Associated Scholarship Fund

1. Candidate's full initial.
(Given initial and family initial.)

.....

2. How many stories has your house?

.....

3. Give complete address of your mayor's office and state number of private post office boxes in your post office.

.....

4. Name educational institution at present attended (answer yes or no).

.....

5. The janitor's name in full.

.....

6. Do you intend to crib at examinations?

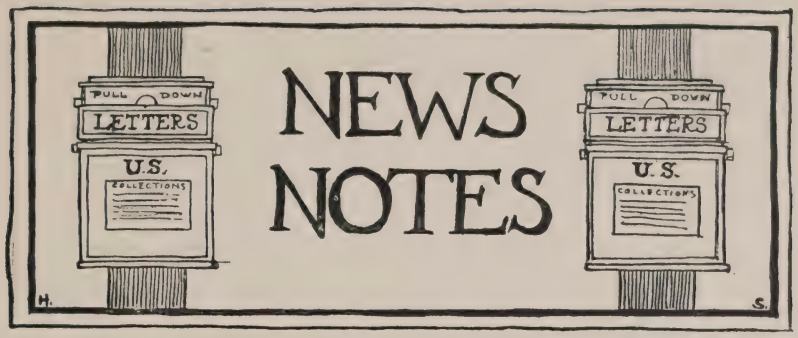
.....

7. Candidate must state his age at birth.

.....

(Note: Any information not covered by these comprehensive questions is probably not wanted.)

A Roman Grammarian Servius,
Had a way that was strangely impervious
For when hit with a brick
His head was so thick
That it merely made Servius Nervious!



Calendar for April

April 13. Dramatics, "The Man of the Hour" at Devotion School.
April 27. Senior Dance.

The annual debate of the Triangular Debating League took place on Friday evening, March 30. Somerville again was the victor, scoring their third successive win by defeating Brookline at Somerville and Newton at Newton.

The question was "Resolved: that, waiving the constitutionality of the question, the U. S. should adopt a system of old age pensions modeled on that of Great Britain." At Brookline Mr. Walter Humphreys, Chairman of the School Committee, presided and the debaters were as follows:

Newton	*Brookline*
Affirmative	Negative
John S. Clapp '17	Eliot P. Hirshberg '17
C. Clark Macomber '18	Archibald Ridley '18
Chester H. Whelden '17	Royal W. Beal '17
Rebuttal	
Chester H. Whelden '17	Archibald Ridley '18

It was unfortunate that one of the judges, Hon. Elmer A. Stevens was taken seriously ill during the argument, but his ballot was not needed for the other two judges, Thornton Jenkins, and Frederick J. White, Esq., both favored Brookline in their decision.

At Somerville the debaters were:

Brookline	*Somerville*
Affirmative	Negative
Barton Leach '18	Harry L. Moore '17
Alfred Shapiro '18	Edward H. Derby '17
Leonard S. Saxe '17	Philip Sherman '18
Rebuttal	
Leonard S. Saxe '17	Edward H. Derby '17

The judges, C. W. Chemoweth, Gustav A. Lake, John J. Hopkins, all of Harvard Law School, by a two to one vote, awarded the decision to the Negative. Charles S. Clarke, Superintendent of the Somerville Schools, presided.

It was not at all suprising that Brookline lost at Somerville for the Negative was the stronger side of the argument. The weakness of Newton was clearly shown in that they were defeated on their home grounds in spite of the fact that they had the better side of the question.

The Brookline Girls' Debating teams were victorious in the annual Triangular Debate with Newton and Somerville, which took place Friday, March 9. The question was "Resolved: that California was justified in passing the Japanese exclusion acts." At Shailer Hall the debaters for the Brookline negative team were Adeline Pfleghaar, '17, Ruth Chamberlain '19, Jessie Alison '17. Brandon Kellog was the chairman and Albert T. Carter, John Daboll, and Robert J. Holmes, the judges. The Somerville High School orchestra completed the entertainment with some excellent music.

At Newton the Brookline team, which upheld the Affirmative won the unanimous decision of the judges. The girls were Margaret Spaulding '19, Miriam Doan '18, and Dorothy Pollard '17. Miss Lewis of the English Department coached the teams and deserves much credit for their success.

On the evenings of March 23 and 24, the four-act comedy "The Man of the Hour" was presented at Whitney Hall as the seventeenth annual dramatics of the High School. The cast was:

Alwyn Bennett	Henry J. Horn, Jr., '18
Charles Wainwright	Royal W. Beal, '17
Scott H. Gibbs	W. Barton Leach, Jr., '18
Richard Horrigan	John P. Hickey, '17
James Phelan	Charles B. Tucker, Jr., '18
Perry Carter Wainwright	Richard Edwards, '19
Judge Newman	Donald Wilbur, '20
Henry Thompson	Richard Bowers, '20
William Ingram	Arthur L. Silver, '18
Richard Roberts	Alfred Shapiro, '19
Henry Williams	Joseph Rubin, '17
Arthur Payne	W. Stuart Young, '17
Office Boy	Conrad Salinger, '19
Butler	J. Julian Ryan, P. G.
Dallas Wainwright	Priscilla Hall, '19
Cynthia Garrison	Katherine Lynch, '17
Mrs. Bennett	Doris Neal, '18

Mrs. Miriam O'Leary Collins again coached the pupils and deserves no small amount of credit. Miss Waldo and Miss Maccabe of the English department, as representatives of the faculty, worked untiringly and are in a large measure responsible for the success of the production.

To the Editor of the Sagamore:

Will you allow us space in your columns to express our appreciation of the excellent work done by the managers and their assistants for "The Man of the Hour?" The fact that the play was a financial success is due entirely to the efficient management of Richard Spitz '17, Raymond Wason '18, and Tom Taylor '19; that the scenes were properly set and quickly shifted, to the hours of labor of Dan Tyler '17, Philip Threshie '18, James Duane '19, Malcolm Dresser '18, John Goodnow '19, and Kevin O'Shea '20; that the costuming was successful to the effective work of Henry Stevenson '19, and Millon Casson '20. Much of the success of any play depends on those who work behind the scenes; we wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to these pupils for their faithful and courteous co-operation.

Dorothy Waldo,
Beatrice P. Maccabe.

Wallace Putnam of the Junior Class added to his fame as an artist at the recent exhibition held at the Public Library under the auspices of the Civic Society. The title of his painting is "Backgammon" and it pictures two women seated at a table playing that well-known game. His mother and aunt posed for him and he did the work during his free moments afternoons. Although "Put" has never taken any lessons in art outside of the regular High School course, his pictures display a considerable amount of technique and detail as well as natural skill and ability.

The Lincoln Prize Essay for the English medal may treat as an essay, biographical or descriptive, short story, poem, or one-act play, the subject: "A Hero of Peace." May 11 marks the close of the contest.

Another competition open to seniors is the J. Murray Kay Prize Essay. Choice of subject may be made between "The Development of the Brookline Water System," or "The City Management Form of Government. All contributions must be in by May 23.

The music for the class song must be given to Dr. Roberts by April 18.

The whole school mourns the death of Alexander Miller of the Mechanical Drawing Department. Apparently recovering from a serious operation which he underwent last January, his condition suddenly became worse and he passed away on Tuesday, March 27, at his home, 116 Fuller Street. The funeral was held the following Thursday and Mr. Miller's great popularity was shown by the attendance of every teacher in the school.

He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, forty-nine years ago. When thirteen years old he came to this country with his parents and was educated in the Boston Public Schools. He came to Brookline High School from Brighton High. He is survived by a widow and two sisters.

SWIMMING

Worcester *vs.* Brookline

The Worcester Academy swimming team defeated Brookline High, 39 to 14, in the natatorium at Worcester on March 3.

Fifty-yard dash — Won by Milroy, Worcester; second Darling, Brookline; third Flynn, Brookline. Time — 27s.

One hundred-yard swim — Won by R. Heywood, Worcester; second E. Hayward, Worcester; third Darling, Brookline. Time — 1m. 4s.

Two hundred and twenty-yard swim: — Won by Smith, Worcester; second D. Richardson, Brookline; third Rowley, Worcester. Time — 2m. 49s.

Dive — Won by Gould, Worcester; second Presson, Worcester; third Donovan, Brookline.

Plunge — Won by Bird, Brookline, 70 ft; second Treat, Worcester, 60 ft.; third, Johnson, Brookline, 54 ft. 6 in.

Relay — Won by Worcester (R. Heywood, E. Haywood, MacColl, Milroy; Brookline, (R. Johnson, Ridley, Darling, Flynn.) Time — 1m. 51 2-5s.

Huntington *vs.* Brookline

Brookline defeated Huntington March 15, 48 to 5 at the new tank. We allowed the visitors last place in each event.

On March 23, Huntington turned on us for a 30 to 23 victory, at the Y. M. C. A. tank.

Brookline Defeats Revere

Our swimming team, collected at the last moment, won from Revere High 38 to 24, on March 9. Darling and D. Richardson came first in the events in which they usually star, and Klein made his début as a plunger, with fair success.

Two hundred — Won by D. Richardson, B. H. S.; second P. Richardson, B. H. S.; third Kelley, Revere. Time — 2m. 37 3-5s.

One hundred — Won by Fermoyle, Revere; second Ridley, B. H. S.; third Woods, B. H. S. Time — 1m. 5s.

Forty yard — Tie between Fermoyle, Revere, and Darling, B. H. S.; third Flynn, B. H. S. Time — 20 3-5s.

Twenty-five yard — Won by Darling, B. H. S.; second Flynn, B. H. S.; third Fermoyle, Revere. No time taken.

Plunge — Won by Kelley, Revere, 45 ft. 6 in.; second Klein, B. H. S. 45 ft. 3 in.; third Darling B. H. S. 44 ft. 6 in.

Dive — Won by Fermoyle, Revere; second Miodovnick, Revere; third Donovan, B. H. S.

Relay — Won by Revere (Norton, Stowell, Kelly, Fermoyle); B. H. S. (Wood Ridley, Flynn, Darling). Time — 1m. 25 2-5s.

Brookline Mermen Defeat All-Stars

Our swimming team completed a most successful season by winning a brilliant victory over the All-Star combination March 30. The result of the contest was in doubt until the winning of the first two places in the dive was announced. The relay was especially close. The final score was 32 to 21. The summary:

Relay race (two lengths) — Won by Brookline (Woods, Ridley, Flynn, Darling); second, All-stars (Fermoyle, Revere; Jewett, English; Snow, Huntington; Bidell, English). Time — 1m. 2-5s.

Dive — Donovan (B. H. S.) first; Klein (B.H. S.) second; Bidell (English) third.

50-yard — Bidell (English) first; Snow (Huntington) second; Darling (B. H. S.) third. Time — 26 4-5s.

100-yard — Snow (Huntington) first; Bidell (English) second; Ridley (B. H. S.) third. Time — 1m. 4s.

220-yard — D. Richardson (B. H. S.) first; P. Richardson (B. H. S.) second, Rubin (East Boston) third. Time — 2m. 52s.

Plunge — Bird (B. H. S.) first, 63 ft.; Monahan (Boston College) second; 62 ft.; Blanchard (B. H. S.) third, 56 ft.

HOCKEY

The Newton Play-Off

In one of the hardest-fought and best hockey games of the season Newton High defeated our seven, 3 to 0, on Friday evening, March 16.

During the first five minutes of play our forwards peppered the Newton goal tend unavailingly. Then Hughes of Newton intercepted the puck at mid-rink and snapped it past O'Hearn for the first tally. The rest of this period was evenly matched and Johnson, Marshall, and Delany made sensational but useless rushes into Newton territory.

After two minutes of play in the second half, Buntin of Newton received a passout from Davidson and shot the rubber into the net. Not long after this Buntin again scored.

Marshall and O'Hearn, although they were both ill preceding the contest, played exceptionally well.

This was the last important game of the season and Newton, besides winning the Triangular League Championship,also won the Interscholastic. The score:

NEWTON	BROOKLINE
Scott, l.w.	r.w., Taylor (Duane, Dooley)
Buntin, c.	c., Johnson (Capt.)
Eaton (Davidson, Cowen), r.w.	l.w., Delany
Hughes, r.	r., Marshall
Garrity, c.p.	c.p., Threshie
Rottler (Whalen), p.	p., Putnam
La Croix (Capt.), g.	g., O'Hearn

Score — N. H. S. 3, B. H. S. 0. Goals — Buntin 2, Hughes. Referee — Doc. Tingley. Timers — Rowe and Henderson. Time — 20m. halves.

Brookline *vs.* Arlington

We lost to Arlington March 24, at the Arena in our last game of the year. The score was 2 to 0. Our standing in the league was third for the season.

GOLF TEAM

Manager Taylor expects to have a schedule completed after the spring vacation. Already he has secured matches with Exeter on May 5, and with Milton Academy on June 8. Candidates will be called out soon and all interested should report.

RIFLE TEAM

The Brookline High Rifle team has captured the cup for the second period of the suburban Rifle League. Brookline won all five of its matches as follows:

Brookline	551	East Boston	519
Brookline	579	Rindge	519
Brookline	572	Dorchester	563
Brookline	572	English	510
Brookline	565	Somerville	538

The final matches of the League will be held during the last school term. The schedule:

April 11. Dorchester High.
" 17. Boston Latin.
" 26. East Boston High.
May 2. Somerville.
" 9. English.

TRACK

At a meeting of the Athletic Board, held Friday, March 30, the following track men were awarded letters: Delany '17, Ferguson, Hennessey (Capt.) '17, Hickey '17, Hirshberg (Manager) '17, Spitz '18. We wish "Bill" Kendrick, track manager elect, the best of success next year.

BASEBALL

Surely the prime sport at B. H. S. judging from the galaxy of promising material. All through the spring vacation the boys practiced, under the direction of coach Fradd and Capt. Leonardi, aided by Manager Spitz, who are enthusiastic and expect a winning team. The loss of "Chet" Arthur, last year's star pitcher, will no doubt, be keenly felt.

'13. Miss Madeline Hunt has made Phi Beta Kappa at Vassar. She has also won the Red Rose Honor.

JULIAN SPITZ '13

'13. Julian Spitz went down to Princeton to debate for Harvard in the Intercollegiate Triangular Debates.

'13. The offices of permanent President and Commencement Marshal went to alumni of Brookline High School at the Annual election of the Class of 1917 of Dartmouth College: R. G. Paine was named for the former office and K. L. Thielscher for the latter. Both have been prominent in academic and athletic life at Hanover.

'14. Alice Stewart has made Phi Beta Kappa at Radcliffe.

Ex-'14. Roland P. Shugg, first lieutenant, is acting captain of Troop M, 16th Cavalry U. S. A. He is in control of about twenty-five miles of border.

'15. "Max" Untersee has been elected captain of next year's swimming team at M. I. T.

KENNETH AKERS '16

'16. Kenneth Akers and Laurance E. Boyden have been taken into Lambda Chi Alpha at M. I. T. "Ken" is in the ballet of the Tech show. "Law" has made assistant manager of the tennis team.

'16. Edwin D. Ryer landed Freshman manager of the Tech show. This means that in his Junior Year "Pete" will manage the show—one of the most important offices in the school.

'16. Tom Woods is "leaning on the ball" in such an awe-inspiring fashion over on the Harvard Freshman diamond that he ought to be seen holding down first base when the games begin.

'16. Kenneth Roman has been appointed an associate editor of *The Tech*.

'16. Miss Marjory North's friends were greatly surprised to learn of her marriage to Mr. J. Brewster Cook at her home Wednesday, March 28.

Ex-'17. Alfred Wason and Walter Schildbach have been selected members of the second Freshman crew at M. I. T.

A Soldier's Dream

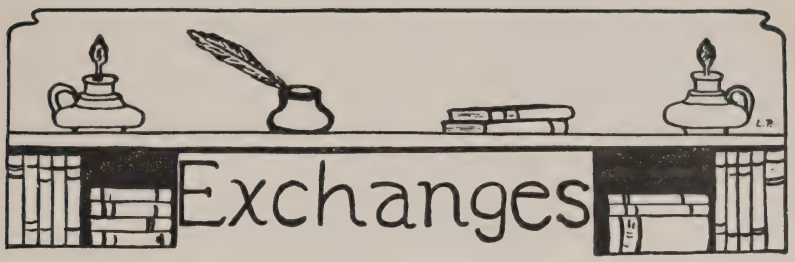
There is a wood, a cool, dim wood
  Beyond a garden gate,
Where rushes nod in hidden brooks
  And thrush sings to his mate.

There is a meadow on the hill
  Beyond a clear mill stream,
Where lingers dawn's first 'witching smile
  And sunset's farewell gleam.

I seem to see from out the dusk
  A hearth-fire burning bright,
A tiny cottage far away
  From the tumult of the fight.

I seem to see a mother's smile
  A tender, yearning glance
That comes to me above the flash
  Of bayonet and lance.

GERTRUDE DAVIS '17.



During the past month the following exchanges have been received: *The Shuttle*, High School of Practical Arts, Boston; *The Stuyvesant Stag*, Stuyvesant School, Warrenton, Va.; *The Dart*, Ashtabula High School, Ashtabula, Ohio; *The Red and Black*, Boys' High School, Reading, Pa.; *The Imp*, Brighton High School, Brighton, Mass.; *The Clarion*, Portsmouth High School, Portsmouth, N. H.; *The P. A. Record*, School of Practical Arts, Brookline; *The Triangle*, Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.; *The Forge*, University School, Cincinnati, Ohio; *The Newton High School Review*, Newton, Mass.; *The Clarion*, West Hartford High School, West Hartford, Conn.

As We See Others

The Shuttle: You are a very interesting, well-arranged paper, and one of the best among our exchanges. Your cuts are perfectly splendid!

The Stuyvesant Stag: Where is your literary department? Most of your magazine consists of advertisements and we suggest that you enlarge upon your various departments.

The Dart: On the whole you are a very good paper. Your jokes, however, are not very humorous.

The Imp: Your cover is not particularly good looking. You have an original Exchange Column that is really interesting.

The Clarion, Portsmouth High School: Where are your table of contents and your exchange column?

The P. A. Record: A very neat, concise, little paper! You improve with each number. The article on "The Origin of Printing" is very interesting.

The Forge: You are one of the best magazines in our exchanges.

As Others See Us

The Sagamore: An excellent paper.—*The Dart.*

The Sagamore: A fine paper and always interesting.—*The P. A. Record.*

The Sagamore: We like the way in which members of the school who are not on the Board, contribute to the editorial department. It shows a spirit which is often times lacking in a large high school. Your paper is well arranged except for the fact that some of your advertisements take the rightful place of your title page, namely, opposite the editorial page.—*The Triangle.*

The Sagamore: Your seal is very good looking, but it would be displayed to better advantage on a larger cover. "A Case Where Paine Gives Joy" is a skilfully handled story. The cartoons are amusing and likewise the poem, "Four School Years of Triolets." Your football record indicates that you have an invincible team, and one to be proud of. As for your humor—but here, let us forbear.—*The Forge.*

Exchanges Take Notice! (And Others)

When desiring to express verbal and oral opinion upon our Bubbles remember to "raise the tongue at the root, high toward the palate, obstructing as much as possible of the passage; contract and close the GLOTTIS still more than in gutteral tones; make strong effort to obstruct the egress of air, while with strongest pressure of abdominal, dorsal, and pectoral muscles it is forced out through the closed glottis and obstructed passage. This is the aspirate as used in the interpretation of the malignant passions."

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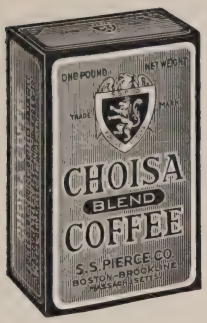

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Volume 23 MAY, 1917 Number 7

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXIII MAY, 1917 NUMBER 7

The armed fleets of an enemy approaching our harbors would be no more alarming than the relentless advance of a day when we shall have neither sufficient food nor the means to purchase it for our population. The farmers of the Nation must save it in the future just as they built its greatness in the past.—*James J. Hill.*

"The Hoe Guard"

WITH the declaration of war on April 6, the United States affirmed its former unproclaimed policy of supplying the Allies with food. The declaration means that now more than ever, shall we use our resources first to feed the fighters in Europe. It is easy enough to see that, unless we wish to lose the war, those men who are keeping the enemy from us must be fed by us. Our needs in this country must be considered secondary to the needs of others who are doing our fighting for us. We must, then — all of us who cannot fight — see to it that every bit of ground be cultivated efficiently in order to produce twice the food we are now raising.

Brookline has decided that the more people able to look after their own food supply to some degree, the greater the lessening of the nation's burden. Therefore, it asks all those able to do so to raise a crop this year, and it offers the necessary land, implements,

and instruction, to all interested. Moreover, *every bit raised will belong to the person who has cultivated it.* Here is your chance. It takes fifteen people to support one man in the trenches. If you cannot enlist, at least shoulder a hoe and be one-fifteenth of a soldier.

The plain facts are that we must awake and see the serious situation of our country, see that we may not rely on the war being a short one, and that in a large measure food will decide the outcome. We must all help bring this war to a successful finish by adding our mite to the forces of democracy. Above all we must not think that this problem is only one of more or less comfort, harder or easier conditions; it is, in plain English, "Food and Success," or, "Famine and Failure." Do your bit!

On Memorial Day

In these United States we live in a country free and independent, united in thought and action, and governed "by the people and for the people." But to attain these heights, it has been necessary in bygone years to uphold our liberty, our union, and our honor, by devastating war; it has become necessary to forge ploughshares into swords; it has become necessary for noble, brave, resolute men to leave their families and homes and give their lives, that *we* may be able to enjoy the fruits of their labor, their devotion and their sacrifice. In the Revolution of '76, they fought for our liberty; in the Rebellion of '61, they fought for our union; in the Spanish War of '98, they fought for our honor, and in these glorious years of prosperity, we reap the harvest of our forefathers' sacrifice. It is beyond denial that we should give over this one day in the year to honor their memory, to mourn their loss, and to decorate their graves; this day between springtime and summer when the air is perfumed with budding flowers and when the weather is most likely to be warm and pleasant, to stand by, with heads uncovered, while the old and feeble veterans of the Civil War march by on their way to the burying ground to pay their tribute of friendship and gratitude to "those heroes who dared to die and leave their children free."

B. L. '18.

The Message of the Flag

"Remember," the hard, cold voice continued, "do the job and the German government pays you well. Betray us," here the voice grew menacing, "and by his Majesty, the Kaiser, your life's not worth a dog's."

He towered above the trembling Russian, tall and dark, one hand sunk deep into the pocket of his great fur coat, and the other gripping his companion's shoulder. His eyes, like two sharp flints, seemed almost to pierce the other's heart. Ivan started, threw a hurried glance about him, and seeing they were all alone, stretched out his hand, muttering feverishly, "Yes, yes, I know. Quick, man, the machine."

Over the other's face there passed a change, seemingly of relief, and with an exclamation of satisfaction he slowly withdrew his hand disclosing a small, oblong package, carefully wrapped in thick brown paper. This he passed to the Russian. "Here," he whispered tensely. "It is set for 1.30. Remember; the steps of the arsenal: I'll wait here, you come back for the money."

Ivan seized the bundle and hurried away into the darkness, while the other drew back into the shadow of the building to wait. It was night, and all Petrograd was wrapped in darkness. Ivan's feet made no sound on the deep snow, as he tramped quickly along in the direction of the arsenal. Already he could see it, rising majestically into the night. Its huge engines, whose incessant clang by day announced the making of munitions for Russia, now were silent while the weary workmen slept. Already Ivan was fast approaching with a deadly implement for its destruction.

Suddenly he looked upward. He was passing the great library and there, fluttering in the wind, was a flag, his flag, the flag of Russia. Ivan stopped short. Russia, what had it done for him? Day after day he had toiled in the shipyards, slaving, ever slaving to keep a miserable roof over the heads of himself, his wife, and child. And a week ago he had been told to go, that fewer men were needed, and he had been turned out into the hard, cold winter to

starve, for none would employ a poor, ignorant peasant like himself at that time of year.

Then he had met this man, this German. He had seized Ivan as, in desperation, he had come out from the shipyards, had talked with him, sympathized with him, and, what was more important, had given him a good dinner.

A week had followed, crowded with cajoles, persuasions, and finally, almost threats on the part of the German, and refusal, then hesitation, and at last surrender from Ivan.

It was a simple thing to do, merely to place the machine on the steps of the arsenal and go away again. None would ever know; and for this he was to receive what seemed to the simple, half-crazed peasant a veritable fortune.

But now he looked upward. The flag seemed to gaze sorrowfully at him, as it fluttered to and fro, and the wind to whisper — "Rus-sh-sh-ia, Rus-sh-sh-ia," as it whistled around the flagpole.

As Ivan stood there listening, wild-eyed, to these silent voices, the clear, fair face of his baby son rose suddenly before his eyes. A knife seemed to pierce his heart. Could he let him grow up to be shunned and despised, to be branded in the eyes of the whole world as the son of a traitor? A thousand doubts and fears assailed him, as he stood in awful, palpitating uncertainty.

Then, through the darkness, through the whistle of the wind, and through his own thoughts, pierced suddenly the regular tick-tick, tick-tick of the infernal machine, while somewhere from a distance, a huge bell rang once. One o'clock. Ivan grew terrified and gazed horror-stricken at the innocent looking package in his hand.

"My God," he whispered hoarsely through tense, dry lips, "only one-half hour more"; and as the full realization of the crime which he was about to commit surged madly through his brain, he dropped to his knees in the snow and cast an agonized, imploring gaze upward to the flag. In the soft waves of his country's emblem he seemed to read a decision, for, struggling to his feet, he turned and ran frenziedly back to where he had left the German.

True to his word the man was waiting, and as he saw the terrified, trembling Russian run toward him, he spoke the one word,

"Well?" The sneering, sarcastic tone cut like a knife, and all Ivan's hot Russian blood rose in revolt. His terror slipped from him, and drawing himself up proudly, he faced the other, a strange light in his eyes.

"You forgot," he said clearly, "that I should pass the great library on my way. But, thank God, my flag was there, and it made me remember in time that I was a Russian, and not the tool of a spy. Here is the machine. It will explode in fifteen minutes."

He turned to go, but the other, over whose face a change had passed seized his arm in an iron grip. "Ivan," he said, "Russia needs men like you to help in making munitions for her defense. Only the bravest, and most loyal are needed, and I undertook to put you to the test. I am Moranvitch, the head of the arsenal." "And now," he added, before the dumbfounded Russian could reply, "we will attend to the machine." Swiftly he tore off the paper and disclosed a thick cardboard box. This he opened and displayed to Ivan's incredulous eyes — a harmless alarm-clock.

Iris Woodman, '19.

The Sleeper

At dawn the wind came with the sun out of the east, and it was joyful and glad. It blew quite gaily over the country, caressing the flowers, kissing the brooks, playing tag and gamboling with the leaves and grass. Still more gaily it raced into the city to sweep the streets, and to put dust in the city's eyes. As it romped through the avenues and thoroughfares crowded with people, teeming with life, it lost some of its buoyancy, — brick corners hurt the wind.

One sharp corner wrenched it in half as it passed; one-half went upward, and the other downward. The former piece began to peep into windows and shake the curtains. A pair of these curtains suddenly yawned in, and in rushed the wind. It swirled across a dark little room that was so narrow that part of the breeze was forced out again. It fluttered the grimmy bedclothes of a still more dingy bed, and pulling them back, showed a pale, wan girl

lying there. She took no note of the wind's advances, but lay fast asleep. It patted her cheeks, tossed her hair, whispered in her ear, but the girl neither moved nor smiled in return. Sulkily, the breeze rummaged the room. There were only a few tattered clothes that danced pathetically at its impatient urging, so the wind gave it up and went back to the bed.

Gently tuning in a minor key, it started a harmonious symphony, full of exquisite melodies. Rising and falling in a soft, yet joyful rhythm, the prelude portrayed the birth in the east. As it swung into the story of the romp in the open, appealing crescendo scales, suggestive with the fascination of the country, flooded the bare room. The girl heeded them not; she lay still and quiet on her grimy pillow. The wind took fright at her strange indifference; it ruffled the bedclothes again; it shook her hair faster, and whistled its shrillest, but she lay there, listless, still quiet.

Evening was approaching, and soon the wind must go with the sun, into the west. Frantically it sang and danced; told of its wondrous travels, daring exploits, many campaigns. How it froze the seas in winter, how it dimpled the lakes in summer; rushed through every tree in the forests, yet stopped to salute each leaf. Told her how the sun was shining, washing all the world with gold, making royal each wildflower. But the charming tale was unheeded and was poured into ears that were deaf. Suffering and pained, the wind flew back out of the window and was almost in the west when it halted, turned and went once more to that quiet chamber. Softly, the breeze caressed the pale girl's cheek. Tenderly it laid down the toussled hair and smoothed the ruffled pillow.

Plaintively, with appealing pathos, a requiem was begun that shuddered through the room, out of the window and high up to heaven. The moon heard, and hid her face. The world heard, and became still. All night long the wind sobbed and sobbed — alone.

MARIETA O. BONNER, '17

Two Poems

J. E. A. '17.

The Pipes of Pan

The pipes of Pan are calling, calling,
Far across the sunlit hills!
Birds their happy songs are singing,
And to earth their joy are bringing,
All the world is young and gay
In the merry month of May!

The pipes of Pan are calling, calling,
O, the wild, sweet piping trills!
How I long to follow, follow,
Over hill and wooded hollow,
And forever and a day
Wander in the land of May!

A Song of Summer

O, the world rolls on in a rhythm of praise,
With joyous bird-notes and the tinkle of streams,
And the winds that play with the merry sunbeams,
In the wonder and beauty of summer!

O, the dawn with its dew and its soft cool mist,
The faint rosy colors that tint the blue sky,
And the songs the birds sing as upward they fly,
In the light and the life of summer!

O, the noon with its glowing and golden sun,
The smooth glassy pools that in broad meadows lie,
And reflect the blue of the hot noon-day sky,
In the still lazy heat of summer!

O, the night with its stars and its silvery moon,
Its deep purple shadows caressing and cool,
And the soft quiet sounds from hill, vale, and pool,
In the dreamy and mystical summer!

William Dell

WILLIAM DELL started to wind up. Gradually, the enormous crowd that packed the stand and bleachers at Glenway Park, ceased its chatter and watched with bated breath the famous pitcher of the World's Champions. The Sox were ahead in the opening game of the season. It was the first half of the ninth inning. The score was one to nothing. The Yankees, unable to solve the puzzling delivery of "Bill" Dell, had managed to get three men on bases in this inning. There were two out, and the count on the batter was three balls and two strikes. As Dell wound up, the runners got into motion. He pitched the ball harder than ever before. It streaked over the plate shoulder high past the batter, who looked inquiringly at the umpire for his decision.

"Ball four," declared that official. Dell started for the plate. "Why you poor fish," he declared, "that was right over the pan."

"Get out there and pitch ball," retorted the umpire, "or I'll send you to the bench."

"Someone ought to get you a pair of goggles," Dell replied.

"Get out of the game, you yellow cur," yelled the umpire.

"All right," replied the pitcher, "but just take this to remember me by," and he struck the umpire such a terrific smash on the jaw that the umps went to sleep for the next ten minutes.

That night, the umpire sent a lengthy report of the incident to Kessler, the tyrannical president of the league. All the baseball world awaited his verdict. Never before had a player dealt so roughly with the umpire as had Pitcher Dell. Suspension for half the season would be the minimum punishment, most of the fans thought.

Finally Kessler's ruling came. Dell was to play no more games that season unless he would throw a baseball from the pitcher's box and knock a grape fruit from his six year old son's head. What a sensation there was in the baseball world. Everybody thought that Dell would quit the game. Indeed, that was his intention. But when his team-mates started pleading with him he weakened. They told him they could not win the pen-

nant without him, and how they would be sure to win it if he was with them. So he put it up to his son.

"Go to it," was the boy's reply, "I know you can do it."

So all arrangements were made. Dell was to have his trial before the Saturday afternoon game. Kessler, himself was to be there to see that Dell didn't cheat.

Needless to say, the grounds were packed on the eventful day. The excitement was intense. Little interest was taken in the preliminary practice; but all eyes were on Dell, who was warming up just as though he were getting ready to pitch a game. Five minutes before the starting time, the field was cleared. The him, the one Dell had assaulted, led the pitcher's son to the plate. The applause was terrific when Dell shook hands with the umpire, and said that he was sorry for his hasty action. The umpire told him to forget it and wished him good luck. Dell walked out to the box amidst the most death-like silence that ever occurred at a ball game. Not a sound could be heard; the score-card and peanut sellers ceased their racket, the telegraph instruments were idle, and the ushers absolutely forgot their duty for the time being. Dell stood out there in the pitcher's box with a brand new ball in his hand. His son was kneeling on home plate with a grape-fruit on his head. The pitcher examined the ball closely. Evidently, he was not satisfied with it for he tossed it aside and said, "Give me another one, this one is imperfect." So the umpire tossed him another. He found it satisfactory and looked steadily at his son.

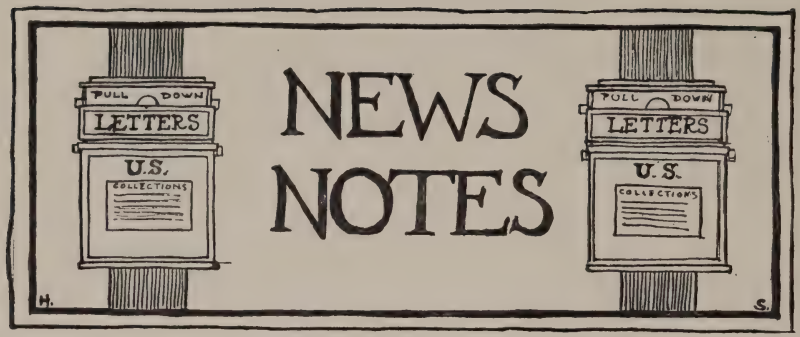
"Keep up your nerve, kid," he said. Then he began to wind up just as those same fans had seen him do many times before. He let the ball fly. It went straight and true, knocking the fruit into a thousand pieces. The crowd rose as one, and cheered and cheered. They stamped their feet, and threw their hats in the air.

Dell went over to the box Kessler occupied. As he started to speak to the president a baseball fell from his shirt and dropped at his feet.

"What was that for?" queried Kessler.

"That," replied Dell, "was to bean you with, had I harmed my boy."

R. Morse '17.



On April 9, in our usual Thursday morning assembly in the hall, President Wilson's War Message was read by Barton Leach '18.

In view of the extraordinary success of the school rifle team Major Portal of the National Rifle Association addressed the school. After a few appropriate remarks he presented the cup won by the rifle team and suggested that the boys who won it be immediately enrolled in military service of the country as they possess wonderful marksmanship. The boys who shot in the competition are Ingraham, Bolton, McCabe, Jacobs, Silver, Snell, McPherson, Beal, McCollum, Angevine and Currier.

On April 12, the food conservation movement reached the High School. Mr. Charles H. Eglee of the town sub-committee addressed the assembly in the hall. He emphasized the importance of the campaign and the need of high school help. The statement that the Blake estate had been obtained for cultivation by the students brought forth much applause.

The High School immediately got busy. Plans were made and forces organized for the work. The estate was given the official title of Blake Farm and the following committees were formed for its management: Executive Committee: Mr. W. C. Akers, Chairman; Mr. Packard, Miss Pease, Miss Waldo, Mr. Hutchinson, Miss Young, Miss Smith, Mr. Atticks. School Gardening Committees: Finance and Publicity, Mr. J. C. Packard, Chairman,

Miss Bailey, Miss Snow. Recruiting and Parents, Miss E. D. Pease, Chairman, Miss Hartshorn, Miss Gambrill, Mrs. Thurston, Miss Lewis, Miss Harris. Seeds and Instruction, Miss Dorothy Waldo, Chairman, Miss MacCabe, Miss Liden, Miss Dey. Land, Tools and Fertilizer, Mr. E. P. Hutchinson, Chairman, Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Snow. Cooperation with Town, Miss Maude Young, Chairman, Miss Spaulding, Miss Morrison. Canning and Storing, Miss L. C. Smith, Chairman, Miss Jones, Miss Sayre, Miss Perkins. Protection, Miss M. L. Henry, Chairman, Miss Sawyer. Supervision, Mr. K. C. Atticks, Chairman, Mr. Akers, Mr. Bridgham, Mr. Case.

The work was hurried along and on the 26th of the month Miss Pease assembled all who had any intention of cultivating a plot. She explained that the farm was divided into portions 1-25 of an acre in size and that they would be assigned in half, whole or double lots. It was estimated that the cost of a garden would be about $4.00. This includes the seeds, fertilizer, and tools. When the slips came in it was found that about one hundred and thirty were willing to keep a garden and of this number the larger part were girls.

On the same day Mr. D. Lacy of the Town Forestry Department talked to the committees concerning cooperation with the town and the supervision. Mr. Lacy expressed his admiration for the high school's work and offered any assistance that the town might lend. He proposed to send an expert gardener to supervise the instruction of the pupils and his offer was gladly accepted. The plans for ploughing, furrowing, harrowing and planting the gardens are practically complete and the work has already been contracted for.

Those who have signed to cultivate a garden intend to raise chiefly potatoes and beans. Their names are: For half plot—K. Bickford, E. Bishop, A. Carstens, C. Cohen, H. Cohen, L. Hersey, E. Howard, A. Jamieson, A. Mayo. I. MacDonald, H. Mitchell, P. Moore, C. Potter, L. Pingree, A. Quimby, M. Quimby, K. Saxe, L. C. Smith, M. Thatcher, M. Tolman, M.

Walke, B. Young. Two plots: A. Alland, E. Allen, K. C. Atticks, F. Bean, A. Bentley, J. Bonner, F. Carey, O. Christiansen, J. Collins, H. Connellan, M. Connelly, F. Convey, A. Crowley, C. Crowley, A. Ford, R. Hall, G. Ingraham, A. Johnson, M. Johnson, W. Kenny, V. Kistler, H. Koch, K. Lancaster, A. Mahoney, G. Mahoney, T. O'Brien, J. O'Hara, E. Paley, F. Paisted, J. Pearson, A. Rose, A. Ridley, P. Rowe, F. Schacht, G. Silver, H. Summers, V. Summers, R. Wason, S. Vadner, J. Wilson, M. Ahearn, M. Buckley and H. Montgomery.

One plot: F. Angevine, M. Bailey, M. Bain, B. Bell, A. Birkmaier, R. Birkmaier, M. Canty, C. Connelly, H. M. Cork, J. Corcoran, C. Corliss, A. Dolan, F. Farley, M. Fenerty, R. Fuller, L. Gambrill, M. Harrington, F. Hickey, W. Heider, M. Henry, A. Joyce, W. Klein, C. McCabe, K. McManus, T. Mahoney, A. Mannion, K. McMahan, I. M. Morrison, F. Morse, H. Mullowney, M. Mullowney, E. Murphy, J. Nichols.

On Friday evening, April 13, "The Man of the Hour" was presented at the Devotion School. This was the third performance of the 1917 dramatics and its success was just as great as at the other productions.

The Senior Class has chosen the following as banner bearers on Class Day: Helen Sherman, Jessie Alison, Constance Webling. At the same meeting of the class Purdy was named class photographer.

The Juniors elected as their banner bearers Mary Craig, Bertha Young, Doris Neal.

On April 13, at 1.30, the school assembled in the hall to bid farewell to the boys who have enlisted. Those from school who have entered the service are Stewart Young, '17, Henry Stevenson '19, Walter Cameron '18, Roger Mills '18, Warren O'Mealey '18, Henry Horn '18, Stuart Briggs '19.

The Girls' Debating Club has chosen its officers for next year. They are: President, Miriam Doan; Vice-President, Doris Neal; Secretary, Elizabeth Sutherland; and Chairman of the Rhetorical Committee, Harriet Bridgman.

Plans for Class Day are now being worked out. The committee, under the supervision of Dr. Roberts has already made arrangements and hopes to make the fete day the best ever this year.

The Hall Assembly on Thursday, April 26, took the form of a patriotic meeting. Ellsworth Blanchard '18 sang the national anthem with the whole school joining in the refrain. After this, the flag was saluted, a ceremony which Mr. Akers hopes to make a custom. Mr. Akers then addressed the school. He asked the school to be patriotic by being economical and careful with school supplies. He concluded by saying "Let us be patriotic by being economical."

Leonard S. Saxe has won the competition for the words of the Class Song.

In connection with the Food Conservation Movement a publicity campaign was organized. Every member of the school was requested to write a letter addressed to the townspeople urging them to raise crops and be economical. The best ones were printed in the local papers. The four used were those of Gertrude Davis '17, Ferrisse Angevine '20, Herbert Darling '18, and Malcolm Morse '20.

Scholarship honors for third quarter—First honors, Seniors: Carleton Shugg, Wilhelmina Pree; Juniors: Miriam Doan, Helene Feldman, Helen Gibbons; Sophomores: Charlotte Cowles, Edna Shepard, Iris Woodman, Conrad Salinger; Freshmen: Ferrisse Angevine, Milton Casson, Hans Fischer, Holden Furber, John Rogers.

On Friday, May 4, at three o'clock, Mr. Henry Sheahan addressed a large audience in Shailer Hall on "The Front." Mr. Sheahan who is the author of "A Volunteer Poilu," was an instructor in English at Harvard at the beginning of the war. He volunteered for the ambulance service in France and spent two years in that capacity. His talk was interesting and intimate. Personal experiences as well as general subjects on methods of fighting at the front formed a large part of his address. A gas mask was shown and its principles explained.

Boys' Tennis Team

The Athletic Association Council elected Sam Vadner '17, as boys' tennis manager. It was recommended that, as it is too near the end of the school year to select a team and arrange a satisfactory schedule, the manager should hold a school tournament. The winners of this contest will form the nucleus of next year's team.

Girls' Tennis Team Schedule

May 5. Somerville at Brookline.
May 16. Haskell's at Brookline.
May 19. Concord at Concord.
May 23. Guild and Evans at Brookline.
May 26. Wellesley at Wellesley.
June 2. Newton at Brookline.
Additional matches may be arranged later.

Baseball

A Good Start

In the first game of the season Brookline won from Roxbury Latin by a 6–4 score. The game was played on the playground. It was rather a ragged exhibition, but this is to be expected of the season's first game, considering that the B. H. S. winter training grounds are located no farther south than the Municipal Gymnasium. Mahoney caught and Owens pitched for the Brookline nine. Owens made a record of nineteen strikeouts. Good work, Fred!

Brookline 5, Weymouth 1

In a fast game held at Brookline Field, April 19, Fred Bowdidge pitched a winning game for our team against Weymouth. This game was a decided contrast to the slow Roxbury Latin contest.

An Off Day

Errors by our players opened the way for a good trouncing from Rindge Tech on April 23. The score in brief:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Rindge Technical	3	0	0	3	0	4	0	1	0	=11
Brookline High	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	=2

A Hard Fought Game

Our baseball team met its second defeat of the season at the hands of the strong Newton nine on April 28. Both sides played errorless ball, but we finished on the short end of a 4–0 score. The inability of the B. H. S. players to connect with the ball at opportune times was the alibi offered by Captain Leonardi.

"Beating up" umpires has always been characteristic of good baseball, but since when has it become the open season for baseball managers? Cheer up, Dick, who knows but what a crack over the head with a baseball bat will improve your ability to solve quadratic equations?

Crew

The crew men have been practicing faithfully on the Charles River. The first crew is composed of: Coxswain, Rowe; stroke, Shugg; No. 3, Bowker; No. 2, Ridley; bow, Newman. The coxswain of the second crew has not yet been decided upon; the others are: stroke, McMackin; No. 3, Wason; No. 2, Tyler; bow, Xiques.

The Rifle Team

In order to defeat our rifle team Dorchester had to establish a new record of 583. The old record of 579 was held by Brook-

line. The B. H. S. rifle team has shot in two other matches, but the result is not yet known because their opponents have not turned in their scores.

No doubt the great success of the Rifle Team this year has been due to the progressive policy of those in charge of the work, who succeeded in obtaining such a large number of would-be marksmen to begin practising on the range early last fall.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association Council several matters of importance were dicided :

It was voted to provide tennis balls to the girls' tennis team. This is certainly due the girls for the splendid support they have accorded the Athletic Association.

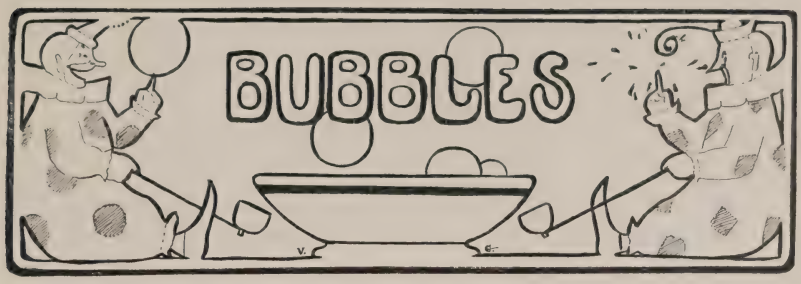
Hockey insignia is to be awarded the following: Marshall, Putnam, Delaney, Duane, Threshie, O'Hearn, Johnson, Dooley, Taylor, and Manager Morse. It was suggested that the men might prefer an insignia consisting of crossed hockey sticks over a B rather than the one usually given. In connection with a discussion along this line Coach Fradd recommended that, if it could afford to do so, the Athletic Association should actually give letters to the boys. Thus a standard insignia would take the place of the polyglot assortment now worn by members of Brookline's victorious teams.

Alfred Shapiro '18 and McMillan '19 were elected manager and first assistant manager, respectively, of next year's hockey team.

Dooley '18 was elected manager of next year's swimming team. Tom Taylor '19 secured the position of assistant manager. The question of awarding the members of the swimming team their insignia was brought up but was not definitely settled.

"Pat" Egan, captain of the golf team, has high hopes of having a most successful season. Good luck to you, "Pat" ; but hurry your schedule along before all the golf links are plowed up and planted with spinach.

Barkhouse '17 was elected manager of the golf team.



Algebra

If A walks to B in a specified time,
And a dishonest merchant mixes water with wine,
And a crew in still water can row twenty feet,
How long will it be before they will meet?

If a tank can be filled by three pipes in a week,
And it's later found out that the pipes have a leak,
So the circular base of the tank is immersed,
Does this equal the number with the digits reversed?

If a man rides a bike to a far away street,
And throws down his bike and returns on his feet,
If the last term of X equals the square root of 8,
Does the binomial theorem quite permutate?

—Ex.

P. G. :—"When I was young my doctor said that I would become feeble minded if I didn't stop smoking."

1920:—"Well, why didn't you stop?"

First Mariner:—"Hey, this boat has sprung a leak, and I'm afraid it's going to sink."

Second M:—"Well, what do we care, we don't own the boat."

Irate Hubby:—"Do you mean to tell me that you wear that hat on the street?"

Wife:—"No, dear, I wear it on my head."

Found on an English theme:—"The mountain passage was too steep even for a donkey—so I did not attempt it."

Teacher:—"Now, I want you all to draw a picture of Plymouth Rock for me."

Willie:—"Shall we draw a hen or a rooster?"

HONK! HONK!

A flivver speeded out of a cross street and struck a street car squarely amidships. The street car conductor got off to investigate. "What's the matter with you?" he asked the driver of the flivver, "Don't you know you can't run under my car with your top up?"

Voice over phone:—"Is this the Weather Bureau? How about a shower tonight?"

Prophet:—"Don't ask me. If you need one, take it."

A pacifist whose surname was Fletcher,
Had a little mixup with a catcher;
He yelled, "Hey, you sap!"
Which started the scrap,
And they took Fletcher home on a stretcher.

We would like to know the reason for studying Newton's Law's of Motion when we ought to know something about Brookline.

Miss H:—"What is an elegy?"

R. E-w-ds:—"A long drawn out poem."

Mr. C.:—"Use the vinculum, the vinculum, use the vinculum."

L-ne frantically picks up an eraser and eradicates all his work.

Mr. C. "You may come back at 1.30."

Miss S. (in Chemistry):"What is more common than quartz?"

Cooney:—"Pints."

'09. Gwendolyn Moore was married on April 11, to Thomas W. Fernald, Harvard '12.

'11. Caroline Burdett is assistant secretary of the Vassar Alumnae Association, Boston Branch.

'12. E. Thurston Clarke and Estelle Krieger were married on April 30, at Harvard Church.

'12. Betty Bouve is teaching cooking and sewing in Salem.

'12. Doris Holman, who is studying under Professor Baker in Harvard 47 Workshop, has had two plays of hers produced by that body this season, "Will o' the Wisp," and "Rusted Stock." Richard Salinger '14 is a member of the same organization.

'13. Robert G. Paine was recently voted the most popular man in his class at Dartmouth, and "Barney" Thielscher was a close second.

'13. Edith Faxon has offered her services to the American Ambulance Corps.

'13. Mildred Atwood is studying and teaching music.

'13. Raymond Collerd has recently returned from France, where he drove an ambulance and he has now been accepted as a candidate for one of the new aviation schools.

'14. Marion O'Connor is at Bryn Mawr College, where she recently won the Powers Memorial Scholarship.

'14. Eleanor Carlisle is president of the Senior Class at Sargent.

'14. "Flo" Dusossoit and Tom O'Connor have left our midst to join the American Ambulance Corps in France.

'14. Margaret Wesner is a Senior at Sargent.

'14. "Spud" Flanders is teaching in Everett.

Ex-'14. Margaret Carlisle is Director of Physical Culture at Wheaton College.

'15. Gifford Wilcox has left Dartmouth to offer his services in Naval Coast Patrol.

'15. Marion Neal was recently married to Mr. W. W. Daly, who is about to go into service with the U. S. Army.

'15. Julia Lancaster is a Junior at Sargent.

Ex-'15. Edward Cobb is at the New York University.

'16. Tom Woods is on the 1921 Class Finance Committee at Harvard.

Ex-'16. Margaret Wood made the varsity basketball team at Sargent.

Ex-'16. Addis Nelson has received an appointment to Annapolis, where he will enter the first of June.

Ex-'16. "Pat" Lynch has joined Battery A.

Ex-'16. Renwick MacDonald has enlisted in the Naval Reserve.

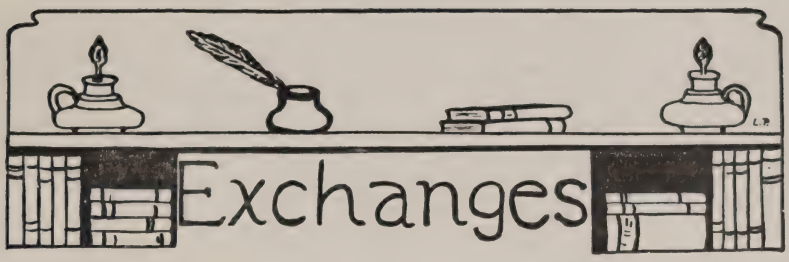
Ex-'17. Harold Trull has joined the Naval Reserve and is working in the commissary department at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Ex-'17. Hayward Binney and Horace Murnane are at Stone School.

Ex-'17. Hicks Attwell is a quartermaster in the Naval Reserve.

Ex-'17. Jeffrey Richardson has recently been elected captain of the Stone School Crew.

Ex-'18. Janet Stanley is at Rogers' Hall.



The number of our exchanges has increased during the last month. They are: *The Horace Mann Record*, Girls' Horace Mann School, New York City; *The Putnam Hall Chronicle*, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; *The Newton High School Review*, Newton, Mass.; *The Red and Black*, Reading High School, Pa.; *Brocktonia*, Brockton High School, Mass.; *The Megaphone*, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; *The Clarion*, W. Hartford High School, Conn.; *The Owl*, Hoosac School, Hoosac, N. Y.; *The Dolphin*, Far Rockaway High School, N. Y.; *The Shuttle*, High School of Practical Arts, Boston; *The Imp*, Brighton High School, Mass.; *The Dart*, Ashtabula High School, Ohio; *The Triangle*, Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.; *The Argonaut*, Mansfield High School, Mass.; *Gold and Blue*; *Cambridge Review*, Cambridge High and Latin School, Mass.; *The Bulletin*, Montclair, N. J.; *The Sunnyside*, Washington Irving High School, Tarrytown, N. Y.; *The P. A. Record*, School of Practical Arts, Brookline; *Keramos*, East Liverpool, Ohio; *The Sanfordian*, Sanford School, Redding Ridge, Conn.; *St. Helen's Hall Quarterly*, St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXIII JUNE, 1917 NUMBER 8

On Departing

When I have said my last good-bye to you,
Passed through your doors the last time, there will be
The shadow of your halls asleep in me.
From shadow-birth, and dimly sad in hue,
Years later, ghosts of boyhood shall anew
Smile star-like through time's twilight, I shall see
Your toy-like glories pass in pageantry,
And feel again the happiness I knew.
And so I leave you, so I say good-bye,
That you may know the thought of you will last
So long as I am I; no matter where,
Beneath the laughing or the weeping sky,
To you I shall look back across the past,
And learn again that life is good and fair.

JOHN JULIAN RYAN.

Efficiency

The Trustees of the Brookline Public Library have decided that, beginning next year, the High School will be included in the Town's Library System. There will be an experienced librarian in charge of the room; for once the books will be arranged

and catalogued. New additions will accrue; old, unreadable matter—or, at least, matter not read—will, we hope, be replaced by more current material.

Brookline intends to have as much cooperation as possible between her schools and libraries, and this change which is planned cannot fail to be of help to B. H. S. students in many ways.

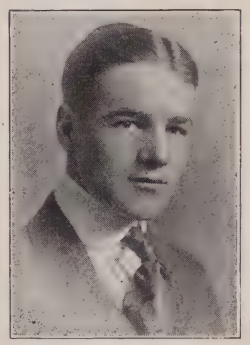
When we see the scheme an established fact, more of us will realize what splendid facilities and what marked efficiency there is in this branch of work. Few of the pupils appreciate the system and completeness, the scope and influence of our library. In Brookline the library is not "where the bums read papers free." It is an efficient, comfortable, and thoroughly up-to-date organization, and in incorporating more efficiency into the High School organization, the Town makes a progressive step.

The Sagamore takes great pleasure in announcing its complete board for next year:

Editor-in-Chief	Barton Leach, Jr. '18
Business Manager	Robert McMillan '19
Literary Editor	Margaret Spaulding '19
News Editor	Richard Ehrlich '18
Asst. News Editor	Iris Woodman '19
Athletic Editor	Alfred Shapiro '18
Asst. Athletic Editor	Lester Stevens '19
Bubbles Editor	Conrad Salinger '19
Alumni Editor	Katherine Houghton '18
Asst. Alumni Editor	Draper Hill '18
Exchange Editor	Doris Neal '18
Advertising Mgr.	Payson Rowe '18

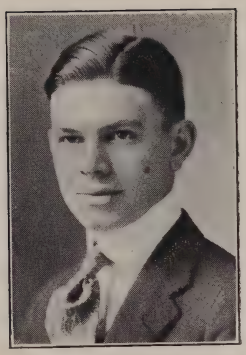
Assistant Business Managers—Three positions open for competition.

FREDERICK W. BOWDIDGE



CLASSMATES: In future years, Class Day to us will recall tender memories. It will remind us of our youthful ambitions and of our dreams of future triumphs. It will picture the School in which we passed four of the best years of our life. May we always look back upon this—our School—with love and tender devotion. May the strength of this vine be ours in fighting for the right, may the tenacity of its tendrils be expressive of our firmness of purpose. So we place this ivy beneath these sheltering walls, the visible emblem of the Class of 1917.

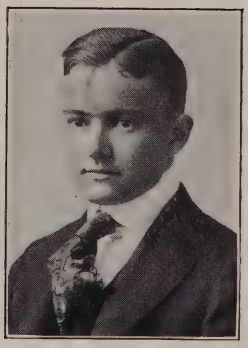
Class Officers, 1917



DANIEL TYLER, Jr.
President

KATHERINE LYNCH
Vice-President

HELEN SHERMAN
Secretary



EARL A. FISK
Treasurer

Address of Welcome

Daniel Tyler, Jr.

Parents and Friends of the Class of 1917 :

It is my great pleasure in behalf of my classmates to extend to you all a very cordial welcome to the indoor exercises of this, our Class Day.

Already you have viewed the outdoor efforts of the School as a whole, and we hope it has been an interesting exhibition Now, however, you are to witness the exercises which we, as Seniors, present. In our Oration will be set forth the standards which will accompany us into the most imaginary of all futures; our Class Poem will express to you the ideals which we believe should govern us, as Americans, in this Great War, and in the future; our History will reveal in an amusing manner our many achievements here in B. H. S. ; our Prophecy may give you accurate pictures of us individually, as we may seem years hence. Finally, we shall sing our Class Song, expressing our loyalty to Brookline High School.

Those of us who are soon to enter the world to shift for ourselves, and those of us who have higher institutions of learning ahead of us, in fact, all of us in any pursuits of life will always remember the four years of affiliation with Brookline High. We cannot thank the Faculty of this School too much for their untiring efforts to help us. Moreover, to our parents and friends we are indebted for their loyal support and encouragement. In short, to one and all who have in any way aided our progress, we wish now to offer our deepest thanks.

With this spirit of indebtedness and gratitude, we welcome you here this afternoon.

CLASS ORATION

The Duties of Citizenship

JOHN P. HICKEY

CLASSMATES: In the world, each annual stock-taking declares to the business man his assets and his liabilities. It does more than that, however, for it determines, too, whether the year for him has been a success or a failure.

We have spent four years in this School. Shall we not take an account of stock? Shall we not ask ourselves, what have we to show for that time spent here? What are our assets? What are our liabilities? What are our prospects of success in life?

First, we have been educated in the arts, sciences, and languages of the world. Those of us whose talent lay along mechanical or manual lines have been the recipients of most excellent training in these branches of education. On the other hand, those of us whose interest lay in the study of history or languages, have received much helpful information from these studies. Whether it be in the use of hand or brain, we have been transformed from raw material as Freshmen, to a more finished product as Seniors.

Second, we have been instructed in the necessary qualities that are essential to a successful life; "Knowledge," the recognition of "Opportunity," the necessity of having a "Purpose in Life," and the motto of every American school-boy and school-girl, "Fair Play." These qualities, we have striven to make our own in preparing ourselves for the world. These are the assets we have to our credit. What are our liabilities?

The Duties of Citizenship are our liabilities. Education, our country has given us; an upright, courageous, dutiful citizen, she asks in return.

We have much tradition from which to start. The structure of our national government is built on the foundation of good citizenship. Our forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence, as dutiful, democratic citizens, in protest against corrupt, despotical, and tyrranical rule. The statesmen who framed our constitution presented to our country the most perfect example of good citizenship that the world had ever seen. And when the United States Government, recently declared war against the German Imperial Government, it placed itself as the modern exponent of good citizenship. So you see, Classmates, we have a model on which to build. More than that, we have a reputation to live up to, for we must take up the standard of our forefathers and carry it along with the advance of civilization.

What are these Duties of Citizenship? Are they not, in brief, the subordination of the individual for the benefit of his country, and the fair and equal treatment of his fellow man? Are not these the duties which the United States imposes upon her citizens?

Our asset, education, has made us fit individuals to serve our country. Throughout our school life our nation's ideals have, unconsciously perhaps, been our ideals. We have never entered any activity, either athletic or academic, with a spirit of personal gain or glory, but with a firm determination to do our best, because the reputation of our School was at stake. Always, we have subordinated our own personal individual interests, in order that we might help to further the interests of our School.

Thus, Classmates, has our school life taught us how to meet the first liability we incur when we assume our duties. And thus we have been participants in examples of the subordination of the individual for the benefit of the whole, just as our illustrious forefathers subordinated their personal interests for the benefit of their country by dying on the field of battle, in order that the ideals of the American Republic might be handed down to us.

In this critical period of our nation's history, the need for subordination of individual interests for the common good, is plain. Everyone sees that it is a time when he must put aside all thoughts of personal gain and social advancement and place his all at the call of his country.

Yes, in time of war when valiant men make noble deeds an everyday occurrence, it is not difficult to understand the power that leads one to personal sacrifice. But it is more difficult to picture, when our country resumes its peaceful, normal state, the individual sacrificing personal, material gain, and social advancement in order that the progress of his country may be furthered. Yet this is part of our great Duty of Citizenship — our liability.

I have said part, Classmates, for there is another duty which is as essential to our country's progress. We, being recipients of a free education in a free country, are placed under greater obligations to our fellow men. It is our habit too often to look with disdain on the poor immigrant who has come to our shores to become a part of our democracy. It is too often our habit to scorn our inferiors in knowledge, or the one who is less fortunate than we in regard to worldly goods.

It is then we become the smug, self-satisfied element in our country's life ; it is then we become the deadwood in our country's structure, which finally weakens the wholesome and upright frame of our nation. Yet our education should compel us to help those less fortunate than we; should demand that we make those liberty-loving, liberty-seeking people of foreign countries true and upright citizens of our own country. More than that, it is that we, through meeting our liabilities, the Duties of Citizenship, should prepare others to meet their liabilities.

Let us, then, Classmates, before we enter this world determine to assume the liabilities which our country has placed upon us—the Duties of Citizenship. Let us be fit individuals in the service of our own country, in order that our country may be a fit individual in the service of the world; that she may be the defender of the right ; the protector of the oppressed ; the champion of true democracy. Then, Classmates, our prospects of success in life will be realized.

Class Poem, 1917

Tomorrow

JESSIE ELLEN ALISON

The world is dazed with suffering, and drear with perished hopes;
O'er sunny lands and peaceful homes the god of war doth ride;
The hills and fields are brown and sere, and on the tragic slopes
Burn fires that redden ravaged coasts, and light the countryside.

Upon that bleak and withered hill there once were happy hearths,
And hearts beat high with love and hope where all is now so still;
Where lie the dead like autumn leaves along the woodland paths,
In times gone by the sunlight fell on rock and babbling rill.

In darkened forests, where, of yore, the hunter's lusty horn
Rang, sounding loud with echoes clear on frosty autumn eves,
Now thund'ring cannon boom and roar to usher in the morn,
And wanton tongues of flame destroy the greenwood's tender leaves.

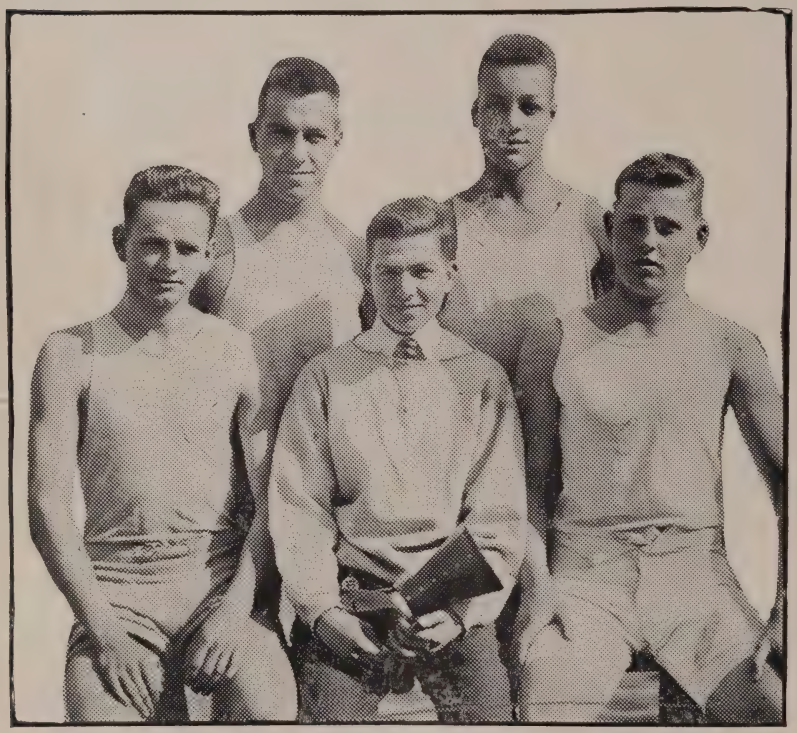
"There is no God! What need is there for noble aims?" man cries:
"Is nothing left but chaos, blinding mist, and bitter strife?
Is there no trace of beauty underneath these blackened skies,
And only futile struggle in this grim and sordid life?"

O, doubting soul! Doth not some power make blossoms fill the air
When days grow long? And do not children's merry voices ring
Across green, waving meadowlands on mornings fresh and fair?
Yes, there are happy children, still, and fragrant flowers, and spring!

The blesséd hosts surge by with bayonets bare and flags unfurled,
Moved on by powers that daily force the seas to ebb and rise;
They fight for peace, democracy, and freedom for the world,—
And dream of quiet hours to come beneath blue summer skies.

These stormy years will pass, and sweet reviving life will come;
The dead have nobly died that future ages may possess
What they have bravely fought for in heroic martyrdom—
A finer, richer heritage of wondrous happiness!

So, some day in the sunlit fields, astir with harvesting,
A merry folk will lightly tread, and chant heroic lays,
As, rich in freedom, peace and joy, with grateful hearts, they sing
Of noble deeds, of valiant men, and dark but glorious days!



CREW

Carleton Shugg, Stroke; U. Archie Ridley, 2;
Capt. Donald Newman, Bow; Payson Rowe, Coxswain; Philip G. Bowker, 3

Photo by Alfred Brown

B. H. S. DEBATING CLUB

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF INTERSCHOLASTIC TEAMS

J. J. Ryan Barton Leach R. W. Beal U. Archie Ridley Eliot Hirshberg

Leonard S. Saxe Mr. W. Snow Alfred Shapiro

Francis J. Carey

Every year, the Class Historian strives to connect a great improvement in the town government with the advent of his Class into High School. However, apparently, no marked change in the world's progress or government was noted when our Class entered these stately portals. Apparently, there was nothing remarkable about our entrance. Under the surface, however, we were different from any preceding Freshman Class. Not that we looked any different from the ordinary type of human being, but we wore an air of self-confidence and were entirely lacking in that timidity so common to Freshmen. We walked with firm step and were not afraid to mingle with the Seniors.

To give a patriotic touch to this history, I will liken our Class to an invading army. The first thing we did, officially at least, was to elect officers for our army. Accordingly, Robert Houghton was appointed commander-in-chief and Earl Fisk, keeper

of the funds. In order to enlist the aid of the female element of the Class, we elected Ethel Howard, first assistant commander and Frances Clark, yeowoman.

The first skirmish in which we took part was rather disastrous to our army. The Sophomore track team took our team into camp to the tune of 46 to 13. Just as the first battle of Bull Run in the Civil War, while a defeat for the North, only served to awaken them to what they were up against, so this track meet thoroughly aroused our army to the knowledge of what was before it. From that time on, we strove to be fully alive to our responsibilities. However, we had not fully prepared ourselves against attack when our hated enemies, the Sophs, defeated us in football, 9 to 0. The fact that the difference in scores was less than in the track meet shows that we were improving.

The next important event which marked our course was the Freshman Reception at which we were formally acknowledged to have enlisted at Brookline High. It has been said that more victories are won by the tongue than by the gun. Therefore, the good officers of our debating clubs were quite grateful at the number of our boys and girls who went out for debating that year. And such talent! Such debating! If we don't produce a Cicero, I miss my guess. In the first battle we completely defeated the Sophomores. Then came the test of tests: we had to face the Seniors. Our boys stood up under the task, and came out on top. Our *girls* won additional praise for our Class by winning the final interclass debate of their club. While on the subject of the ability of the tongue to win battles, it would be well to mention the dramatics. In these we had several stars. Royal Beal, Katherine Lynch, Ruth Brooks, and Grace Morse took prominent parts.

When we next took the field, it was in prize speaking. On the night of the finals, our victory was complete. William Knox, our only hope, completely outclassed his competitors. Dorothy Pollard carried off the girls' medal. This was the crowning event of a year of which any Freshman Class could well be proud.

Sophomore Year

After recuperating for a period of ten weeks or thereabouts, we returned to the field of battle fully prepared to make a great year of it. We started in by electing some class officers. The list of the "powers that were" that year read: Edward Sutherland, president; Ethel Howard, vice-president; Frances Clark, secretary; and Robert Houghton, treasurer. With this efficient group of officers in charge, we proceeded to do things.

The teachers and upper classmen were somewhat astonished and fearful at the strange noises emanating from the hall on certain mornings during the year. Upon investigating, they found that Roger Bird's pulse was normal and that he was only singing.

Our first real battles of the year were engaged in by the artillery. In the interclass football games, after beating the Freshmen, our heavy firing and attacking held the Seniors to a scoreless tie. Therefore, we were able to hold our heads high. Gordon Cushman condescended to give his services to the artillery company of the School, the football team. In our first naval battle, however, we did not fare very well. The Freshmen swam circles around our fleet in an interclass engagement. In the next interclass meet we proved that we were better soldiers than sailors by defeating all the other classes on the track. It should not be understood that we had no sailors at all. Roger Bird, Leo Handy and Mike Prendergast were doing some excellent work on the swimming team. In order that the school baseball team might not want for some good material, we sent four of our best infantry men, Delany, Fisk, Leonardi and Cushman to their rescue. An excellent sharpshooter sprung up during the year in the person of Royal Beal. He was an absolute necessity to the rifle team.

Our success was not entirely confined to athletic circles. To prove again that the tongue is a victory gainer, we allowed three of our best linguists to appear on the Interscholastic Debating Teams. Although Brookline was second in the league standing, it was clearly shown that we did our share. The team which de-

feated Newton at Brookline had Leonard Saxe and Benny Salinger in its ranks.

In dramatics, our matinee idol, Bunny Beal, and Grace Morse, our movie actress, appeared in important roles. This was the closing event of the year as far as we were concerned, although our army was not invariably successful. Every army, however, has its reverses. A strategic retreat generally opens up possibilities for greater victories in later campaigns.

Junior Year

Ten weeks' furlough refreshed us wonderfully and we returned to School with a rather strange feeling of our dignity and responsibility. Our ranks were somewhat thinned, to be sure, by the departure of some for other service. Our army had now passed the turning point of the war, and was on its way to victory. Following the accepted custom, we elected new officers to serve during the year. Gordon Cushman received the supreme command. He left school, however, about the middle of the year and the charge was transferred to Dan Tyler. Katherine Lynch was next in authority, Wolcott Booth handled the funds while Helen Sherman called the roll.

Our army was prevailed upon to lend Cushman of the heavy artillery to the school artillery company, the football team, where he covered himself with glory. In the championship game with Newton, which resulted in a tie, he acquitted himself very well. The interclass football game proved to be a furious battle that year.

Meanwhile our naval division was not idle. Our submarine, Roger Bird, raised and lowered the level of the tank several times a week. Captain Handy, Prendergast, Bowdidge and Vorenberg were all members of this division. Later in the school year, they won national fame for the School by winning the Yale and Princeton Interscholastics in which Handy broke two intercollegiate records. Bunny Beal continued to exhibit proofs of his deadly marksmanship by winning the Dana Cup, after keeping everybody at the rifle range scared.

Photo by Alfred Brown

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Barbara Hersey Esther Sands, Mgr. Miss Herron Mary Craig
Mildred Moody Helen Sherman Capt. Kathleen Walsh

Leonard Saxe, after being exhorted and urged, finally agreed to lend his services to another division of the army, the debating club. Our girls, also, following their natural tendency, made a great success of *their* debating club. Hope Snedden was the biggest talker of the Class (ask Mr. Case) so she was elected to the presidency of the Club. "K" Lynch and Dorothy Pollard also volunteered their invaluable services to the organization.

When the hockey season came around, some fierce battles were waged. Our good soldier, Aleck Marshall, withstood some terrific bombarding at goal. The team won the League Championship by triumphing over Cambridge and Newton. It is very essential for a regular army to have some good runners in its ranks. Consequently we, being a regular army, were able to furnish some fleet-footed runners, foot soldiers, to the track team in the persons of Canning, Hirshberg, Houghton, Murnane, and Cushman.

About this time one of our naval divisions began to prepare for its activities when the crew candidates were called out. Because of the fact that there were only two destroyers in our navy, all candidates could not be accepted. However, Bob Houghton rowed in the first boat, while Dan Tyler and Newman chose the second boat.

In every well-organized army there is a group whose duty it is to furnish entertainment for the rest. When time for dramatics came around, Bunny Beal was right on the job with Leonard Saxe, Al. Leonardi, Vorenberg, Booth and Kate Lynch contributing their share to the fun.

"The Man from Home" was presented in a manner of which any professionals would be proud.

Our machine gun company, the baseball team, began to display its ability in frequent practice, and we raised the standard of the school team by furnishing several players. Leonardi, Fisk, and Marshall helped to tie Newton for the championship. The whole army proved its proficiency in hand-to-hand fighting during the small riot which occurred at the Newton game. Roger Bird knocked four men unconscious by merely leaning on them.

Shortly after this game, a Class Day which was almost perfect, finished the third year's campaign. A ten weeks' furlough was then granted to the whole army.

Senior Year

There is no necessity for me to run over the list of important events of this last—our triumphant year. They stand out too vividly in your minds. For the benefit of succeeding generations, however, I will make a feeble effort to include in my history the most important happenings of the year. Dan Tyler was such an able commander during the latter part of last year that he was prevailed upon to lead us this year. The justly famous Kate was made lieutenant-commander, while Helen Sherman recorded the victories gained and Earl Fisk took in the cash.

In looking over the lists of officers, captains, and managers of the different school organizations, our army seemed to be in full power over everything.

The Sagamore, the official army paper, began to appear with Saxe holding the position of chief. Dick Spitz, who made it a business success deserves a great deal of credit for his efficient management. He put in a large amount of time in doing errands. "Miss" Pree, Helen Sherman, Jessie Alison, Eliot Hirshberg, Andrew Pollock, Herman Koch (B.C.), Royal Beal, T. Carleton McMackin, Sam Vadner and Reginald Morse were all kind enough to display their literary and business ability on the Board.

Dan Tyler finally attained the ambition of his childhood and was made manager of the football team after knocking around as an assistant manager for three years. And it was some team! From our artillery we furnished six members with the result that the team won the Quadrangular League Championship. This team was considered one of the two best in the State. Starred letters for brave fighting were awarded to Jordan, Newman, Collins, Bowdidge, Owens, Turtle, and Tyler of our army. Then our army represented by the artillery after defeating the terrible Juniors, played the wild Sophomores for the championship. Ask Bird who won.

Our Senior Social established a new precedent which proved very successful. Before the dancing commenced, a few reels of motion pictures were enjoyed by all.

Our speedy runner, Jack Hennessy of the light-armed and quick-legged division, captained the track team which was managed by Eliot Hirshberg. About this time, Admiral "Carty" Newman called out the crew candidates. "Bob" Houghton, after successfully fighting off the ravages of the dread paralysis had been unable to return to School. The Seniors who gave their services in the final races of the submarine chasers were Captain Newman, Shugg, Tyler and McMackin.

The hockey team, another one of our light brigades, won some fine victories. Reginald Morse was manager and Marshall and Delany offered their services to help out. Our deadly submarine, Roger Bird, took up so much space in the bathhouse that they had to build a new tank, over there. Ed. Delany held the managerial command of the swimming team.

The machine gun company, the baseball team, had for commanding officer Al. Leonardi. Dick Spitz chased baseballs all over Brookline and part of Jamaica Plain, stopping a bat or two in the meanwhile.

Our army would be very incomplete without a division of female warriors. So Captain Helen Sherman and Manager Esther Sands commanded a very efficient tennis team.

All our success was not along athletic lines, however. The presidency of the Debating Club was held by Leonard Saxe. Eliot Hirshberg was chairman of the Rhetorical Committee while Jessie Alison held the same position on the Girls' Debating Club. Why surely, Kate Lynch was president; that was an absolute necessity, so I took it for granted that you knew it. In spite of the overpowering flow of oratory which fell from the mouth of Leonard Saxe, the youthful Cicero, was unable to convince the judges that his arguments were better than the other fellow's. Bun Beal and Eliot Hirshberg helped to defeat the Newton team at Brookline.

About this time, Carleton Shugg attained the first place out of a field of fifty from various parts of the congressional district in an examination for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Admiral Shugg received his appointment shortly afterwards.

Of course when the call for dramatics was sounded, all our stars responded. Bunny Beal, naturally, was right on the job and Kate Lynch had to be in the cast. John Hickey, the ward boss of Room 26, Stuart Young and Joe Rubin also lent their talents to "The Man of the Hour." With Spitz as chief money-maker for the show, Tyler and his gang of "jabbers" made things hum behind the scenes.

One of our greatest triumphs this year was in prize speaking. Leonard Saxe added, if I may quote, "another crown to his already overburdened head" by winning the boys' prize. The girls' prize was awarded to Jessie Alison.

Towards the end of the year, after the declaration of war against Germany, several members of our army left the ranks to enter those of a greater army, our country's. Carleton Shugg left for Annapolis, Stuart Young also entered the service of the country. Joe Collins enlisted in the First Corps Cadets.

The exercises which you have just witnessed mark the end of our last year here. We leave now to enter the service of a greater army, that of the world.

CLASS SONG 1917

Words by
LEONARD S. SAXE

Music by
MARIETTA O. BONNER

We rise to sing our last re-frain, A fond and true good-bye — From
Our thoughts will of-ten turn to you Through-out the com-ing years, We
friends who shall not meet a-gain, To you, dear Brook-line High. Since
shall re-call our youth a-new, With all its hopes and fears. And,
life will take us far a-part From class-mates tried and true Al-
though long years shall pass us by, Our mem-o--ries will cling To
-ni-ted here be-fore we start, We sing this song to you:
life of old at Brook-line High, And then, as now, we'll sing:

Chorus:

Brook-line, fair-est Brook-line, It is to you we sing. We
wish you life e-ter-nal, And the joy that it may bring.

PROPHECY

KATHERINE LYNCH RUSSELL J. GOODNOW, JR.

[*Enter Russell, reading a letter.*]

Dear Russell: — Just a line to let you know Futurity Island is ours. All we have to do is select the proper party, and we'll make a perfect Utopia of it. Meet me in Dreamland any time you like, and we'll arrange the minor details. You might be looking up a few of the members of B. H. S., '17, and see if any are fit to live in a Heaven of Bliss like ours.

Yours in delusion,

K. Lynch.

(*R.*) Poor old K, gone at last!

(*K.*) [*Entering.*] Gone at last! *Come* at last! Go to sleep, you're wide awake. How can we get anything done when you're in *that* condition?

(*R.*) But I'm not sleepy.

(*K.* (You've got to be. Didn't we agree that this was to be a dream of a prophecy. Sit down. Put your head in your hands. Close your eyes. [*Pause. Russell raises sleepy head.*] Here you come.

(*R.*) Where am I?

(*K.*) In Dreamland.

(*R.*) O gee! so I am. Say, what about that plan you and I had to colonize Futurity Island?

(*K.*) It's just waiting for you to get to work.

(*R.*) Well where's the stenographer you were going to bring to help out?

(*K.*) Who? Ellen Conneely? O, she ran off and got married, and if it hadn't been for Miss Edith Efficiency Clark, I'd have been in an awful mess.

(*R.*) Next time you need any of that sort of work done, get hold of Eunice Douglass. She's in charge of the "Ever Ready-Always Heady-Never Steady Employment Agency for First Class Stenographers. She just finished telling me that Helen Curran and Helen Harnedy were too good for their last jobs, and so are temporarily at leisure. Also that her famous agency supplied Christine MacLeod and Catherine Connelly with life jobs, taking down William Jennings Bryan's Peace Orations.

(*K.*) That's some little agency. I wish I'd engaged a book-keeper from them, instead of bothering with Reggie Morse's upset balance. But what I'm wondering about is, *who* will take care of the financial side of this excursion?

(*R.*) Sam Vadner, of course. He's long on economics, and can tell you in a second how many jitneys make two bits. I'm more worried about how to get this crowd over to the coast.

(*K.*) Well, Carleton McMackin owns the Awful Fast Railroad Company, and if we bring along enough ladies, I bet he'll do it for nothing.

(*R.*) That's a great idea. I'll ask him when I see him. You know, K, this is going to be such a roughneck party, I think we ought to count on a few knockouts. Ethel Bonney is superintendent of the largest hospital in Dreamland. How about asking her along?

(*K.*) Just the thing, and in case the knockouts are fatal, let's get Walter Barkhouse. He's superintendent of the largest morgue in Dreamland, and has such a delicious sense of humor. Haven't

you ever heard the saying: "Funny as a Barkhouse funeral?"

(*R.*) I should say so. Gertrude Davis has just returned from a most successful missionary trip to Kalamazoo, and thinks she might convert a few Futurity Islanders.

(*K.*) Well, I don't know how she and Dorothy Allen will get on, as the latter wants to introduce a new religion called: "The Safest Way to Cross Jordan." Do you suppose it's any good?

(*R.*) Well, there's lots to be said on the other side. We've got a fine set of teachers coming. President Ariel Carstens of Dreamland University, Principal Mary McKenzie, and Lilian Strain of the College of Business Administration, besides Gwendolyn Mosher, who is a most successful music teacher.

(*K.*) Fine. Marietta Bonner is coming with a grand piano, and also Lorea Jameson, who's magic fiddle has charmed so many thousands. There ought to be wonderful harmony on Futurity Island.

(*R.*) Provided we keep Bird away. I bumped into him the other day. "Want to come, Roger?" I asked. "Sure," he said, "but don't reserve any passage for me, as I'd just as soon take a little plunge over."

(*K.*) Good, that leaves us much more room. I just sent word to Elizabeth Hall that Captain Tyler says the ship won't hold more than fifteen trunk loads of literary degrees, and if she wants to come, she'll have to leave the rest behind.

(*R.*) Well believe me, whatever Dan says is law. But I didn't know he was commanding a ship these days. Where'd he pull down that job?

(*K.*) O, he owns the whole boat. Don't you remember the fortune he made on Loew's circuit with his great song hit, "Mother's Little Busy, Busy, Busy, Busy, Boy."

(*R.*) Mackey and Pollock are partners in a scientific farming deal. They wouldn't be bad.

(*K.*) No, and Albert Bentley wants to organize a movie company, so he can become a director.

(*R.*) Say, our Class is long on the footlight stuff. Look at Kenneth Moody.

(*K.*) What about him?

(*R.*) O, he had a rising career. Started as a little Follies' Girl in 1917, and now he's a real matinee idol, the Romeo of all the Fairer Sex. Spends half of every day exhibiting at Beauty Shows.

(*K.*) Well I guess we won't take anything as dangerous as that to *our* Utopia.

(*R.*) Humph. If you think that's bad, look at that bill board over there.

(*K.*) Well, I never.

[*Reading.*] E. Bickerstaff Read in "The Giggle that Can't be Squelched."

She ought to be ashamed of herself.

Giggle, giggle, little star.

All the class knows who you are.

For heaven's sake, Russell, mention some inconspicuous member of the Class of 1917, or I'll give up.

(*R.*) Well, the best I can do is Miss McMahon. She's only eloped twice. O, no, here's Misses Sweeney and MacLellan, that were, they're model housekeepers. And Miss Pree has just edited a splendid little reminiscence entitled, "How I Fooled the Teachers." Then Miss Taylor and Miss Stimson are very successful business women.

(*K.*) Thanks, that's a great relief. Elsie McWilliams has just submitted a really novel plan. In order to prevent vanity, woman's greatest fault, from creeping into Utopia, Elsie guarantees to hold down every mirror in Futurity Island, without giving any one else a peep.

(*R.*) Well, I guess that would help, but it seems to me we ought to get someone along with a few stylish ideas. Sort of keep the women from getting antiquated.

(*K.*) That's so. Here's a card from

THE GRILLEY HAIR DRESSING PARLORS
57 Different Varieties
Warranted to be Strictly Original
Duplication Impossible

I'll see if Virginia can come.

(*R.*) Do, and I'll speak to Ed Delany again. He captured every first place in last year's Olympic games. We must have him.

(*K.*) O speaking of athletes, Pat Egan, national amateur golf champion, is coming with the sweetest little blush you ever saw.

(*R.*) And Vivian Kistler has guaranteed to supply light for the whole island by personal magnetism.

(*K.*) Great, then we can depend on the electricity never running out. Francis Carolan expects to set up a lunch counter on Main Street.

(*R.*) He always was good on getting round the food. Amanda Mayo asked me yesterday if I knew any more eligible men she could get hold of.

(*K.*) Eligible men? I thought she was married!

(*R.*) She was, five times. Each husband died in the heroic, but vain attempt to put in a word. And Amanda's not run down yet.

(*K.*) Introduce her to Ambrose Crowley. No one has ever heard him say a word.

(*R.*) You're off. He and Margaret Motschman got married years ago, and are quoted all over Dreamland as the only ideal couple. But gee, it's because he never speaks, and when she does, no one can hear her.

(*K.*) Never mind, we won't give them away. Mary Corbett is going to take care of a short story monthly, and promises us lots of thrills.

(*R.*) She'll have some job outdoing Adeline Pfleghaar's Daily Reformer. John Hennessy is going to write half the editorials.

(*K.*) I don't think we ought to let him come, Russell. He's strongly suspected of having blown up six different buildings. I say no anarchists allowed.

(*R.*) Well, we'll keep an eye on him, and anyway the Daily Reformer will wage desperate war on Red Hickey and his gang.

(*K.*) Red Hickey is the most notorious machine boss in Dreamland. If he can't convince people with that one handed

gesture of his, he knocks them down with the same weapon, and I'm not going if he does.

(*R.*) O, I'll be responsible for him. I've got a couple of worthy charity cases for you. Remember Bun Beal? Well he's serving ten years in Sing Sing for cradle snatching.

(*K.*) For what.

(*R.*) Cradle snatching. Accused of making off with most of B. H. S.'s little children.

(*K.*) How terrible. What's the other case.

(*R.*) Earl Fisk. Dreamland's celebrated rowdy.

(*K.*) I remember. He used to be the roughest boy I ever knew. Don't you suppose they'd reform on Futurity Island.

(*R.*) We can try them.

(*K.*) I've got some worthy charities, too. The other day I visited the Skinner Home for Broken Down Women. There I found poor Marjorie Austin, sadly changed. During the war she carried on such a fervid correspondence with a French soldier that she lost her heart, and married him by proxy. But when she went to claim her groom, she found he was a native chief of French Guiana, with fourteen wives. The shock was too much.

(*R.*) Bring her along. Were there any more cases?

(*K.*) Connie Webling. She is now a broken down woman from the effects of a terrible case of mental indecision, suffered in early youth. The poor girl just couldn't make up her mind, and well the long and the short of it is that Connie's still sighing away.

(*R.*) She can come, too. I've invited Dr. Francis Carey, the famous historian, and author of the great work on the class of 1917, to reside on Futurity Island, and also Frederick Bowdidge, whose one great book entitles him forever to the Halls of Fame.

(*K.*) What book was that?

(*R.*) "How to Smoke and Remain on a Football Team."

(*K.*) Margaret Tonra is singing in a choir, which she wants to bring along.

(*R.*) Well that's all right, because no one can hear her, and I told Andrew Keith he can peddle his patent medicine on the island, "Warranted to Kill all Levity."

(*K.*) That's right. It wouldn't be natural without a few quacks. That reminds me of the funniest thing. The other day my door bell gave such a ring I thought the Germans had come for sure. I rushed down, threw open the door, and quickly closed it. Russell, it was the Wild Man of Borneo.

(*R.*) The Who?

(*K.*) The Wild Man of Borneo. "Go away," I shouted. "Ringling Brothers left yesterday."

"Please ma'am," came a gentle rasp, "I have here a remarkable patent medicine, invented by myself, and warranted to grow a beard on any face inside of fifteen minutes. If you don't believe it, ma'am, look at me. I flung open the door.

"Sir," I said, "What need have I for—"

"Why, K. Lynch," came the voice of our old classmate, R. J. Spitz, and not until then did I recognize him.

(*R.*) Sort of rough on Dick, wasn't it?

(*K.*) How should I know?

(*R.*) Muff Howard says she'll come if we get her a job on a paper where she can edit her "Advice to the Young Column—How to Hook 'Em — How to Scalp 'Em — How to Shake 'Em."

(*K.*) Maybe Miss Pfleghaar's paper will consider it. Here's Grace Hunter wants to come as a professional chaperone. Now that Miss McMahon has deserted her, she needs some one to look after.

(*R.*) Well, as long as Fanny Clarke is coming along, you bet we'll need someone like that.

(*K.*) I thought Fanny was doing settlement work?

(*R.*) She pretends she is, but you never can tell. Dorothy Pollard goes around with them making prohibition speeches.

(*K.*) It's funny how many of our class have turned to philanthropic ends. There's Adolph Alland; he's head of the Home for Little Wanderers, and really does a lot of good. Whenever his charges get really rambunctious, Dolphie kicks them in the shins, and makes them behave.

(*R.*) He has a truly loving spirit. Ask him to come. Are there any more of his charges worth while?

Photo by Alfred Brown

THE HOCKEY TEAM

T. Taylor R. Morse, Mgr. A. Marshall W. Putnam P. Threshie E. Delany
C. O'Hearn R. Johnson, Capt. T. Dooley J. Duane

(*K.*) Well they're not all here. Bud Fisher,—he thinks he's a Math. teacher, and all he does is keep saying"He doesn't know. Sit down," over and over. Poor boy!

(*R.*) That's tragic. Let's cart him over to the Island, and maybe he'll recover.

(*K.*) And then there's Leonard Saxe, who suffers from such continued and overwhelming attacks of modesty.

(*R.*) Well, let them all come. Did you know that one of our classmates has the distinction of avenging the world on Germany?

(*K.*) No, who?

(*R.*) Herman Koch. His awful attempts at translation have been so terrible and humiliating to the language that even the Germans could not stand up under the shame, and have finally acknowledged themselves beaten.

(*K.*) How wonderful, and there's poor Collins, has devoted most of his life to catching just one German without success. Eliot Hirshberg, having made an immense fortune, is about to retire from business, and thinks Futurity Island would just suit him. He wants to keep his private secretary, Alice Joyce, to look after his business, but hates to discharge Misses Anna Murtagh and Sarah McCarthy, who have done such faithful work. Don't you suppose they could come, too?

(*R.*) Sure, but I bet they won't be misses long. Dr. L. Yankum Bowers guarantees to drill the whole island, and Professor Alfred Leonardi has a wonderful reputation for drumming Italian into his scholar's heads, when he isn't shining on the diamond before an admiring crowd of little darlings.

(*K.*) Barbara Hersey is coming armed with a hammer as official knocker of any and everything, and hopes to keep us from getting conceited.

(*R.*) Fine idea, and Joseph Connellan expects to do a large drug business. By the way, have you ever visited Jessie Southwick's Oriental parlors?

(*K.*) Where they teach the snake dances, and mesmerize you into the life to come.

(*R.*) Yea. I guess she's a fake, because Alex Marshall, after due hesitation, parted with a perfectly good quarter to see if there was any hope, and all Jessie told him was that "Still Waters Run Deep."

(*K.*) Some swindle, and all she told Natalie Nickerson was to "Go to Bowdoin to Win a Beau."

(*R.*) And when Mildred Albee and Esther Sands went, she only said: "Let us all join in a little song entitled: "Up in New Hampshire my Dartmouth lies."

(*K.*) I think there's something funny there, but let's ask her and her patient's to our colony, and maybe her visions will materialize. I'm in an awful mess. Gifford Frank is determined to come?

(*R.*) Well, why not?

(*K.*) I thought no pugilists were allowed?

(*R.*) Well harmless ones are. Here's a letter from Helen Sherman, offering to set up her famous school on Futurity Island. Look over the catalogue she sent.

(*K.*) [*Reading.*] "Why be a Woman? Why Let Men Dominate? Learn from me in Thirty Lessons, how to Knock Down any Male in Dreamland." Phew! I didn't know Helen was such a man hater!

(*R.*) Well, prior to this, Helen used to be quite different. Stanwood Bolton graduated from her school last year, and says it's a remarkable course. Grace Silver has decided to be of sterling worth no longer, and wants to know if we need any more men.

(*K.*) Tell her we haven't *any* yet. Fred Owens says he'll come if we make him Chief of Police.

(*R.*) All right, and let Miss Power and Miss McManus be matrons on the force. I'll guarantee they'll be the only respectable members of it.

(*R.*) Cardy Newman is engaged in the profitable business of coaching rowing by mail.

(*R.*) Say, we need brains like that. Do you remember how Joe Rubin smashed into a post back in High School.

(*K.*) Yes.

(*R.*) Well, he's still sticking to it, and I doubt if he can get away.

(*K.*) Shades of Dante, here comes Jessie Alison in a poetic muse. Sh! don't wake her up!

(*R.*) "Come thou goddess sage and holy. Come divinest melancholy."

(*K.*) Goodness, how funny things are getting. Look at Admiral Shugg over there!

(*R.*) What's he doing with that pail of water?

(*K.*) He thinks it's the Atlantic Ocean, and that he owns the waves. And there's Lacy having a sleeping match all by himself.

(*R.*) Cooney looks as if he's trying to tear down that bluff.

(*K.*) Why,I believe it's the one he put up at High School. What's that cloud of smoke over there, Russell?

(*R.*) That's all that's left of Stewey Young!

(*K.*) My, but it's growing noisy. What is it?

(*R.*) They must be having a battle somewhere.

(*K.*) It's coming nearer and nearer.

(*R.*) How bright it's getting.

(*K.*) It blinds me, here it comes.

(*R.*) What is it?

(*K.*) O, it's Canning's vest.

(*R.*) Gee, no, his socks are much worse. Hey, cut it out.

(*K.*) Go away, Horace Canning. Go away, go away, go away [*fainter.*] [*Wakes up.*] Oh, Russell!

(*R.*) [*Raising sleepy head.*] Yeh.

(*K.*) Where are we?

(*R.*) [*Looking around.*] On the stage in Shailer Hall.

(*K.*) You've been asleep.

(*R.*) So have you.

(*K.*) I haven't.

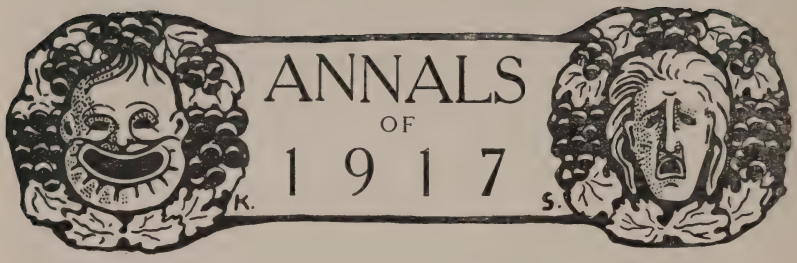
(*R.*) You have.

(*K.*) You're crazy. I'm going back to where I belong.

(*R.*) That's the best place for you, so'm I.

[*Both leave.*]

THE · BROOKLINE · HIGH · SCHOOL
MDCCCXCV
1917



Perhaps the remembrance of these things will prove the source of future pleasure.—*Virgil.*

ALLAND, ADOLPH BERNARD, 198 Rawson Road.

Destination: M. I. T. Nicknames: "Cow," "Adolphus."

Favorite Occupations: Riding a bike, correcting Spitz's Math.

Greatest Ambition: To get through Tech.

As yet a child, nor yet unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.—*Pope.*

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.
—*W. S.*

Prize Speaking Chorus '15; German Club '16, '17; Winner of William H. Lincoln Medal for Mathematics '16.

BARKHOUSE, WALTER, Heath Street.

D. B. U. College of Business Administration.

F. O. Golf, theater.

G. A. To be a successful man.

From purest wells of English undefiled,
None deeper drank than he.—*Whittier.*

Hockey Squad '14; Golf Team '14, '15; Manager '17; Tug-o-war Team '14, '15.

BEAL, ROYAL WOODWARD, 2 Cypress Place.

D. Harvard. N. "Bun, "Bunnie, "Wow-wow."

F. O. Sailing, football, going "across the way."

G. A. (1) To get into the Somerset Club; (2) to kick Francis X. Bushman in the shins. Gr-r-r-r!

His legs were full long and lean like a stick.—*Chaucer.*

For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.—*Lamb.*

Dramatics '14, '15, '16, '17; B. H. S. Debating Club '14, '15, '16; Member of Interscholastic Debating Team '17; Interclass Football '14, '15, '16; Mandolin Club '16; Rifle Team '15, '16, '17; Winner of Dana Cup 16; Tug-o-war Team '16, '17; Class Day Usher '16; German Club '16, '17; Treasurer '17; Senior Nomination Committee; Senior Marshal.

BENTLEY, ALBERT E., 11 East Milton Road.

N. "Bent."

F. O. Picking flowers off a century plant.

G. A. To be a scene shifter in the movies.

As quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As an iceberg that never is ignified.—*Lowell.*

BIRD, ROGER PARKHURST, 43 Abbotsford Road.

D. Dartmouth. N. "Birdie, "Kewpie, "Cupid."

F. O. "Throwing the bull," dancing, swimming.

G. A. To find the guy who invented WORK.

A rare Bird on earth.—*Juvenal.*

Class Football '14, '15, '16, '17; Swimming Team '14, '15, '16, Captain '17; National Interscholastic Plunging Champion '16, '17; Senior Dance Committee.

BOLTON, STANWOOD KNOWLES, 48 Allerton Street.

D. Harvard. N. "Stan, "S-K-Mo."

F. O. Dancing, Fording, tennis.

G. A. To shoot the Kaiser.

Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit.—*Dryden.*

Class Day Usher '16; Tug-o-war '16; Class Football '17; Rifle Team '17.

BOWDIDGE, FREDERICK WILLIAM, 7 Netherlands Road.

F. O. Football, baseball, studying.

G. A. To be as smart as "Pa" Case.

He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.—*E. H. Clarendon.*

Swimming Team '14, '15, '16; Prize Speaking '16; Football Team '17; Ivy Orator '17; Baseball '17.

BOWERS, LAWRENCE WETHERBEE, 22 Atherton Road.

D. Harvard Dental. N. "Larry."

F. O. Flivvering, drumming.

G. A. To lead Sousa's Band.

Here's to all gentlemen drummers
That ever have thumped on a drum.—*Thackeray.*

Track Team '14, '15, '17; Baseball '14; Usher at Graduation '16; Senior Social Committee.

CANNING, HORACE, 37 Gorham Avenue.

D. Work. N. "Hawath."

F. O. Reciting "Gunga Din, "Face on the Barroom Floor, and "Dan Magrew."

G. A. To be on the legitimate stage.

My limbs are bowed, tho not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose.—*Byron.*

I never saw its like before.—*Byron.*

CAREY, FRANCIS JOHN, 29 Kent Street.

D. Harvard. N. "Frank, "Steamboat, "Franciscere."

F. O. Getting to bed after 2 a.m.

G. A. To be president of the N. Y. Central Lines.

He who knows much has many cares.—*Lessing.*

Usher Class Day '16; Usher Graduation '16; Marshal '17; Class Historian.

CAROLAN, FRANCIS, 8 Rice Street.

D. B. U. or business. N. "Spanky, "Carrots."

F. O. Promoting Jordan-Owens fights.

G. A. Finally to start one.

As for me all I know is that I know nothing.—*Plato.*

Class Football '17; Class Swimming and Hockey.

COLLINS, JOSEPH PATRICK, 501 Pond Avenue.

D. The hard, hard woild. N. "Bonjour, "Monsieur, "J. P."

F. O. Going to the movies.

G. A. To get a shot at the Germans.

The delight that he takes in living
Is more than in all things that live.—*Swinburne.*

Football '15; "B" man '16; Track '15, '16, '17; Class Track '14, '15, '16; Class Football '14, '15; Enlisted in Army.

CONNELLAN, JOSEPH FERGUSON, 20 High Street.

D. Ssh! N. "Broker, "Conney."

F. O. Watching B. H. S. defeat Newton in all lines of sport.

G. A. To be a second Ouimet.

He was short shouldered and broad, a thick, knotty fellow.
—*Chaucer.*

Prize Speaking Chorus '14, '15.

COONEY, JOSEPH, 8 Homer Street.

D. Harvard Medical. N. "Joe."

F. O. Slipping in at 29.9 minutes after 8 and trying to convince the office I wasn't late.

G. A. To agree with Hennessy.

A kind and gentle heart he had.—*Goldsmith.*

Class Football '14, '16, '17; Class Hockey '17; Class Baseball '15; Member of Committee of Crew-Sagamore Dance '16; On Committee to revise scholarship honor scheme.

CROWLEY, AMBROSE EDMOND, 158 Harvard Street.

D. Boston College. N. "Ambrosia."

F. O. Keeping others busy in Chemistry.

G. A. To get out of the world alive.

To myself alone do I owe my fame.—*Corneille.*
Gloomy as night he stands.—*Homer.*

DELANY, EDWIN FRANCIS, 185 Rawson Road.

D. M. I. T. N. "Ed., "Del."

F. O. Driving an auto, playing any kind of ball.

G. A. To graduate from Tech.

I dare do all that may become a man.—*W. S.*

Baseball Team '15, '16, '17; Track '16,'17; Hockey '17; Manager Swimming Team '17; Crew Squad '15; Class Baseball '14, '15, '16; Class Hockey '14, '15; Class Football '15, '16; Class Track '16; Chairman of Nominating Committee; Usher at Senior Social; Usher at Dramatics; Head Usher at Senior Dance; Senior Marshal.

EGAN, PATRICK FRANCIS, 8 White Avenue.

D. Work. N. "Pat."

F. O. Golf, baseball, football.

G. A. To be a success.

Give me ae spark of nature's fire
That's a' the learning I desire—*Burns.*

Class Football '14, '15, '16; Class Baseball '14, '15, '16; B 2nd in Football '16; Golf Team '14, '15, '16; Captain '17; Usher at Senior Dance.

FISHER, HERBERT B., Grove Street.

D. Business. N. "Bud."

F. O. Canoeing, hockey, baseball, joy rides.

G. A. To get a good position with a chance of climbing—not that of trimming trees.

Eighteen years 'till then had he seen
And the devil's dues in him were eighteen.—*Rossetti.*

THE RIFLE TEAM

A. Angevine A. Jacobs R. Beal A. McCabe A. Silver
C. McPherson S. Bolton D. McCollum G. H. Ingraham, Mgr.

FISK, EARL AMBROSE, 108 Westbourne Terrace.

D. Nowhere in particular. N. "Fiskie, "Lady."

F. O. Keeping busy.

G. A. To be of help to some one.

Oh, the Earl was fair to see.—*Tennyson.*

Never idle a minute, but thrifty, and thoughtful of others.
—*Longfellow.*

Class Treasurer '14, '17; Baseball '15, '16; Class Baseball '15, '16; Class Football '15, '16; Prize Speaking Chorus '15; Photograph Committee; Head Usher at Dramatics '17; Usher at Freshman-Sophomore Reception '14, Crew Dance '15, '16, Class Day and Graduation '16; Triangular Debates '17, Senior Social and Senior Dance '17; Tug-o-war '14, '15, '16, '17; Color Bearer '17.

FRANK, LOUIS GIFFORD, 21 Summit Avenue.

D. Radio engineer. N. "Leo, "Caesar."

F. O. Movies, keeping off the honor roll.

G. A. To do something.

Gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal the defects of the mind.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

My parents thought that I would be
As great as Edison or greater.—*Masters.*

GOODNOW, RUSSELL J., JR., 288 Chestnut Hill Avenue, Brighton.

D. Dartmouth. N. "Jarvis, "Russ."

F. O. Tennis, automobiling.

G. A. To get into college.

My only books
Were woman's looks
And folly's all they've taught me.—*Moore.*

Mandolin Club '15; Treasurer '16; Usher Dramatics '17; Usher Girls' Debate '17; Chairman Senior Dance Committee; Class Prophet.

HENNESSY, JOHN FRANCIS, 10 Henry Street.

D. M. I. T. N. "Jack."

F. O. Taking a rest.

When you do dance I wish you
A wave o'er the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.—*W. S.*

Track Team '16, Captain '17; B 2nd in Football '17; Class Relay '14, 15, '16, '17; Class Football '16, '17; Class Baseball '16; Tug-o-war '14, '15, '16, '17.

HICKEY, JOHN PATRICK, 6 Kendall Street.

D. Boston College. N. "Red, "Echo, "Hick."

F. O. Arguing, smoking cigars.

G. A. To be the political boss of a large city.

While words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around.—*Goldsmith.*

Prize Speaking '16, '17; Track Team '17; Football Second Team '17; Class Football '17; Dramatics '17; Class Orator; Capt. Company B.

HIRSHBERG, ELIOT PAUL, 74 Verndale Street.

D. Harvard. N. "El," "Hirsh," "Hershey."

F. O. Getting myself out of trouble.

G. A. To take a rest.

I wrap myself up in my virtue.—*Horace.*
He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.—*W. S.*

News Editor, SAGAMORE '16, '17; Debating Club '15, '16; Chairman of the Rhetorical Committee '17; Member of Interscholastic Debating Teams '17; Manager Track Team '17; Usher Class Day and Graduation '16; Usher Girls' Debate '17; Usher Boys' Debate '16; German Club '16, President '17; Chairman Class Day Committee; High School Correspondent for Townsman.

JORDAN, MILTON LAMBERT, 53 Brook Street.

D. College of "Hard Knocks." N. "Bill."

F. O. Baseballing, footballing, studying.

G. A. To get hold of a regular B. H. S. diploma.

It is a great plague to be too handsome.—*Plautus.*

Class Football and Hockey '16, '17; Football '16, '17, "B" man; Class Day Committee.

KEITH, ANDREW JAMES, 335 Heath Street.

D. Wentworth Institute. N. "Andy."

F. O. Cycling, bowling the candles.

G. A. To be a success in the business world.

Silent people are dangerous.—*La Fontaine.*

KOCH, HERMAN, 39 Kent Street.

D. Harvard. N. "Kokie."

F. O. Riding a one-armed bike, studying French.

G. A. To get my diploma.

A paroxysm of nervous effervescence.—*D. Jerrold.*

When I stood up to recite I'd forget
Everything I had studied.—*Masters.*

Athletic Editor SAGAMORE '17.

LACY, CHARLES, 27 Juniper Street.

D. Work.

F. O. Trimming trees and people.

G. A. To be a hero.

Your singing is an attribute divine.—*Anon.*

LEONARDI, ALFRED J., 69 Summit Avenue.

D. Work. N. "Al, "Leo."

F. O. Commanding a company.

G. A. To be happy and to make others happy.

Short but sweet.—*Old Saying.*

You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.—*W. S.*

Baseball '14,'15,'16, Captain '17; Mandolin Club '15,'16; Dramatics '16; Hockey '14, '15; Football '16.

MCMACKIN, T. CARLETON ELMORE, 98 Addington Road.

D. Dartmouth. N. "Mack, "Micky, "Jabber."

F. O. Cruising, going to the movies.

G. A. To master Math.

Sure, 'tis love inspires me.—*Berlioz.*

He may have been twenty years of age, middling in height, wondrous nimble and of great strength.—*Chaucer.*

Crew Squad '14, '15; Second Crew '16, '17; Track '16; Mandolin Club '16; Business Manager SAGAMORE '17; Tug-o-war '15, '16, '17.

MACKEY, WILLIAM J., 33 Glenland Road.

D. Places unknown. N. "Billy Bright."

F. O. Agriculture mechanics.

G. A. To be an aviator.

Other men have acquired fame by industry but this man by indolence. —*Tacitus.*

MARSHALL, ALEXANDER G., 195 Davis Avenue.

D. Harvard. N. "Al., "Dutch."

F. O. Cleaning my Ford with a toothbrush and a glass of water.

G. A. To meet a certain somebody in a dark alley.

And well he merited his title of Alexander the Great.—*Xenophon.*

He was as fresh as the month of May.—*Chaucer.*

Class Football '14, '17; Class Baseball '14, '15 '16; Class Hockey '14, '15; Baseball '14, 15, '16, '17; Hockey '14, '15, '16, '17; Swimming '16; All-Scholastic Hockey Team '17; Usher at Debates '16, '17; Senior Dance; Senior Social; Dramatics '17.

MOODY, KENNETH WATTS, 50 Kenwood Street.

D. M. A. C. N. "Ken."

F. O. Riding a (1485) bike, forecasting the weather.

G. A. See Quotation.

There was a clear vision,
A high and urgent purpose in my soul
Which drove me on trying to memorize
The Encyclopedia Brittanica.—*Masters.*

Track Squad '14; Class Track '14; Baseball Squad '14; Tug-o-war '14; Usher Class Day and Graduation '16; B. H. S. Debating Club '16.

MORSE, REGINALD, 440 Harvard Street.

D. Business. N. "Reggie," "Jake."

F. O. Playing, watching, and scoring baseball games.

G. A. To get a trial balance come out right the first time.

Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.—*W. S.*

Seest thou a man diligent in business?
He shall stand before kings.—*Masters.*

Baseball '14, '17; Scorer '15, '16; Class Baseball 14; Tug-o-war '14, '15, '16, '17; Class Football '17; Mandolin Club '16; Hockey Manager '17; Bookkeeper SAGAMORE '17.

NEWMAN, DONALD FRANCIS, 1887 Beacon Street.

D. ? N. "Don," "Cardy."

F. O. Going to weddings.

G. A. To catch a German for the circus.

In single fight six thousand Turks I slew,
Pulled off a lion's head, and ate it too.—*Kingsley.*

Class Baseball '14; Class Football '15; Class Hockey '16; Usher at Crew Dance '15, Dramatics '17, Senior Dance '17; Football '16, "B" man '17; Second Crew '16; Captain of First Crew '17; Tug-o-war '14, '15, '16, '17; Senior Marshal.

OWENS, FREDERIC, 12 White Place.

D. M. I. T. N. "Fred."

F. O. Sleeping.

G. A. To put something over on Jordan.

I hold
That it becomes no man to nurse despair.—*Tennyson.*

Class Football '14, '15, '16; Class Baseball '14, '15, '16; Track '15, '16; Baseball '17; Football '17, "B" man.

POLLOCK, ANDREW W., 142 Brook Street.

D. Undecided. N. "Andy."

F. O. Canoeing, farming.

G. A. To write a joke.

That Bubble they were bent on blowing big
He had blown already till he burst his cheeks.—*Browning.*

Tug-o-war '14, '15, '16; Bubbles Editor SAGAMORE '17.

RUBIN, JOSEPH GORDON, 12 Kilsyth Road.

D. Diamond business. N. "Joe, "Rube."

F. O. Driving cars into trees.

G. A. To be class "detectif."

It would talk—
Lord, how it talked.—*Beaumont & Fletcher.*

Dramatics '17; Co-manager of Friday Afternoon Socials.

SAXE, LEONARD S., 17 Parkman Street.

D. Harvard. N. "Socks," "L. S. S."

F. O. "Reading and writing and 'rithmetic."

G. A. To write and compose the American Opera.

From its stern headmaster
To the kindly janitor
I love the High School dearly,
But I love THE SAGAMORE.—*Bubbles.*

B. H. S. Debating Club '14; Member of Interscholastic Debating Teams '15, '16, '17; Member of Rhetorical Committee '16; President '17; Vice-President of the Triangular Debating League '17; Reporter for SAGAMORE '15; Bubbles Editor '16; Editor-in-Chief '17; Darrach Recital Committee '16, '17; Prize Speaking '15, '16, Winner '17; Dramatics '16; Mandolin Club Pianist '16; Merchant Marine Essay for Juniors and Seniors '16; Usher at Girls' Debate '17; Words for Class Song.

SHUGG, CARLETON, 851 Great Plain Avenue, Needham.

D. U. S. Naval Academy. N. "Shrug."

F. O. Discussing Daniels, swimming, rowing.

G. A. To be the head of the Navy.

Of study he took most heed and care.—*Chaucer.*

He adorns all that he touches.—*Fenelon.*

German Club '17; Class Football '17; First Crew '17.

SPITZ, RICHARD J., 50 Thorndike Street.

D. M. I. T. N. "Dick, "R. Jay."

F. O. Managing, dancing, attempting to stop powerful missiles.

G. A. To be a married man.

Nowhere was there so busy a man; yet he seemed busier than he was.
—*Chaucer.*

I am very fond of the company of ladies. I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence.—*S. Johnson.*

Reporter for SAGAMORE '14; Asst. Business Mgr. '15; Advertising Mgr. '16; Business Mgr. '17; Second Asst. Baseball Mgr. '15; First Asst. '16; Manager '17; Asst. Mgr. Dramatics '15, Manager '16, '17; Chairman Entertainment and Alumni Committees Crew Concert '15; Chairman Publicity Committee '16; Darrach Recital Committee and Usher '17; Usher at Freshman-Sophomore Reception '15, Senior Dance, Senior Social, Girls' Debate '17; German Club '16; High School Correspondent for Chronicle '17; Chairman Senior Social Committee '17; President of B.H.S.A.A.; Vice-President Quadrangular League '17; Senior Marshal.

TYLER, DANIEL, JR., 109 Babcock Street.

D. Yale. N. "Jabber, "Dinty."

F. O. Rushing scenes with the other "Jabbers," managing.

G. A. "Success." To see my diploma on my wall.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—*Keats.*

For I am weary, and am overwrought
With too much toil, with too much care distraught.—*Longfellow.*

Assistant Mgr. Football Team '15, '16; Manager '17; Undergraduate Member of B. H. S. A. A. Executive Committee '17; Second Crew '16, '17; Class Hockey '14, '15, '17; Class Swimming '15, 17; Class Football '15, '16; Tug-o-war '14, '15, '16, '17; Class President '16, '17; Asst. Stage Mgr. Dramatics '15; Manager '16, '17; Usher at Crew Concert '15, Head Usher Class Day and Graduation '16; Senior Social, Darrach Recital Committee and Usher '17; Senior Dance '17; Captain Company A.

VADNER, SAMUEL LAWRENCE, 465 Washington Street.

D. Weisnichtwo. N. "Sam, "Samivel," limited to Saxe.

F. O. Guzzling oranges, strolling at midnight with John Julian Ryan.

G. A. To get through college.

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm.—*W. S.*
In an emprize he was bold and shrewd.—*Chaucer.*

Entered School '16; Member B. H. S. Debating Club '16, '17; Athletic Editor SAGAMORE '17; Manager Tennis Tournament '17.

GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATING TEAMS

Left to Right — Adeline Pfleghaar, Dorothy Pollard, Ruth Chamberlain, Jessie E. Alison, Margaret Spaulding, Miriam Doan

ALBEE, MILDRED, 69 Coolidge Street,
Destination: State of "Pleasure." Nickname: "Bill."
Greatest Ambition: To learn to drive a car.

She looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.—*Swift.*

Marshal '16; Picture Committee '17.

ALISON, JESSIE ELLEN, 177 Winthrop Road.
D. Art School (?) N. "Minnie II."
F. O. Watching the antics of Karl and Minna!
G. A. To get A in Geometry for a whole year.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold.—*Keats.*

Ball Drill '15; Exchange Editor of SAGAMORE '16, '17; German Club Play '16; Vice-President '17; Girls' Interscholastic Debate '16, '17; Prize Speaking (Alternate) '16, (Winner) '17; Marshal '16; Chairman of Rhetorical Committee, Girls' Debating Club '17; Chairman of Photograph Committee '17; Banner Bearer '17; Class Poem.

ALLEN, DOROTHY MAE, 26 Aspinwall Avenue.
N. "Dot, "Dolly."
G. A. "Speed and accuracy."

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.—*Pope.*

AUSTIN, MARJORIE, 23 Pilgrim Road (Fenway), Boston.
G. A. To make four trips around the world.

In truth she was full diverting, pleasant, and amiable of bearing.
—*Chaucer.*

Marshal '16; Girls' Debating Club '16, '17.

BONNER, MARIETTA ODETTE, 219 Harvard Street.
D. Radcliffe. N. "Wee, "Boobchen."
F. O. "Banging the box, "Swinging to the robe of the Muse."

Your soft melodious strains bring peace to my soul.—*Berlioz.*

German Club '17; Regular contributor to THE SAGAMORE '14, '15, '16, '17

ED. NOTE. The only one in existence. Winner of Competition for Music to Class Song.

BONNEY, ETHEL M., 65 Greenough Street.
D. Bradford Academy.
G. A. To have my own car.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary. (Mebbe.)—*Lowell.*

German Club '17; Banner Bearer '16.

CARSTENS, ARIEL CANDACE, 523 Washington Street.
D. Grinnell College, Iowa.
G. A. To invent a submarine destroyer.

Exhausting thought
And hiving wisdom with each studious year.—*Byron.*

Basketball '17; Marshal '16; Member of High School Octette '17; German Club '15, '16, '17.

CLARKE, EDITH, 771 Heath Street.

I have a heart with room for every joy.—*Bailey.*

CLARKE, FRANCES, 17 Osborne Road.
N. "Fannie."
G. A. To make good.

What is the end of study? Let me know.—*W. S.*

Class Secretary '14, '15; Banner Bearer '16; Senior Dance Committee.

CONNEELY, ELLEN ESTHER, 6 Kendall Place.
D. Business College. N. "Nell, "Con."

Singing and dancing alone will not advance one in the world.
—*Rousseau.*

Marshal '17.

CONNELLY, CATHERINE, RUTH, 280 Cypress Street.
D. Business. N. "Caissie, "Kit, "Kitty."

I was born to other things.—*Tennyson.*

CORBETT, MARY A., 118 Davis Avenue.
D. Burdett. N. "Mae."
G. A. To be able to write short stories.

The lofty oak from a small acorn grows.—*L. Ducome.*

CURRAN, HELEN CECILIA, 254 Cypress Street.
N. "Ella."

I am sure care's an enemy to life.—*W. S.*

DAVIS, GERTRUDE, 9 Park Vale.
D. Simmons. N. "Gert, "Gertie."
G. A. To meet Bernard Shaw.

Your honor, name, and praise shall ever live."—*Virgil*

German Club '16, '17; Marshal '16; Banner Bearer '16.

DOUGLASS, EUNICE JANE, 48 Fuller Street.
N. "Useless."
F. O. Eating chocolate fudge walnuts.

G. A. To take down "Peace Orations" by W. J. Bryan.

O Douglass, O Douglass,
Tendir and treue.—*Sir R. Holland.*

GRILLEY, VIRGINIA ALLEN, 87 Coolidge Street.

D. Art School. N. "Shrimp."

F. O. "Draw-ring," worrying the piano.

G. A. To design a cover for *Vogue*.

The devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.—*Byron.*

Entered B. H. S. '16; Debating Club '16; Prize Speaking (Winner '16); Choral Society Poster 1918; Cover Design for Graduation SAGAMORE and also "Bubbles" heading.

HALL, ELIZABETH CORNELIA, 31 Linden Place.

D. Radcliffe. N. "Liz."

F. O. Swimming, rowing, motor-boating.

And I have loved thee, Ocean, and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be.—*Byron.*

Girls' Debating Club '14, '15, '16.

HARNEDY, HELEN VERONICA, 39 Kent Street.

D. Simmons.

G. A. To do unto others as others do unto me.

Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.—*Sydney Smith.*

HERSEY, BARBARA C., 201 Davis Avenue.

D. Art School or Radio Institute.

G. A. To be a blonde.

She wrote a charming hand—and, oh,
How sweetly all her notes were folded.—*Praed.*

Girls' Debating Club '14, '15, '16; Ball Drill '14, '15; Girls' Tennis Team '16, '17.

HOWARD, ETHEL LOUISE, 105 Babcock Street.

D. Garland's. N. "Muff, "Mufty."

G. A. To be a "wampire."

She loveth to go to feasts a' there to make foolish sport,
And to dance and in antics to take part.—*Everyman.*

Banner Bearer '14, '15, '16; Vice-President '15; Senior Dance Committee '17; "Floater" Sophomore-Freshman Reception '14, '15.

Photo by Alfred Brown "THE MAN OF THE HOUR"—DRAMATICS, 1917

D. Wilbur, J. Rubin, J. J. Ryan, B. Leach, P. Hall, H. Horne, R. Bowers, S. Young, C. Salinger
K. Lynch, R. Edwards, D. Neal, B. Tucker, R. Beal

HUNTER, GRACE H., 7 Elm Street.
D. Pratt Institute.
G. A. To teach German.
And sweeter woman never drew breath.—*Jean Ingelow.*
German Club '17.

JAMESON, LOREA SOPHIA, 18 University Road
D. Wheaton College. N. "Rea Jinks, "Wee Je."
F. O. Deep-sea fishing, fiddling.
G. A. To get through the College Board Exams safely.
Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.—*Fielding.*
High School Octette Leader and Treasurer '17.

JOYCE, ALICE URSULA, 34 Juniper Street.
N. "Al., "Joycie."
G. A. To have one grand time.
Mirth admit me of thy crew.—*Milton.*

KISTLER, VIVIAN ESTHER, 6 Thayer Street.
D. Radcliffe.
F. O. Doing Geometry, hearing silences, talking in study periods.
G. A. To like Shaw.
I would write a play
Lived there a single critic fit to judge it.—*Phillips.*
Girls' Debating Club '16, '17.

LYNCH, KATHERINE, 17 Park Vale.
N. "K, "Kate."
F. O. Exploding.
G. A. To be President.
The daughter of debate.—*Queen Elizabeth.*
Mad wag! Who pardon'd none, nor spared the best
And turn'd some very serious things to jest!—*Byron.*
Entertainment Committee Debating Club '14; Chairman '15, '16; Vice-President '16; President '17; Sec.-Treasurer of the Girls' Interscholastic League '17; Somerville Debate '15; Interscholastic '16; Dramatics '14, '16, 17; Prize Speaking '14, '15, '16; (very honorable mention '17;) Sophomore-Freshman Reception Committee '14; Vice-President of Class '16, '17; Marshal '16; Senior Social Committee '17; Prophetess '17.

MACLELLAN, ANNIE ISABELLE, 45 Bowker Street.
D. Business. N. "Anne, "Mac."
F. O. Trying to play ragtime.
G. A. To get rich quick.
For discords make the sweetest airs.—*Butler.*

MacLeod, Christine L., 161 Harvard Street.

D. Business. N. "Chris."

F. O. Reading everything and anything.

G. A. To be private secretary to President Wilson.

Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies that there are very few books I am not acquainted with.—*Addison.*

Mayo, Amanda M., 66 Summit Avenue.

D. Vassar. N. "Peggy."

F. O. Horseback riding.

G. A. To write and to travel.

I have
Immortal longings in me.—*W. S.*

Girls' Debating Club '14, '15; Class Day Committee.

McCarthy, Sara Veronica, 20 Morss Avenue.

D. Business. N. "Sadie, "Sal, "Mac."

G. A. To enjoy life.

Happy am I, from care I'm free.—*Opera of La Bayadere.*

McKenzie, Mary Jeanette, 18 School Street.

D. Framingham Normal. N. "Mac, "Molly."

Not to know me, argues yourselves unknown.—*Milton.*

McMahon, Margaret Cecilia, 195 Winchester Street.

N. "Peg, "Midge."

A pretty and engaging girl.—*R. L. S.*

Special Chorus '14, '15.

McManus, Mary Frances, 50 Villa Lane.

D. Business. N. "Merrimac."

G. A. To make friends and keep them.

I would help others out of a fellow feeling.—*Burton.*

McWilliams, Elsie Ruth, 29 Manchester Road.

D. Some domestic science school.

G. A. To have a Buick or an Oldsmobile runabout. To have a home of my own whether married or single.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman than to study household good.—*Milton.*

Mosher, Gwendolyn Elizabeth, 229 St. Paul Street.

D. Undecided. N. "Gwen, "Moses."

F. O. Driving a car, reading.

G. A. To be a musician.

I traveled through many lands,
I saw the ruins of Rome
And the ruins of Athens
And the ruins of Thebes.—*Masters.*

Marshal '17.

Motschmann, Margaret Edith, 58 Perry Street.

D. Simmons. N. "Smootch."

G. A. To be able to talk a blue streak.

I do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life.—*Addison.*

Murtagh, Anne Bernadette, 9 Mulford Street.

D. Business. N. "Ann, "Nancy."

G. A. To be sensible.

I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
Pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers.—*Pope.*

Nickerson, Natalie Noyes, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

D. Wellesley. N. "Nan, "Nannie."

G. A. To get through college.

When I was at home I was in a better place, but travelers must be content.—*Shakespeare.*

Entered in 1916. Girls' Basketball Team '16, '17; High School Octette.

Pfleghaar, Adeline B., 50 Regent Circle.

D. B. U. N. "Minnie III."

F. O. (Refer to J. Alison.)

G. A. To learn *one* Chemistry equation correctly.

Your fair discourse hath been as sugar
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.—*W. S.*

Debating Club '16, '17; Girls' Interscholastic Debate '17; German Club '17.

Pollard, Dorothy, 122 Chestnut Street.

N. "Dot, "Dorfry."

F. O. Cramming at recess—bluffing.

G. A. See foregoing.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.—*W. S.*

Debating Club '14, '15; Rhetorical Committee '16; Interscholastic Debating Team '17; Prize Speaking (Winner) '14; "Floater" Triangular Debating Clubs Social '17; Basketball '16; Special Chorus '14, '15; Girls' Swimming Team '15; Poster Committee B. H. S. A. A. Concert '15.

POWER, MARION JANE, 118 Franklin Street.

D. Business.

Happy the people whose Annals are blank.—*Carlyle.*

PREE, WILHELMINA, 215 Crafts Road.

D. Smith. N. "Wil, "Bill, "Fat."

F. O. Writing other people's love letters.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?—*Gay.*

Ball Drill '15; "Floater" Sophomore-Freshman Reception '14; Debating Club '16, '17; German Club Play '16; Secretary '17; Girls' Swimming Team '17; Literary Editor SAGAMORE '17; Marshal '16; Winner of William H. Lincoln Prize for Physics '16.

READ, EDITH B., 12 Keiffer Street.

N. "Edie, "Ready."

G. A. To be on time.

Where did you get that pearly ear?—*G. MacDonald.*

Debating Club '14; Nominating Committee '17.

SANDS, ESTHER SHEPHERD, 23 York Terrace.

D. Smith. N. "Paddy."

F. O. Riding, swimming.

G. A. To get through college.

To be strong
Is to be happy.—*Longfellow.*

Pageant '13; Basketball Team '15, '16; Banner Bearer '14; Special Chorus '14; Manager Girls' Tennis Team '17; Class Day Committee.

SHERMAN, HELEN, 143 Mason Terrace.

D. Wellesley. N. "Tom."

F. O. Tennis, golf.

G. A. To pass Mathematics.

She with all the charm of woman,
She with all the breath of man.—*Tennyson.*

Basketball '14, '15, '16, Capt. '17; Tennis, Capt. '16, '17; Ball Drill '14, '15; Marshal '16; Class Secretary '16, '17; Alumni Editor SAGAMORE '17; Senior Social Committee; Banner Bearer '17.

SILVER, GRACE MARION, 672 Washington Street.

D. Business. N. "Gray, "Silver, "Sliver."

Her's I am sure was a sweet nature.—*R. L. S.*

Entered in 1916; German Club '17.

SKINNER, CECIL, 28 Webster Street.
N. "Skinny, "Cece."
G. A. To grow fat.

With good and gentle humored hearts
I choose to chat where'er I come.—*John Byrom.*

SOUTHWICK, JESSIE, 281 Tappan Street.
D. Emerson. N. "Jicky, "Buster, "Jess."
G. A. To be in a professional company of classic dancers.

For idleness is an appendix to nobility.—*Burton.*

STIMSON, MARY, 356 Harvard Street.
D. Framingham Normal. N. "Sis, "Ted."
F. O. Cramming at recess.
G. A. To get thin.

Thyself no more deceive; thy youth hath fled.—*Petrarch.*

Entered in 1915. Ball Drill '15; Debating Club '17; Special Chorus '16.

STRAIN, LILIAN R., 8 Perry Street.
F. O. Reading.
G. A. To be an efficient secretary.

Who ever saw hair so red?—*Berlioz.*

SWEENEY, MABEL LILLIAN, 11 Hurd Road.
N. "Bay."

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
—*Longfellow.*

TAYLOR, EMILY MARY, 12 Glenland Road.
D. B. U. of Business Administration. N. "Em."
F. O. Knitting.

Despatch is the soul of business.—*Earl of Chesterfield.*

TONRA, MARGARET E., 9 Kendall Place.
D. Simmons. N. "Peggy."
G. A. To live on a farm.

What happiness the rural maid attends
In cheerful labor while each day she spends.—*Gay.*

WEBLING, CONSTANCE, 2 Strathmore Road.
D. Domestic Science School. N. "Connie, "Little."
G. A. To be tall.

Not Diana herself, could have done a graceful thing more gracefully.
—*R. L. S.*

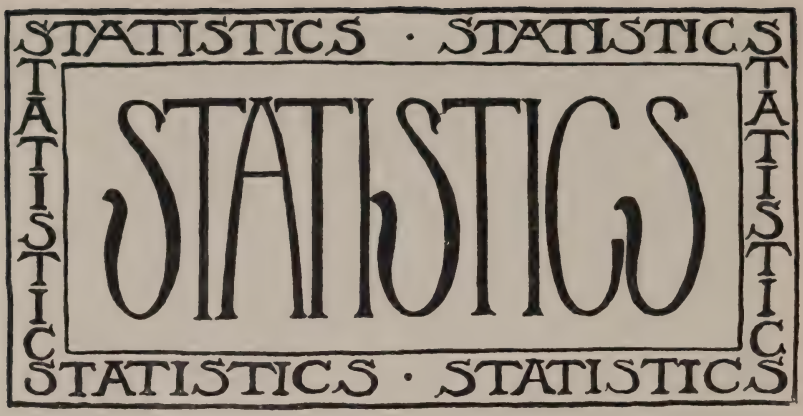
Banner Bearer '14, '15, '17; "Floater" Sophomore-Freshman Reception '14; Marshal '16; Senior Dance Committee.

Photo by Alfred Brown

THE BASEBALL TEAM

Standing—R. Morse R. Fishel B. Garrity J. Mahoney R. Spitz, Mgr. P. Egan

Seated—E. Delany P. Threshie A. Leonardi, Capt. F. Bowdidge T. Dooley



Most Popular Boy

As might logically be concluded, the president of the class, Dan Tyler, is the most popular boy. A close second, Spitz preceded Fisk, while Delany brought up in fourth place. Hickey and Bowdidge also proved popular choices.

Most Popular Girl

This was a three-man (or rather "woman") affair "but when the dust had lifted and we saw what had occurred, there was Sherman first, Lynch second, and Howard safe at third." Other popular girls are Constance Webling and Wilhelmina Prée. Some cynic remarked that there were "none popular." Avaunt, for shame!

Boy who has done most for B. H. S.

Following the preceding event another triple contest arose. A look at the records of Spitz, Saxe, and Tyler may convince the reader why they captured first, second, and third places respectively. Delany was voted fourth and Hirshberg fifth.

Girl who has done most for B. H. S.

"Kate" Lynch simply ran away from all competitors in her race to the tape. Close together in the rear Helen Sherman and Jessie Alison fought it out, the former gaining second at last. Miss Prée ambled in fourth; and as for the rest, — well, somehow, Alland strolled into this section.

Best Looking Boy

We might have known it would be a hard business choosing the victor from our thousand and one Belvideres. Fred Bowdidge is the boy to be congratulated. Goodnow, Jordan, and Frank, who had all the girls voting for him because of his "beo-oo-tiful hair," followed in order.

Prettiest Girl

A large competition for this number likewise proved interesting. Of an entire field of fourteen, the place winners were Ethel Howard first, Margaret McMahon second, Jessie Southwick third, Edith Read fourth, Helen Sherman fifth, while others consisted of A. Mayo, M. Albee, J. Alison, and C. Webling.

Most Versatile Boy

Saxe and Delany fought this out together. In the end after Saxe's Sagamore work, debating, and prize speaking had been compared with Delany's baseball, track, and hockey, the former emerged with the victory. Tyler, Spitz, and Hirshberg are considered amongst our all-round prodigies.

Most Versatile Girl

"K." Lynch snatched this away from Helen Sherman by just two votes. The reason for the close vote may perhaps be accounted for upon reading certain statistics further on. Virginia Grilley and Jessie Alison, neither of them far behind the leaders, tied for third, while Esther Sands and Wilhelmina Prée closed the list.

Class Fusser

Lo, an old acquaintance: the prize is awarded to Horace Canning. We are able to give Richard Spitz a *very* honorable mention, and Russell Goodnow an honorable mention. We feel compelled to tell Moody and Tyler that they too are fussers of deepest dye.

Class Flirt

Why "Muff" Howard! What a revelation and blow. And, Amanda Mayo, you second, and Vivian Kistler! Why we can't say how shocked we are. All we can say is, "You never can tell."

Biggest Bluffer

Oh such a list of names. It seemed like the roll of the secretary. But "truth will out" and "K." Lynch is convicted as principal. As associates she has H. Canning, coming next, and Roger Bird third. It would be impossible to mention all those indicted; but among them were Lacy, Jordan, Saxe, Bowdidge, Fisher, Hennessy, Rubin, Spitz, Newman, Carolan, Egan, Moody, Frank, Marshall, E. Read, M. McMahon, J. Southwick, Carey, and Koch.

Class Loafer

There was a goodly number suggested here. Canning was awarded the palm by a vast majority. Fisher came second, Koch and Bird were tied for third, and Owens and Frank tied for fourth place. Others — but no, let us forbear.

Class Grind

A. Adolph B. Bernard Alland, commonly known as "Adolfus," received his due reward. He will please step forward. Closely following him will come Vivian Kistler "a female of the species, more deadly than the male." Next, forming in a line, if you will, will come Wilhelmina Prée, Stanwood Knowles Bolton, Ariel Candace Carstens, and Carleton Shugg. Attention please!

Biggest Sport

Oh Horrors! — and then — oh Horace! we didn't mean to run a non-competitive event. And yet, in voting for Canning, some people appended little gems like "tries to be," "would be," "ought to be." Bowdidge was the nearest rival, Spitz next, and then T. Carleton Elmore McMackin.

Female Sport

It was an undoubtedly fair count that placed Ethel Howard first, Helen Sherman second; and Amanda Mayo third. There were, strange to say, a large number of entries in this event; others being Edith Read, K. Lynch, Jessie Southwick, and Esther Sands. Maybe our editorial wrath wasn't kindled when Alland wandered into this division!

Biggest Talker

In this open event Katherine Lynch drew number one, R. Bird, number two, J. Hickey, number three, Amanda Mayo fourth; and Vivian Kistler fifth. Tyler received numerous votes "for hot air," it was stated.

Biggest Sphinx

Margaret Motschman only opens her mouth to recite and to eat. Andrew Keith won't even correct his mistakes by giving alibis. Shugg can only talk about Josephus Daniels and Mary Corbett is another silent partner. Barkhouse has nothing to say. Crowley is sadly misjudged.

Busiest Boy

Spitz ran away from the others because of his reputation gained in "running errands." Tyler bolts his food, and Saxe gets only three-quarters of an hour sleep. Fiske sees the sun rise, and Delany works on trigonometry into all hours of the night.

Busiest Girl

This was too easy for Katherine Lynch whose nearest rival was Helen Sherman. Jessie Alison is fairly busy writing a poem describing each day in the year. Wilhelmina Prée has prepared her German for the senior year at Vassar. Vivian Kistler just can't lose a second away from Virgil, and Adeline Pfleghaar is always debating something or other!

Best Athlete

Discarding all humor it is an unusual thing to be a "four B" man. Ed. Delany is entitled to insignia in Swimming, Track, Hockey and Baseball. We might add that during the football season he suffered from a bad shoulder. Bowdidge comes a close second, and Jordan is no slouch. Marshall, Newman, Leonardi, Owens, and Fisk are our other athletes.

Best Female Athlete

There were only two places in this. Helen Sherman took first, Esther Sands second, a very poor third, fourth, and fifth respectively were given A. Mayo, N. Nickerson, and K. Lynch.

Class Clown

In spite of the fact that many considered this event Rubin's and "no contest," Bird is our pet clown. But it is no disgrace, is it, Roger? Bowdidge frequents the Saint James entirely too much as is shown by his line of comedy. Fisher, well Fisher is Fisher, and Jordan, it's beyond us how he drifted into such a group.

Best Dancers

Arranged in couples Dick Spitz and Muff Howard, Jack Hennessy and Amanda Mayo, Russell Goodnow and Helen Sherman might furnish an interesting entertainment!

Class Gossip

Cecil Skinner's tongue is suspended in the middle and wags at both ends, talking about "somebody." Katherine Lynch is always gossiping during intervals between debates and at dramatic rehearsals, and Bird, — "nuff ced."

Tallest Boy

Royal Beal cannot join the infantry in the trenches for he is 6 feet, 2 inches in height. Bowers joined Battery A, realizing that his 6 feet ¼ inch would be in the way elsewhere. "Ken" Moody is almost a six footer.

Shortest Boy

A height of five feet four was what they said of Leonardi when they admitted him to Battery C. Far be it from us to say anything against the government, but their tape measure must have shrunk. Alland is only a trifle over 5 feet, 4½ inches.

Tallest Girl

Helen Weiscopf, though we do not know exactly, must approach the 6-foot mark. Ariel Carstens is 5 feet, 10 inches. Gertrude Davis, next in line is 5 feet, 7 inches tall.

Shortest Girl

Mary Corbett and "Connie" Webling might reach five feet by standing on tip toes, for they are but 4 feet, 11½ inches tall. Lillian Strain is five feet exactly, and Miss Prée is one inch taller.

Oldest Boy

Earl Fisk is able to vote, to take books out of the library, and was forced to register on June fifth as twenty-one years and two months of age. Pollock was exempt by only two months' time, and Barkhouse owns to twenty years and seven months.

Youngest Boy

The class of 1916 could boast of its oldest and youngest members only twenty years and eleven months, and seventeen years and a half, respectively. "Frank" Carey is only seventeen, Alland, is but two months older, and Koch is not yet eighteen.

Oldest Girl

Our oldest young lady is Mary Stimson, who ought to acknowledge twenty-one years and four months, Elsie McWillaims, Mary Corbett, Christine MacLeod, and Esther Sands have passed the twenty mark.

Youngest Girl

Our Boothbay Harbor associate, Natalie Nickerson, is only seventeen years and eight months old, the same age as Mary McManus. Grace Silver, Mabel Sweeney are under eighteen, while Vivian Kistler and Margaret McMahon are "young for their age."

Heaviest Boy

Roger Bird, 225 pounds.

Lightest Boy

There are only two lightweights in the class. Saxe weighs only 116 pounds, while Alland's pedal extremities give him four pounds more.

Heaviest Girl

Ariel Carstens leads the list with 160 pounds to her credit. Natalie Nickerson weighs only 15 pounds less while Gwendolyn Mosher, Esther Sands, and Amanda Mayo are also heavyweights.

Lightest Girl

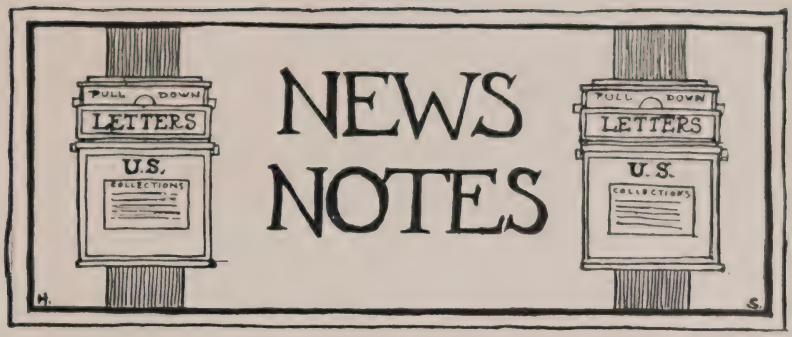
When you think of Mary Corbett say, "90 pounds." B. Hersey recently reached 92 (pounds, if you please). Others below 100 pounds are Virginia Grilley, Helen Harnedy, and Vivian Kistler.

Photo by Alfred Brown

THE SWIMMING TEAM

Standing—D. Richardson, Klein, Mr. Chisholm, Bird, Capt., Delany, Mgr., Donovan, P. Richardson

Seated—Darling, Ridley, Woods, Flynn



The J. Murray Kay annual prize speaking contest brought a large gathering to Shailer Hall on the evening of May 11. The boys' prize was won by Leonard Saxe, '17. He recited three of T. A. Daly's Italian dialect poems very cleverly and humorously. Jessie Alison, '17, was the winner of the girls' prize through her interpretation of Josephine Daskam's "Ardelia in Arcady." The program for the evening was as follows:

Joy, Joy, Freedom Today — Benedict
School Chorus

1. The Great War — Lloyd George
Herbert H. Darling, Jr.

2. (a) Carey, the Kill-Joy — T. A. Daly
(b) Da Leetla Boy
(c) The Christ'nin' of Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan
Katherine Lynch

3. (a) An Incident of the French Camp — Robert Browning
(b) The March of the Dead — Robert W. Service
John Hickey

Westward Ho! — Lansing
High School String Octette

4. Qu'appelle — Gilbert Parker
Elizabeth K. Webber

5. The First Piano in a Mining Camp — Sam Davis
W. Barton Leach

6. Ardelia in Arcady — Josephine D. Daskam
Jessie Alison

Romance — Arthur
High School String Octette

7. (a) Da Styleesha Lady — T. A. Daly
   (b) Da Fightin' Ireeshman
   (c) Mia Carlotta
   Leonard S. Saxe

8. How Persimmons Took Cah ob der Baby — Anonymous
   Ferrisse Angevine

Festival Hymn — Dudley Buck
School Chorus

The judges were Mr. Samuel Thurber, Newton; Mrs. Edward W. Walker, Brookline; Mr. Charles L. Curtis, Winchester.

Class Day

This year, as usual, the Seniors had to have a special day when they could display their ever-growing superiority and authority, so June 1 was set aside as Class Day. The Seniors were far from being the whole show, however, for lower classes did some remarkable work in the out-door exercises. In spite of the threatening skies and the occasional drop of rain the fête day was a great success.

At the appointed hour the student body marched forth from the building. After the girls had decorated the numerals, the boys did their marching. The whole body was divided into three companies, and each company into a number of squads. Many military movements were executed and after lining up in a battalion front, the companies drilled in competition.

Mr. Fradd was commander-in-chief of the battalion; Daniel Tyler, Jr., John Hickey, and Alfred Leonardi were the captains of the respective companies. The marshals or sergeants were Royal Beal, Frederick Bowdidge, Edwin Delany, Eliot Hirshberg, Milton Jordan, Charles Lacy, Alexander Marshall, Reginald Morse, Richard Spitz, Samuel Vadner, John Hennessy, and Donald Newman. The flag which the Senior Class leaves as its gift to the school, was carried between the first and second companies. Earl Fisk, Francis Carey, and Russell Goodnow, Jr., formed the color guard.

After the Senior boys had executed Butt's Manual of Arms, the whole school formed on the steps and cheered as the numerals

were hung on the building. The athletic contests followed. After the "Sophs" had pulled the Freshmen all over the lot, the Seniors who had done the same to the Juniors, repeated it on the boys of 1919. The relay race was different, the Juniors just beating out the Seniors, with the Freshmen third and the Sophomores last. Paul Nickerson, Archibald Ridley, Everett Ryan, and Theodore Spitz formed the winning team.

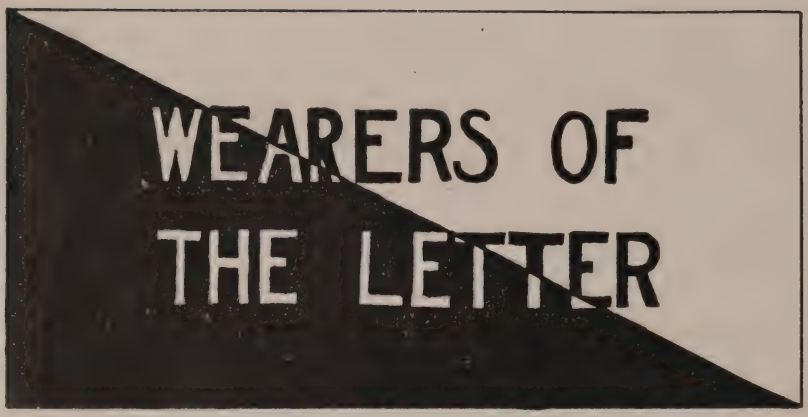
After a very appropriate patriotic dance by a number of the girls, the final march of the Seniors and the planting of the Ivy concluded the outdoor exercises. Frederick Bowdidge was the orator.

Daniel Tyler, Jr., president of the class of 1917, opened the indoor exercises with his address of welcome, and was followed in order by John Hickey, class orator; Jessie Alison, the poetess; Francis Carey, the historian, and the prophets, Katherine Lynch and Russell Goodnow. The afternoon was brought to a close by the singing of the class song, which was conducted by Leonard S. Saxe, with Marietta O. Bonner at the piano. The ushers were George Belden, Edward Bowditch, Herbert Darling, Jr., Barton Leach, Archibald Ridley, Philip Threshie, Wallace Putnam, William Kendrick, and Charles Tucker. Richard Johnson was head-usher and aid.

The banner bearers were: 1917, Helen Sherman, Jessie Alison, Constance Webling; 1918, Mary Craig, Doris Neal, Bertha Young; 1919, Eunice Morse, Priscilla Hall, Phyllis Brackett; 1920, Ruth Tyler, Priscilla Rogers, Charlotte Potter.

As usual, Dr. Roberts was the director of the affair. The committee for the day was Eliot Hirshberg, chairman, Esther Sands, Amanda Mayo, Francis Carey, Milton Jordan.

The B. H. S. Debating Club has elected the following officers for 1917–18: Alfred Shapiro, president; Barton Leach, vice-president; Archibald Ridley, chairman of the Rhetorical Committee; Richard Bowers, secretary; Richard Ehrlich and Donald Wilbur, members of the Rhetorical Committee.



Football

BOWDIDGE (Star B) NEWMAN
COLLINS OWENS
JORDAN TYLER

Hockey

DELANY MORSE
MARSHALL

Crew

NEWMAN McMACKIN
SHUGG TYLER

Baseball

DELANY FISK
LEONARDI SPITZ
MARSHALL MORSE
BOWDIDGE EGAN

Track

DELANY HIRSHBERG
HICKEY HENNESSY

Swimming

DELANY BIRD
BOWDIDGE

Girls' Tennis

SHERMAN SANDS
HERSEY

Photo by Alfred Brown

CHAMPIONSHIP FOOTBALL TEAM

Last Row—Faulkner, Turtle, Johnson. 3rd Row—Jordan, Threshie, Bowdidge. 2nd Row—Mills, Owens, Collins, Sawyer, Garrity, Thompson. Front Row—Mr. Delehanty, Newman, Lally, Capt., Putnam, Tyler, Mgr.

Girls' Tennis

The girls' tennis team began their extensive schedule by defeating Somerville High school, May 16, in two singles matches, and one doubles match. Capt. Helen Sherman, Kathleen Walsh, Mildred Moody, and Barbara Hersey were the girls representing Brookline.

Three days later the same team won from Concord and on May 12, Wellesley went down to defeat before the invincible B. H. S. representatives. The singles score as well as the doubles was overwhelmingly one-sided. Helen Sherman won 6–4, 6–2; Kathleen Walsh defeated her opponent 6–0, 6–1, while in the doubles Barbara Hersey and Mildred Moody won all but two games in the two sets.

On May 31, Guild and Evans furnished the girls their first difficult contest. H. Sherman won 7–5, 6–2. M. Moody was victorious by a score of 6–4, 6–4. The doubles went to three sets, ending in a Brookline win 6–3, 2–6, 6–1.

In their big contest of the season the B. H. S. representatives proved superior to the Newton Girls' Tennis Team. These matches took place June 2 on the Dean Road courts. The B. H. S. doubles team, composed of Miss Moody and Miss Hersey, won 6–2, 6–1, 6–4. Miss Walsh lost to Newton 3–6, 0–6. Miss Sherman won 6–2, 6–2.

The Rifle Team

The Brookline High School rifle team lost the High School championship in the shoot-off with English High by a team score of 588 to 592. The Brookline team equaled the former record, but this was surpassed by the English High marksman. Captain

Anselmo of the winners turned in his fifth perfect score of the season. Notwithstanding the loss of the championship the B. H. S. rifle team went through a highly successful season, and many new crack shots were discovered by Manager Ingraham.

Golf

The newly organized golf team won from the Fessenden School by a 4 to 1 score. Those playing were Patrick Egan, '17, (captain), George Folin, '19, James Duane, '19, Sargent Collier, '19, William Dunkle, '20. Manager Walter Barkhouse, '17, accompanied the team on their trip.

Wallace Putnam, '18, was elected captain of the hockey team by a vote of the men authorized to wear school letters for hockey.

Crew

The preliminary contests were held on the Charles River, Wednesday, May 23. Rowing under ideal water conditions, the Brookline first crew won the chance to compete for the championship of the Boston Interscholastic Rowing Association by finishing second to the heavy Boston College High Crew. The second crew easily defeated their opponents.

Those composing the first crew were C. Shugg, '17, stroke; P. G. Bowker, '19, 3; A. Ridley, '18, 2; D. F. Newman, '17, bow; H. S. P. Rowe, '18, coxswain.

The components of the second crew were T. C. McMackin, '17, stroke; D. Tyler, Jr., '17, 3; K. O'Shea, '20, 2; F. Xiques, '18, bow; S. Baldwin, '19, coxswain.

Friday, May 25, saw a loyal group of B. H. S. students gathered in the rain to cheer for Brookline in the finals for the trophy and cups. The two races were rowed between violent downpours of rain. The contest of the first crew went to Boston Latin, with bitter rivalry between Brookline and Rindge Tech for second place. Although Brookline's crew finished strongly, they were beaten by half a length. Baldwin took Rowe's place as coxswain in this race and the latter was in the second boat.

Our second crew got a fine start and held the lead until near the finish when the English High Crew surged ahead.

Letters were awarded all men of both crews who took part in the championship contest.

Boys' Tennis

The boy's tennis tournament was considerably delayed by rainy weather; but without waiting for it to be finished, several contests were arranged with other schools by S. L. Vadner, manager.

On Memorial Day the B. H. S. tennis team played Boston Latin at Jarvis Field, Cambridge. Our team was defeated in two of the three matches. The Richardson twins lost the doubles after three exciting sets 7–9, 6–2, 2–6. Tripp, '20, of Brookline was beaten by Davis of Boston Latin, 2–6, 3–6. Draper Hill, '18, won from Hurwitz of Boston Latin 6–2, 4–6, 6–0.

Baseball

Captain Leonardi's team overwhelmed the Wellesley nine on May 16 by a 16 to 3 score. Ferguson pitched a good game for Brookline, allowing only nine hits; while our batters earned eighteen from Wellesley.

Manager Richard Spitz filled in an open date on Brookline's schedule by playing Woburn High School on Saturday, May 19. Ferguson again pitched, allowing but five hits. The score, 6 to 2, shows the victory to be no easy one. Captain Leonardi and second baseman, Phil Threshie, did excellent work for Brookline.

The inclement weather caused several games to be postponed among them the game with Wellesley scheduled to be held Saturday, June 2, at Brookline Field.

Brookline was defeated May 30 by Newton High in the crucial game of the season. As will be seen from the summary, our opponents got a big start in the first inning, and the B. H. S. team made a valiant effort to tie in the last inning, without succeeding, however. The Brookline players were Dooley, s.s.; Mahoney, c.; Garrity, c.f.; Threshie, 2b.; Delany, l.f.; Wood, r.f.; Morse, Bowdidge, 1b.; Marshall, 3b.; Ferguson, p.

Newton H. S.	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	— 5
B. H. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	— 4

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